This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

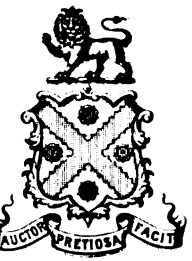
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07483471 8

ENOX LIBRARY



ckinck Collection.
resented in 1878.

THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING

GARTH,	ADDISON,	PRIOR,
ROWE,	SHEFFIELD, (Duke	CONGREVE, &
HUGHES,	of Buckingham.)	FENTON.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR ANDREW MILLER, STRAND.

1800.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

VERSES TO DR. GARTH.

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE

DISPENSARY.

OH that ſome genius, whoſe poetic vein
Like Montague's could a juſt piece ſuſtain,
Would ſearch the Grecian and the Latin ſtore,
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt ore:
In laſting numbers praiſe thy whole deſign,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Shew how your pointed ſatire's ſterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *inſipidly ſerene*,
And carry all their wiſdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtripp'd of their diſguiſe,
None will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe!
Shew in what noble verſe Naſſau you ſing,
How ſuch a poet's worthy ſuch a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praiſe,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble muſe is as unfit
To praiſe, as imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhould venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What muſt, writ with that fire and with that eaſe,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, pleaſe.

C. BOYLE.

TO

MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or elſe whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want force to taſte.
I would a poet, like a miſtreſs, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye;
But by ſome nameleſs power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Graſton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will damn thy verſe, and juſtify their own.
Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the City Bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgment, and whoſe friendſhip, is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmoſt mind;
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind:
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit.
Conſenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above.
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it my humble buſineſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND

DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praiſe your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.
The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the ne- -born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill, whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.
Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE

ENGLISH POETS.

THE

POEMS OF SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſued.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtriſe
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive doſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's ſhown,
When tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. ——they ſtill purſued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here ſhe's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53 Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy Montague why clear.

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtroye to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!
How I have kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.

I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own!
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
Urim † was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillyſing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170.

Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I fought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

* The building of the Diſpenſary.

* See Boileau's Lutrin. † Dr. Atterbury.

The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine ne moleſs, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'e the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects rain
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds;
While ſickening flowers drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaux for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to prayers and play-houſe haſte;
The reſt to dinner, and the poor to reſt:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſeleſs doors.

Ver. 196.

Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

* See Boileau's Lutrin.

Oft' he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks fate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through ignorance miſled,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſudden ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the ſam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at theſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.
Somers does ſickening equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By deveſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The lover's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill Colon's * perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſtung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.

VARIATIONS, (Ver. 60.) CONTINUED.

Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings.
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inſpires the generous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.
Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

Ver. 95.
In haſte he ſtrides along, to recompenſe
The want of buſineſs with its vain pretence.

Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope † invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vu'gar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy and direct the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale;
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their ſinny pinions ſpread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhame reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor, pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philtres chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud:

* Lee, an apothecary.

† Dr. Barnard.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhould'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought could be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhould'ſt by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none in complaiſance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valued, coſts not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The crowd in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then fought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of Succinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce-animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202.
Whilſt we, at our expenſe, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

The wight no ſooner did the ſtream receive,
But rouz'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.
Oft' has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive;
And though they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſcarches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;

Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,
That proſpect, the Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd, with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and think s the bride leſs fair;
Light's chearful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread;
And Miſs from inns of courts bolts out unpaid;
The Sage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind compaſſion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to the hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalation's upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and bl ck hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener-ſaſſafras, are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.

In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to ſam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he ſaid:
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary expire!
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was ſet'd,
The aſſembly Diaſenna * thus addreſs'd:
My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, has been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſineſs but to dine;
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
And intereſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt could fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown;
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as burgundy, ptiſans were ſold;

* Gilſtorp, an apothecary.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.

Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions waſte,
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill:
And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel †, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-hoods!
The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air!
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy;
The fools, through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
We'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Case.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease:
On dangers past serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Afcarides *, arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave;
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair;

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182.

But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend.

As he revolving stood to say the rest,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage express.

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
What we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Though projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
Had born ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport:
Them we'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Arum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe * lately was undone by new;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288.
If things of uſe were valued, there had been
Some workhouſe where the Monument is ſeen.

* Two bookſellers.

There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in th' cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my intereſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each ſee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhould find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
Oxford and all her paſſing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft' diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward's the ſame.
What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.

* Dr. Gibbons.

Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th'enemy, at their expenſe, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.
He ſaid; and ſeal'd the engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris *;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art;
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you'd finiſh in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſts purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus ‡ next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his fable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him preſs;
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurprize,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.

Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler's happy on this ſcore:
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra * ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly; and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the ſoppiſh, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet;
A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
Colt †, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, Rowe ‡.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade:
Since of each enterprize th'event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius ‖, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellus, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sybil from her grot aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a Bard §:
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sybil's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays.
" ¶ Arms meet with arms, ſauchions with ſauchions claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" †† And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders borne.—

* Mr. Parrot. † Dr. Howe.
‡ Dr. Tyſon.

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe. ‖ Sir Barth. Shower.
§ Sir Richard Blackmore.
¶ King Arthur, p. 307.
†† King Arthur, p. 327.

" * Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous
" wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents ſound:
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhivering quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
But in your lines let energy be ſound,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little Loves confeſs their amorous fire.
The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening Fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince Pauſanias † was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling; without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft' though your ſtrokes ſurprize, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt the unhallow'd ground.

After ver. 212 theſe lines are omitted:
The Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.
The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, To arms; ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterprize conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

* Prince Arthur, p. 150.
† Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Then ſhe—The Deity we Fortune call,
Though diſtant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow.
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornados bluſter in the ſky;
Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhower deſcends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wondering ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining Lyre with ſtrains attracting more
Heaven's glittering manſions now than Hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies;
His towering brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;

The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.
Eternal Spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow;
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shews,
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.
These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
Are still'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate
On high, where no hoarse winds, nor clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
A figil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In th' other a prophetic sieve and shears.
The Dame, by divination, knew that soon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know:
Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
Dread fates shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Cps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly born my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though blest Astrea's gone, some foil remains
Where Fortune is the slave, and Merit reigns.
The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Monaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the still night with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd:
I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I, to make it easy, make it short.
I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character, and person too.
But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun
In peevish accents to express her own:
Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?
Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour d to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:
At noon of night I hasten to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.

Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.
All ſhould, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft' the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cacinna fight;
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.
Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs;
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood; then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True, man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries, thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft' unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The Fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,

But ſoon what they've exalted they'll diſcard,
An I ſet up Carus, or the city Bard
Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtraight purſue:
The Fury, ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

At length gay morn glows in the caſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd ſlibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering ſight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoides beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.
Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Though Gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe could ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe, my chivalry proclaim;
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright liſt my victories record.

More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cares, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Power infinite muſt act. "I grant it ſo."
Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane; ſurvey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
"'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, though unfee'd, exert your arms, and kill,
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurprizes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Wimington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor * firſt was heard;
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
Machaon †, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread enterprize you would decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:
Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lie.
He had not finiſh'd, till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer grew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty Squire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the Muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray:
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron God his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne;
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's * arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep cloſed Carus' eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.
True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

Ver. 221.
What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:
But ſeveral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defenſively.

VARIATIONS, (Ver 221.) CONTINUED.

Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſts deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon.

At Colon * great Sertorius Buchthorn ſtung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron † attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas ‡ ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive the unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great Queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If, faithful to thy midnight myſteries,
If, ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright:
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He ſaid, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing God ſurvey'd the war,
That day the Muſes' ſons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſtening river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they ſail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their Muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after Nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from his birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor, undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But, to the loſt, if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoides thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.

Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch exſtaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or ſultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd Signetur * writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt;
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy,
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But, while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The Chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we've ſeen
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.
Faith ſtand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

* Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries, "*Signetur* men."

* Dr. Birch. † Dr Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.
‡ Dr. Chamberlain.

On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough, th' atchievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you would bluſh to own.
Haſte to the Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.
Let Celſus* for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celſus, alone unmov'd, the fight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence Pancies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the Carnation and the baſhful Roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte Lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.
The inſects here their lingering trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards ſleep;
Where ſhivering ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd Erucæ hide
Their numerous feet, in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.

Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.
The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemiſt's fire.
Near theſe the Delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run;
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Whilſt ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And, undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;

* Dr. Bateman.

Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watery store.
Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
Whilst meagre Phthisis gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and fearful deserts are descry'd,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
You need no passport to demand our aid.
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still at their command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.
Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe th' sweets of soft Elysian air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief sate heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled Manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?
Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Gustcum *, once your firmest friend;
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.
Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented shade!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!

* Dr. Morton.

Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'd send.
But, since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find blest Harvey's shade.
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsang, the waves conceal.
The Delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare? 265
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flower,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, inſtead of traſh, you'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid: 271
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtile our modeſty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love: 275
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair-ones of Ruſilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſeveral Cælia's, ſeveral ages boaſt, 280
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heavenly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.
Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves. 285
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name.
The lonely Phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun, 290
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air. 295
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain;
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow 300
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he —
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore! 306
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown. 310
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſentions of the Faculty;
How your ſad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſe her myſterious ſtore, 315
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft' father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the ſire; 320
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.

I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here, 325
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity. 330
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs, 335
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye 341
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; there ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter. 350
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſovereignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring; 355
He condeſcends in pity to be king;
And, when amidſt his olives plac'd he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears 360
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like power,
Which did the labouring univerſe reſtore: 364
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs 370
They've ſtrove for rain long without ſucceſs.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the God puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a ſtar. 375
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties, 380
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the Sage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his Guide withdrew. 385

CLAREMONT:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

" —Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
" Intactus, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa." VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Wi
foreſt; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will ſhew a
deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the na
Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agr
and ſurprizing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid
upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring
amongſt woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and ſome flower bending ov
ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the thir
of the Metamorphoſis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already
that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,

" —vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is
would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many
one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writer
cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignatio
being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence t
favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, a
Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors tha
mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain?
Though few can write, yet fewer can
reſrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe Fame cries—Athens; honeſt Truth—
fields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods
Flags with full-ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh; their ſatires praiſe
So naucouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt laughter
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with J
To form great works, puts Fate itſelf
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an a

With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
The fire of Gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign,
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.
I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.
What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.
The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;
But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the Villa took its name.
In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only caught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silkworms spun for time to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;
Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
Nor serv'd up Death in soup and fricasees:
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Misseltoe.
The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain;
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there;
Or else some deity's mysterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:
So sacred was the mansion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes oft' they paid their sacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they studied, and profest
No politics but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred priests did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure,
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood.
Nor simony, nor sine-cure, were known;
Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun;
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own;
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap, that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.
They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.
The fair Montano, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain-ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe:
His flowing hair in unfore'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace:
For, though poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs, that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe:
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with moul-dering ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall,
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall;
The claſping ivies round the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drouſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.
Penſive the virgin ſate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here:
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And pioufly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade,
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.

Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to snow shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same;
With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick God inspir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
The Maid is resku'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead;
And laws even by the legislators bleed;
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For Tyrants are but Princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
Great Edward's order early he shall wear;
New light restoring to the fully'd star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement chuse,
Still finding future subjects for the Muse;
And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

TO

THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID's EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when soft entreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.
In differing breasts what differing passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.
Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing flowers;
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.
The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you.
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the sound.
So, when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd Musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty shines;
And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID's ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, from tyrants malice, flow;
Jove thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair-one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Though you poſſeſs all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that Goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows;
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hovering on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO

THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion * ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'erun,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Though each a Goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

* A gallery at St. James's.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON

HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is ſhown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O cenſure undeſerv'd! unequal fate!
Who ſtrove to leſſen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with ſucceſs and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conqueſts, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domeſtic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy ſhakes,
And only bears for Her whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the courſe of virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in abſence moſt Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices would have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar, ſiniſter to our prayers,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs

No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus, like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your flame:
But though you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

ON

HER MAJESTY's STATUE

IN

ST. PAUL's CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vaſt bulk of that ſtupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apoſtle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's ſeen to riſe,
As awful form that glad's a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland ſeem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a ſmiling face.
But France alone with downcaſt eyes is ſeen,
The ſad attendant of ſo good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her General—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies which her arms had won
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon);
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE

NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not fought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-KAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

AT once the Sun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe blushing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

The God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

To-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no text, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated Gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

Where muſick and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure and the pain?
Here their ſoft magick thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus's numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill!
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant Love more vaſſals makes than Fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in deſire;
Thoſe flames, the veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE CORNISH SQUIRE.

A COMEDY.

Who dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the ſtage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears ſo ſanctify'd, no ſcenes can pleaſe,
But heavy hymns, or penſive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes muſt, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proſelyte muſt play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! ſoon you'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and ſects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at myſtery.

Let characters be repreſented true,
An airy Sinner makes an awkward Prue.
With force and ſitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the ſtage ſpeak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the pariſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna's a ſtateſman; Sydrophel, a tool.
Our cenſures with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let theſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hick's-hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The needleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that ſoon as nam'd,
This fabrick, like the infant world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the Poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the Muſes' ſtructures live.
The Cyprian fame is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By Beauty * founded, and by Wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's ſight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſun his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

A SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives
He'd find how fondly I return his flame
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.

Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE

TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
Or liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrain,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER

AT

SADLER'S-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muſe,
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be adviſ'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

IN RETURN TO THE DOCTOR'S CONSOLATORY VERSES TO HIM, UPON THE LOSS OF HIS ROD*.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying verſe, aſſuage;
Immortal verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd profe that did condemn thy ſong:
Thou, happy Bard, whoſe double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or ſpleen;
Whoſe lucky hand adminiſters repoſe
As well to breaking heart, as broken noſe;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompenſe of thine, when I was ſad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long diſuſe;
In ſilence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble ſtrain;
When, check'd by ſlaviſh conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the niece, and act the bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a ſong:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verſe,
While Dingle's loſs with ſorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow caves reſound
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the ſound;
Till Echo, chaunting it by juſt degree,
Shortens to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt: where's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learnt to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies;
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe,
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.
Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly give her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, though that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.

* See above, p. 24.

But oh! my friend, conſider, though ſhe's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, though from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets:
For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee,
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe.
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tendereſt ſounds I ſued; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly; but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating beverage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat
The vengeful Sorcereſs viſits this receſs;
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.
A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the diſtreſſed Sorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barks that beat the ſeas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet;
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Lation ſhore the Trojan ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Lybian coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore.
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:
Firſt to his ſire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where volcanos roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place,
The Father of the Gods, deteſting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look to what they were too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Though loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope;
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire,
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame.
Though great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids: he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead;
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame:
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtile you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
But mortal, and religious rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic ſway,
Had I conſented to the God of Day.
With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of ſand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more muſt fulfil
The period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurſe's name.
Here did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
To wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And ſudden thus his late aſſociate greets:
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—with thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
Raging he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at every ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his grifly front he ſhrouds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane:
Oh! could I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a ſail I waſted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE

ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame,
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind,
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læstrigonian shore,
Whose crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.
Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the spacious front, a herd we find
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantress sate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor houshold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But call in canisters disastrous flowers,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each dose the Goddess weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity bespoke.
Her ready Nymphs serve up a rich repast,
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and shew the sorcery.
Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulysses hastes (so Fates command),
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unsheaths his scymitar, assaults the dame,
Preserves his species, and remains the same.
The nuptial right, this outrage straight attends;
The dower deliv'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backwards she repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.
And now our skin grows smooth, our shape upright;
Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
To passengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
The mystery thus attempted to explain.

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field:
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
The Graces in the finish'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,
And every silver sister of the flood:
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows:
Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds:
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste Goddess of the silver bow.
In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
His heart no sovereign would obey but one:
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend:
The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past;
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.

Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That ſought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chace the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone:
By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and every grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, replied the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my every tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long, ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic power ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators, ſtiffen'd with their fears,
She ſees, and ſudden every limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay:
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſickening ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings:
Ere-long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt Fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.
Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuffering fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal power
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.
His kindred Gods the Hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.
The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd:
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte,
An exil'd prince, and a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſued us to the main;
In vengeance of her violated fane.

Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas saved me from the swallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All suffering seas could give, or war compleat;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
With fury, Love's bright Goddess thus reviles:
These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent;
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.
The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to answer, his blaspheming throat
Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
To his new skin a fleece of feathers clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
Some more experience Agmon's destiny;
And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unsped the service of the common cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here streams in gentle falls through windings stray,
And with a passing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd God frequents the silent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a dishoneſt air,
And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimicks, but with gest obscene.
Loose language oft' he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainst fortune and the foe to push the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
But short of succours, still contend in vain.

Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-man'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
He thought, and straight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, rosin, searwood, on red wings aspire,
And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towery crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, she said:
Cease Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
These gallies, once fair trees, on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending God;
Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend.
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoaking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design;
A trunk the hull; the slender keel, a spine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were;
To save a Trojan sail, in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.
Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus slain; strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings;
Calamities of towns distrest she feigns,
And oft', with woeful shrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a sure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother Goddess thus her suit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;

To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;
Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An apotheoſis, and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, Love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watery tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates, to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the Goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ætherial mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the Goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and ſtiles him Indiges.

THE

LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Aſcanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the River God.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The Mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE

STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flattering ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurſery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtragglers to obey command;
Leſt the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft' would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſued the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
Though old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires,
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unſoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.

The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the God confess.
Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
But those the most that best Pomona please.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and, with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaret of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
Oft' did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.
Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
And seeks her confident with sighs and prayer;
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successful messengers in suits of love.
Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas,
Derides his prayers; insults his agonies;
Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain;
And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair;
O Anaxaret, at last forget
The licence of a passion indiscreet.
Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I resign;
That present best can please a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do justice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, restore to fame.
Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
Where Death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Erelong the people gather, and the dead
To his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
She, like some ghastly statue, she appears;
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in sad solemnity along,
To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
Comes, and beholds her breathless lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
In Salamis the statue still is seen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain.
So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!
The story oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade.
Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his son
Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.
But false Amulius, with a lawless power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
He give the sword to seize the Sabine wives.
The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd;
But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.
The foe on this new-bought success relies,
And silent march the city to surprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain design;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To send their succours; every urn they drain,
To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain.
The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is spread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both sides consent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
And thus addresses Heaven's imperial throne:
Since the inferior world is now become
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,

This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.
Long haſt thou promis'd an æthereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the power armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heavenly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Erelong the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the Meteor Maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe as now reſides above:
Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon' ſteep Mount, with groves o'erſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambaſſadreſs replies:
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear!
With looks of love he'll ſmile away my care:
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my Heaven is there.
Then haſte with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horn that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes;
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious prayers:
If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſovereign power as Fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
Far hence, ye Gods, this execration ſend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid:
If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs power.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch utter as they as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.
The anxious throng look'd down, and ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So God-like is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

THE

POEMS OF NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I Hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the Author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey;
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rights perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred shew:
For what concerns the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possest of such a friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word, nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.
By use thy stronger appetites asswage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand asswage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and lyars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds express,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.
Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.

Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
Act without thought, and thoughtleſs words they waſte.
But thou, in all thou doſt, with early cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a fate like theirs;
That ſorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor ſharp repentance make thee wiſe too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever ſhall increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but ſhare
A juſt proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all ſupply'd.
Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair;
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits chear.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong,
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte.
Yet flying theſe, be watchful leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey,
With reverence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I tranſgreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd? 116
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what-e'er from firſt to laſt,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has paſt.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.
Theſe thoughts, and chiefly theſe thy mind ſhould move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred lore
Firſt to mankind explain'd the myſtic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy prayers aſcend,
And to the gods thy labours firſt commend:
From them implore ſucceſs, and hope a proſperous end.
So ſhall thy abler mind be taught to ſoar,
And wiſdom in her ſecret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So ſhalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame,
How univerſal Nature is the ſame;
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched man, thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborn cauſe of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happineſs they dwell.
Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid, to their own ſad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of choice, and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in every boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And every yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Would'ſt thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the Dæmon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celeſtial eſſence part.
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd.
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from every pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul;
So rightly judge; thy reaſon ſo maintain;
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coaſt,
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,

Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of the god-like friend,
Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear;
For sacred numbers shall be still thy care;
Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
Though least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful train,
Yet rise, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verse; to heaven belong
The counsels of the wise, and battles of the strong.
To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her justice wretches to redress,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;
Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
In each design, and every action guides;
Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And send victorious Churchill forth to war.
Arise, ye nations rescued by her sword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
Behold she sends to save you from distress;
Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
To wear inslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For see! the British genius comes, to chear
Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms,
Unhappy land! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
The western kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown?
How art thou sunk among the nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And drop the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!
Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their cross in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.
Like one, those sacred flames united live,
At once they languish, and at once revive;
Alike they shun the coward and the slave,
But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verse untrue:
Though we disdain that man should man subdue,
Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you.
Yet once again that glory to restore,
The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore,
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a sure success;
Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand,
And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.
Nor fate denies, what first his wishes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath bestows.
But soon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung;
Till, forc'd as length, disdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.
But, lo! when every better hope was past,
When every day of danger seem'd their last,
Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high,
The British cross and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies;
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all around.

Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's ſiege diſtreſs'd,
Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Aſcanius, then in arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and every other want ſupply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:
Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.

But oh! what verſe, what numbers, ſhall reveal
Thoſe pangs of rage and grief the vanquiſh'd feel!
Who ſhall retreating Philip's ſhame impart,
And tell the anguiſh of his labouring heart!
What paint, what ſpeaking pencil ſhall expreſs
The blended paſſions ſtriving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorſe,
With thoughts of glory paſt, the loſer's greateſt curſe.

Fatal ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain.

All hail! ye ſofter, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſs'd with learned eaſe;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, Goddeſs Muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, ſafe, no pleaſures, there no pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns, but what thy groves beſtow
Me, nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
Nor wiſhing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Paſt by their ſacred hill, and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune ſeem to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate.
From hence!—But oh! too ſoon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate;
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame, the noble ſtrife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But ſought in the cold ſhade, and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſted eaſe and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference
Turn'd to their reſt, and left the world to chance.

So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of ſleep in ſhades below;
Nodding and ſlow, his drowſy head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred meſſage heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And ſunk to his firſt ſloth and indolence again.
But oh, my Muſe! th' ungrateful toil forſake,
Some taſk more pleaſing to thy numbers take,
Nor chooſe in melancholy ſtrains to tell
Each harder chance the juſter cauſe befel.
Or rather turn, auſpicious turn thy flight,
Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
Where higheſt deeds the poet's breaſt inſpire
With rage divine, and fan the ſacred fire.
See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wondering eyes,
And ſhock my labouring ſoul with vaſt ſurprize;
At once the wide-extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar aſcends promiſcuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the canons' burſt. the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe.
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and inſatiate ſlaughter roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terribly her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents, rapid in their courſe,
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar;
By liſtening ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear, what ills it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the watry gods contend.

High in the midſt, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleaſing Liberty his labours chear'd;

But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The union-croſs his ſilver ſhield did bear,
And in his decent hand he ſhook a warlike ſpear.
While Victory celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his ſword with ſure ſucceſs,
Dooms him the proud oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or ſuch the painter * did the hero feign,
Where ruſhing on, and fierce, he ſeems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majeſtic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his ſide.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's ſide;
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy ſhade,
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town, and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what heaven had deſtin'd to deſtroy.

What vaſt reward, O Europe, ſhalt thou pay
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wandering ſons the hero's praiſe!
To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.

O happy thou! where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main:
What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd,
When fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!
How didſt thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon, as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve,
And fix ſucceſs where thou haſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!

At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil!
Like kings of old, returning from the ſpoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare;
Lowly he kneels before the royal ſeat,
And lays its proudeſt wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for eaſe,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs ſhare.
Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds freſh luſtre to each beauteous face;
Britain preſerv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleaſure each fair boſom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's ſtore
So rich, ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with graces never known before.
Fierce with tranſporting joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft feature takes a ſprightly turn;
New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand hath given,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war.
No rude deſtroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe,
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The chearful voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Conſenting join their happineſs to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conquering ſword.

O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greateſt William once below!
What place ſoe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright ſource of everlaſting bliſs,
Where-e'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with ſtars, thou tread'ſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy heaven a-while forſake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight,
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are,
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind,
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counſels, and laborious wars;

* Le Brun.

Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.
At length thy pray'r, O pious prince! is heard,
Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and justice, shall succeed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the God shall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hostile Britain feels:
Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
And distant wars her wealthy sons supply:
From slow inactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languishing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious statesmen riot in excess,
And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he speeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Chear'd by the presence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their crests the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and soon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and successful haste,
O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd,
Which nature or the skilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,
Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
And meanly hopes a conquest from surprize.
Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fixt to wait the coming force, he seems,
Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams;
While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood,
Unshaken still pursue the stedfast course,
And where they want their way, they find it or they force.
But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infest,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breast;
[illegible] revolves the ruins of the great,
[illegible] thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
From the slow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin his last retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
He sees from far where wide destructions spread,
And fiery showers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.
But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;
Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itself unknowing how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the son appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus constant to his course, sets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is born,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the steep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions seem
To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are push'd and swept along the field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquish'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their sight,
'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight;
Swift to their rescued friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they chear,
And save them in the moment of despair.
So timely to the aid of sinking Reme,
With active haste did great Camillus come:
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey,
And sav'd his country in one signal day.
From impious arms at length, O Louis, cease!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Lest heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn:
Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY

WRITTEN BY A LADY* HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.

* Ann Countess of Winchelsea.

The Muſe, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conſcious of folly, fears attending ſhame,
Fears the cenſorious world, and loſs of fame.
Some confident by chance ſhe finds though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verſe undo),
Whoſe fond compaſſion ſooths her in the ſin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.
Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods beſt gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own.
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
None could the cenſor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.
Ill-natur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verſe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.
The Stage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jeſt:
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come,
Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten Saints do more than ſuch a One.
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her ſway,
And all Parnaſſus her bleſs'd laws obey.
Say, from what ſacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treaſures flow, which in thy verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breaſt?
Our ſordid earth ne'er bred ſo bright a flame,
But from the ſkies, thy kindred ſkies, it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that "All is Vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verſe the leaſt vain thing below.
If Pindar's name to thoſe bleſs'd manſions reach,
And mortal Muſes may immortal teach,
In verſe like his, the heavenly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe:
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure, no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic ſtreams ſhe ſteer'd;
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſque comes in!
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope, and falſer fears;
Each vice, each paſſion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Stateſman, Coquet, gay Fop, and penſive Nun,
Spectres and Heroes, Huſbands and their Wives,
With Monkiſh drones that dream away their lives
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs through my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The ſullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome safer ſhade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the Twin-ſtars, ſo fam'd for friends,
Who ſet by turns, and riſe;
When one on Thetis' lap deſcends,
His brother mounts the ſkies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
Theſe nymphs by turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling does prepare
The riſing to ſuſtain.

The joys of either ſex in love,
In each of them we read;
Succeſſive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM.

TO THE

TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Maſter Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both *tranſlated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there.
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Latian Signors come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown.
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT; OR, THE WAY TO WIN HIM:

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKES.

FROM Fletcher's great Original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play;
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe and will to rove,
With language, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurprize;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhould e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy power to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a week;
As princes when they reſty ſtateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn them out.
What-e'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
As much, ev'n for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man for Marriage Rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care and diligence of mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;
Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't—let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain,
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for alimony ſue.

* See, The Wild-Gooſe Chace.

Know, we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the plaintiff ſtage, and the defendant town.
When firſt you took us from our father's houſe,
And lovingly our intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, buſ'neſs, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curſe,
They were ſo like you, that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April 7, 1709, at her playing in "Love for Love" with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

As ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance, diſaſtrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels ſoft pity urge his generous breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in mail, he ſallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.
So we to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid Old Thomas, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
Set two * at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd,
You ſee what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle claſp him round the waiſt.

Though old, yet find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But true as ſteel he's metal to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, though preſent praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roſcius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakeſpeare's ghoſt had ris'n to do him right.
With indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſe's labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?
But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work compleat;
Be true to merit, and ſtill own its cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe;
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſure paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buſkin * there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1715.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

Well—'twas a narrow 'ſcape my Lover made,
That Cup and Meſſage—I was ſore afraid—
Was that a preſent for a new-made Widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was—Oh! Gad! a naſty Heart and Blood†,
If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His Bowl ſhould have inclos'd a cordial rather,
Something to chear me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Barbe—or comfortable Nantz‡!
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our ſex's ſecrets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a Bride,
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miſs the Heart, does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion Hearts of late are made in,
They are the vileſt baubles we can trade in.

* Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Segiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is ſent by the Father to his Daughter, as a preſent.

‡ i. e. Citron-Water and good Brandy.

Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With Hearts of Oak, ſo much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to Mother-church and State;
When their falſe Hearts were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of Soul-Inſurers,
The Tyburn Tribe of ſpeech-making Non-jurors;
Who, in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen, damn'd Double-meaning.
Oh! would you loſt integrity reſtore,
And boaſt that faith your plain fore-fathers bore;
What ſurer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind!
See how his Looks and his honeſt Heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future Reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR: A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The Stiff Non-juring Separation Saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our ſureſt beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muſe preſumes to mention here.
Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky:
While theirs——but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the juſtice's enquiring clerk.
In cloſe back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There, ſafe, he lets his thundering cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lye,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born ſtate?
Here, every hour, freſh, hateful objects riſe,
Peace and proſperity afflict their eyes;
With anguiſh, prince and people they ſurvey,
Their juſt obedience and his righteous ſway.

* The Prince of Wales, then preſent.

Ship off, ye ſlaves, and ſeek ſome paſſive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your Tranſalpine maſter's rule reſort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your poſſeſſions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordſhips at Urbino.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber Peg * inflame
The ſober earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To play-houſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Though thy dear father kept an inn
At griſly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected:
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waiſt, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking.

* Signora Franceſco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongreſs.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend: for why?
My lady marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhould hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE

RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth*."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toaſt their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonſon, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with captain Vanburgh at the preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes, and models,
And builds dukes houſes upon very odd hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte;*
And though for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my Bunnians ‡ at your fire;
If I to Bow-ſtreet ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, will you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay ſailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your ſake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

* The dialect of the elder Tonſon.
† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.
‡ Jacob's term for his corns.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Caſh, whoſe venerable head
With hoary down and ancient duſt o'erſpread,
Proclaims, that ſince the vine firſt brought thee forth,
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the ſprightly juice thou doſt contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or ſenſeleſs noiſe and lewdneſs move,
Or ſleep, the cure of theſe and every other pain.

II.

Since to ſome day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by fate;
This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich ſtream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And Socrates himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would ſometimes unbend
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly power that chear'd his gloomy ſoul.

IV.

With kind conſtant ill-nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling cynic to a friend.
The ſage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The ſwain, who did ſome credulous nymph perſuade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-ſops toaſts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and paine,
Amidſt his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,

Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendship do incline
Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away;
Ye tapers still be bright and clear,
Rival the moon, and each pale star,
Your beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breast
Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been thy slave,
And let my former service have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
Dost thou not much rather fly
To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
And swiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddess bear,
Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
Beyond his rivals with success,
In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.
Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
With odorous beams the temple he shall raise,
For ever sacred to thy praise,
Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself decays.
There while rich incense on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
In melting soft harmonious strains,
Mix'd with their softer flutes, shall tell their flames by turns.
As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours shall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
A troop of either sex shall lead,
And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.
Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together rise, together sit:
But, goddess, do thou say, and bless alone the night.
There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more false beauty shall my passion move;
Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roses too shall wither now,
That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
And round my chearful temples fragrant odours shed.
But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching fair,
What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
And when my struggling thoughts for passage strove,
Why did my tongue refuse to move?
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night, my dreams my griefs renew,
Still she is present to my eyes,
And still in vain I, as she flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV.

IMITATED.

TO

RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend,
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of some grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,
That good men ought to practise, or wise know.
For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;
And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
A happiness which thou dost not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition ask beyond
A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd?

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

To this fair ſpeech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock th' ſecret treaſures of the mind,
And make the bleſſing common to mankind.
On theſe let *health* and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an eſtate as no extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.
Amidſt uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
Tumultuous ſtrife, and miſerable fears,
Prepare for all events thy conſtant breaſt,
And let each day be to thee as thy laſt.
That morning's dawn will with new pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy eyes.
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in eaſe you'll find, ſleek, freſh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine* you'll find
His true diſciple, and your faithful friend.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brigheſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt opening beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle from a neighbouring field,
With fond deſires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the *gentle flower* with ſofter arts.
Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride.
With pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing pair* combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning year,
Our ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting grace, thou, O my Roſe!
ſhalt be,
The warlike Thiſtle's *arms*, a ſure *defence to thee*.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD†.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the wealthy and the great appear'd;
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt level of mankind,
Where nor *too little* nor *too much* gives the *true peace of mind*.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.
† In his Meditationes Sacræ.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day, from every part, the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering duſt,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The reverend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all thoſe tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more ſacred friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from paſſion, and the dregs of ſenſe,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlaſting Being ſhall commence:
There, like their days, their joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No night ſhall riſe, to ſhade heaven's glorious ſun,
But one eternal holy-day go on.

COLIN's COMPLAINT.

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS."

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy falſe-one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Though through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He's wretch'd, to ſhew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt where he once beg'd to lie,
And the ſtream, which he ſwells with his te
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to re
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But Colin is only in jeſt:
No death the deceiver deſigns,
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

IV.

Can ſhepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes paſſion his ſport,
Beware of ſo fatal a game:
My voice of no muſic can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine;
But Colin may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now ſit and weep:
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps, I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſic as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The heart's eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid;
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee

VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would lay beds of down,
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST mandlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Though ſecret yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-gods with all their urns,
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata ſui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ſiccis Cælia fixa ſedet:
At quanquam lacrymis faſtus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Diſtorquent aliæ vultus, fimulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè ſincera eſt Cælia parte dolet.
Qui mera natura eſt, non perſonata per artem,
Quique itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, 1714, BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHŒBUS and Cæſar once conſpir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuſcan race,
The monarch, greatly conſcious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Conſul's Faſces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to beſtow,
And teach the ſtreams of treaſure where to flow:
To him he bade the ſuppliant nations come,
And on his counſels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The God of Wit, who taught him firſt to ſing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal ſtring,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my ſhare;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The ſervice of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian Star an emblem ſhine;
His mind, and her imperial ſeat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Theſpian maids, he ſaid:
The willing Muſes his command obey'd,
And wove the deathleſs laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1726.

THY Guardian, bleſt Britannia, ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows, to *ſave*, is greater than *deſtroy*.

SONG

ON

A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine;
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The ſummit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like ſervants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they ſaid,
That every thing look'd freſh and fair;
Her herds in flowery paſtures ſtray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood ſhade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneaſy grown within my breaſt,
My breath come ſhort, and in each part
Some new diſorder ſeem to ſtart,
Which pain'd me ſore and broke my reſt.

IV.

Some noxious vapour ſure, I ſaid,
From this unwholeſome ſoil muſt riſe;
Some ſecret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that ſhade,
That does the powers of life ſurprize.

V.

Soon as the ſkilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike ſhe kills in every air,
The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

ON

MR. ADDISON's GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the ſea!
Who chain loud ſtorms, and ſtill the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover ſafe again.

II.

When Albion's ſhore with chearleſs heart he left,
Penſive and ſad upon the deck he ſtood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his ſorrows by the ſwelling flood.

III.

Ah, faireſt maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his juſt reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wiſhes join,
That thou at length may'ſt pay him for his pain.

IV.

And ſince his love does thine alone purſue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee by his example true,
And ſhun thy ſex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and ſtate,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre ſhall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit ſhall ſpeak thy beauty's praiſe;
When harmony ſhall thy ſoft ſoul ſurprize,
Sooth all thy ſenſes, and thy paſſions raiſe:

VII.

Amidſt whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight ſincere,
Till thy own trueſt Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t'other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Converſation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever ſmiling,
All the pleaſures here below,
Men can aſk, or gods beſtow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell* and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——†.

I.

AS on a ſummer's day
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II.

And as ſhe paſſed by
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And doſt thou nothing heed,
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed!

IV.

There is not a ſingle ſwain
Of all this fruitful plain.
But with hopes and fears
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain

V.

Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull ſwain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear deſert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beſide?

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.
† Afterwards his wife.

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In his homely ruſſet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and ſo ſheen;
Or the brighteſt Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a ſilken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this ſhade,
And a ſhepherd all thy own.

SONG.

AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin ſat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah, willow, willow.

II.

Sweet ſtream, he cry'd ſadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye ſoft ſlumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, where thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy ſoft murmurs might lull her to ſleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never cloſe,
Ah willow, &c.
So the ſleep that I loſe brings my fair one repoſe.
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loſs of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be chear'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to loſe thyſelf, haſte;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verſe is my laſt;
Ah willow, willow; ah, willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To ſoften every pain!
How do we catch the healing ſound,
And feel the ſoothing ſtrain!

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off every ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recals the ſpring.

SONG.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of ſo ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton ſymptoms of ranging;
Still I reſolv'd againſt being wiſe,
And lov'd you in ſpite of your changing.

SHE.

Why ſhould you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithleſs maid,
But nature's inclination.
'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new-one.

TO

LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love;
The Muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning day,
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the ſoul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aſpire,
Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire:
All various praiſe, all honours, let him prove,
Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love:
With honeſt zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind.
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.
Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date.

TO

LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but chearleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are paſt,
Thoſe beams on other objects ſhall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero, with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw thoſe eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How ſhall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want thoſe ſuns that riſe for them no more?
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

TO

MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain.
One only joy which in her hearts ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's diſgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1715.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious, riſing year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely Child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſure all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train;
Muſe, ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.
But, oh! what ſkill, what maſter hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band?
Looſe like my verſe they dance, and all without command.
Images of faireſt things
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet proſperity,
Faith and chearful loyalty,
With ſmiling love and deathleſs poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling ſhades, who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,
Jealous fear, and falſe ſurmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every goodis in his face,
Every open honeſt grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the ſacred ſcyon ſprings,
See the glad promiſe of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure?
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell,
His voice attempering to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld.
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield:

Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth?
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe!
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace,
Still pour the bleſſings forth, and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,
Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent planets who aſcend the ſky,
On the opening year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and eaſy be the pains,
While for a nation's weal the hero ſuſtains.
Britannia's angel be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh ſpread thy ſacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected ſhore:
None preſuming to withſtand
Thy celeſtial arm'd hand,
While, his ſacred head to ſhade,
The blended croſs on high thy ſilver ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of mind, and joy ſerene,
In her ſacred eyes are ſeen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beſide her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence,
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, ſtanding by,
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs wild, and the bleak northern hill:
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping winds, the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, Hope, with ſmiling chear,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a choſen band!
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increaſe and chaſte connubial love:
Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch, thus, they raiſe the public voice.
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
Better ſuns for thee ariſe,
Purer breezes fan the ſkies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dreſt,
Joy abounds in every breaſt,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is bleſt.

SONG

FOR

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716

I.

LAY the flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Faireſt month, in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Though the graces ſmile beſide thee:
Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offspring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable ſire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inſpire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow ſo glad!

II.

Now I ſee the reaſon plain,
Now I ſee thy jolly train:
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next ſucceeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year.

III.

While from the froſty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conſcious fire exulting ſees
The ſeaſons ſpread their rich increaſe;
So duſky night and chaos ſmil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliſs thou doſt ſupply!
The ſoul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleaſures die,
Some new one ſtill is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our paſſions, like the ſeaſons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppreſs'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better viſage now ſhe wears,
And now at once ſhe quits her fears:
Strife and war no more ſhe knows,
Rebel ſons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty maſter,
In ſecurity ſhe ſits;
Plants her looſe foundations faſter,
And her ſorrows paſt forgets.

VII.

Happy iſle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining ſtill obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy ſhore,
While conteſting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU faireſt, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring Peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe.
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs!

II.

Hoary Winter ſmiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and ſeaſons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddeſs, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is bleſt;
In thee the deareſt purple of the eaſt:
'Tis thine immortal pleaſures to impart,
Mirth to inſpire, and raiſe the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful ſtring belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's ſong.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's faireſt creatures,
Can deſcribe her heavenly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you ſee her ſuch as Jove
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every ſweetly ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures:
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offſpring bleſs us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæſar and indulging Heaven,

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE

FOR

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial Muſe, and ſay,
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſons bleſt?
Is it in Fate, that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the East?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair;
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides through poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa rivers old,
Their great deliverer ſing.
Not, Danube, thou, whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raiſe:
In the great Mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES*.

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly ſtars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;
From thy tributary ſeas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and ſeaſons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the ſkies,
Auguſta's hallow'd domes ariſe;
And there thy ample boſom pours
Her numerous ſouls and floating towers;
Whoſe terrors late to vanquiſh'd Spain were known
And Ætna ſhook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fulleſt flags thou doſt ſuſtain,
While thy banks confine thy courſe;
Emblem of our Cæſar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

* This Ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claimed by him in his works, p. 57. N.

Author, or to the memory of the Tranſlator. The works of both will beſt plead for them; the one having already out-lived ſeventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taſte of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themſelves ſome friend to embalm their names to poſterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the firſt, are but very lame, and ſcattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reaſon why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's reſentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had ſacrificed to his revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæs Lucan was of an equeſtrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been tranſplanted from Italy to Spain a conſiderable time before, and were inveſted with ſeveral dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a diſtinguiſhed merit and intereſt in his country, and not the leſs in eſteem for being the brother of the great philoſopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the moſt eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The ſtory that is told of Heſiod and Homer, of a ſwarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewiſe told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high eſteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the firſt impreſſion of the Latin tongue in the city where it was ſpoke with the greateſt purity. I wonder then to find ſome critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwiſe, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promiſing genius, and the rank of his family. His maſters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and laſtly, Cornutus, the Stoic philoſopher; to which ſect he ever after addicted himſelf.

It was in the courſe of theſe ſtudies he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Aulus Perſius, the ſatiriſt. It is no wonder that two men, whoſe geniuſes were ſo much alike, ſhould unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we conſider Lucan critically, we ſhall find in him a ſtrong bent towards Satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuſe than Perſius: but Satire is ſtill in his view, and the whole Pharſalia appears to me a continued invective againſt ambition and unbounded power.

The progreſs he made in all parts of learning muſt needs have been very great, conſidering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a ſuitable education: nor is it to be queſtioned, but beſides the maſters I have named, he had likewiſe the example and inſtruction of his uncle Seneca, the moſt conſpicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he ſat out in the world with the greateſt advantages poſſible, a noble fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendſhip and protection of an uncle, who beſides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But Rhetoric ſeems to have been the art he excelled moſt in, and valued himſelf moſt upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with univerſal applauſe. To this purpoſe it is obſervable, that he has interſperſed a great many orations in the Pharſalia, and theſe are acknowledged by all to be very

ſhining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the beſt judge of theſe matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly maſter of both theſe arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the emperor: and it appears from the old fragment of his life, that he ſent for him from Athens, where he was at his ſtudies, to Rome for that purpoſe. Every one knows that Nero, for the five firſt years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philoſopher. It muſt have been in this ſtage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that *poetical incenſe* we find in the Firſt Book of the Pharſalia; for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in ſo groſs a manner, if he had then thrown off the maſk of virtue, and appeared in ſuch bloody colours as he afterwards did! No! Lucan's ſoul ſeems to have been caſt in another mold: and he that durſt, throughout the whole Pharſalia, eſpouſe the party of Pompey, and the cauſe of Rome againſt Cæſar, could never have ſtooped ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monſter in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome Commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for ſome time in the higheſt favour and friendſhip with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed being made Quæſtor, and admitted into the College of Augurs, before he attained the age required for theſe offices: in the firſt of which poſts he exhibited to the people of Rome a ſhow of gladiators at a vaſt expenſe. It was in this ſun-ſhine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accompliſhed in all parts of learning; inſomuch, that three Firſt Books of the Pharſalia are ſaid to have been reviſed and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in hiſtory; and it is agreed by all that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter averſion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, muſt make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the caſe, blended with his other prejudices againſt him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the ſpirit and height of the Roman Poetry was ſomewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Auguſtus, yet it was ſtill an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt degree, but, as moſt bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himſelf more upon his ſkill in that art, and in muſic, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or muſician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honeſt and too open to applaud the bombaſt ſtuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philoſopher; who, for not approving the verſes of Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promiſe of amendment, the philopher was ſet at liberty; but Dionyſius repeating to him ſome of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to diſpute the prize of eloquence with Nero in a ſolemn public aſſembly. The judges in that trial were ſo juſt and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*; but in return he loſt for ever the favour of his competitor. He ſoon felt the effects of the emperor's reſentment, for the next day he had an order ſent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all

the eminent orators and poets were uſed to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conſcious enough of a ſuperior genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occaſion to treat Nero's verſes with the utmoſt contempt, and expoſe them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was ſeconded by his friend Perſius; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone at the emperor's expenſe. Perſius went ſo far, that he dared to attack openly ſome of Nero's verſes in his firſt Satire, where he brings-in his friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a ſample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as tranſlated thus by Mr. Dryden:

> FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfiniſh'd verſe,
> Sweet ſound is added now to make it terſe.
> 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthianthian Atys,
> The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.
> " The Dolphin brave,
> " That cut the liquid wave,
> " Or he who in his line,
> " Can chime the long-rib Apennine."
> PERSEUS. All this is doggrel ſtuff.
> FRIEND. What if I bring
> A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing "
> PER. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe!
> He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe;
> Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
> Bold is his ſtrength, but ſober is his rage.
> FRIEND. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
> With languiſhing regards, and bending head?
> PER. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
> " With blaſts inſpir'd: and Baſſaris, who flew
> " The ſcoraful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
> " Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
> " And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
> " She led the ſpotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,
> " Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes found."

The verſes marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of ſo delicate a taſte as Lucan and Perſius could not digeſt them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thouſand monſtrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuſe of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt rank, headed by Piſo, formed a conſpiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double ſcore; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the deſign. When it was juſt ripe for execution, it came to be diſcovered by ſome of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the firſt of the conſpirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occaſion ſome authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal ſtain upon his name; that, to ſave his life, he informed againſt his mother. This ſtory ſeems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the moſt unlikely thing in the world, conſidering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble ſcheme of philoſophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which ſhines in every page of his Pharſalia. It is probable, Nero himſelf, or ſome of his flatterers, might invent the ſtory, to blacken his rival to poſterity; and ſome unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on truſt, without examining into the truth of it. We have ſeveral fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and which makes it ſtill the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accuſed her unjuſtly. As this accuſation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, ſo it does the manner of his death.

It is univerſally agreed, that having choſe to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he ſupped chearfully with his friends, and then, taking leave of them with the greateſt tranquillity of mind and the higheſt contempt of death, went into the bath, and ſubmitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's laſt alarm in every part, he called to mind a paſſage of his own in the IXth Book of the Pharſalia, which he repeated to the ſtanders-by, with the ſame grace and accent, with which he uſed to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The paſſage was that where he deſcribes a ſoldier of Cato's dying much after the ſame manner, being bit by a ſerpent, and is thus tranſlated by Mr. Rowe:

" So the warm blood at once from every part
" Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
" Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
" The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace,
" Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
" There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray.
" His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
" And ev'n the pores ouſe out the trickling blood;
" In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
" And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be ſeen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inſcription:

MARCO ANNAEO LVCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE, BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inſcription, if done by Nero's order, ſhows, that even in ſpite of himſelf, he paid a ſecret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in ſome meaſure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inſcription to perpetuate his memory; his Pharſalia will out-live all theſe.

Lucan wrote ſeveral books, that have periſhed by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The firſt we are told he wrote, was a Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it is ſaid, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The reſt were, The Deſcent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is ſaid not to have ſpared Nero that ſet it on fire; and a Poem in Praiſe of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewiſe ſeveral Books of Saturnalia; ten Books of Sylvæ; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the Fate of Priam; to which ſome have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piſo, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the Book he raiſed his fame on was his Pharſalia; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in reſpect to what it would have been, if he he had lived to finiſh it.

Statius in his Sylvæ gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing Muſe Calliope accoſting him to this purpoſe: " When thou art ſcarce " paſt the age of childhood (ſays Calliope to Lucan) thou ſhalt play with the valour " of Achilles, and Hector's ſkill in driving of a chariot. Thou ſhalt draw Priam at " the feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead body of his darling ſon. " Thou ſhall ſet open the gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus ſhall have " the preference in a full theatre, in ſpite of Nero's envy; alluding to the diſpute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's deſcent into hell. " Thou ſhalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame " which the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in aſhes the miſtreſs of the world; nor " ſhalt thou be ſilent in the praiſes that are juſtly due to thy beloved wife; and " when thou haſt attained to riper years, thou ſhalt ſing, in a lofty ſtrain, the fatal " fields of Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of Pharſalia, and " the thundering wars of that great captain, who, by the renown of his arms,

" merited to be inrolled among the gods. In that work (continues Calliope) thou " ſhalt paint, in never-fading colours, the auſtere virtues of Cato, who ſcorned to " outlive the liberties of his country; and the fate of Pompey, once the darling of " Rome. Thou ſhalt, like a true Roman, weep over the crime of the young tyrant " Ptolemy; and ſhalt raiſe to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher " monument than the Egyptian pyramids. The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) " and the learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through " ſuch vaſt ſeas to the conqueſt of the golden fleece, the other that could ſtrike an " infinite number of forms from the firſt atoms of matter, both of them ſhall give " place to thee without the leaſt envy, and even the divine Ænied ſhall pay thee a " juſt reſpect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the Pharſalia has promiſed himſelf immortality to his Poem. The firſt is in the ſeventh Book, which I beg leave to give in proſe, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thouſand times better in verſe. " One day (ſays he) when theſe wars ſhall be ſpoken-of in " ages yet to come, and among nations far remote from this clime, whether from " the voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my hiſtory, " thoſe that read it ſhall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein " contained. In vain (continues he) ſhall they offer up their vows for the righteous " cauſe, and ſtand thunderſtruck at ſo many various turns of fortune; nor ſhall they " read them as things that are already paſt, but with that concern as if they were " yet to come, and ſhall range themſelves, O Pompey, on thy ſide."

The other paſſage, which is in the Ninth Book, may be tranſlated thus: " Oh! " Cæſar, prophane thou not through envy the funeral monuments of theſe great " patriots, that fell here ſacrifices to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any " renown to a Roman Muſe, while Homer's verſes ſhall be thought worthy of praiſe, " they that ſhall live after us, ſhall read his and mine together: My Pharſalia ſhall " live, and no time nor age ſhall conſign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himſelf, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is ſcarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greateſt reſpect and the higheſt encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more inſtances.

I deſign not to enter into any criticiſm on the Pharſalia, though I had ever ſo much leiſure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain ſet of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and ſeem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell theſe gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by thoſe rules of an Epic Poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the ſame foot with Homer or Virgil, they muſt do him the juſtice at leaſt, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The Pharſalia is properly an Hiſtorical Heroic Poem, becauſe the ſubject is a known true ſtory. Now with our late critics, Truth is an unneceſſary trifle for an Epic Poem, and ought to be thrown aſide as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty genius in the Epic way. Hence it is, theſe critics obſerve, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the higheſt wonder and ſurprize; and the more improbable the ſtory is, ſtill the more wonderful and ſurprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taſte, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with ſurprizing circumſtances, big with the higheſt events, and conducted with all the arts of the moſt conſummate wiſdom, does not ſtrike the leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting impreſſion on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants theſe ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compaſs of this ſtory. I am of opinion, that, in his firſt deſign of writing this poem of the civil wars, he reſolved to treat the ſubject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no ſhare in the

work: but the force of cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor ſlavery, the principal deſign of the poem induced him to embelliſh it with ſome fables, that without them his books would not be ſo univerſally read: ſo much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any ſhall object to his privilege of being examined, and tried as an hiſtorian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the Sixth book, where Sixtus enquires of the Theſſalian witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be anſwered, that perhaps the ſtory was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believed to be ſo in his time, which is a ſufficient excuſe for *Lucan* to have inſerted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is uſual to find ſome one paſſage in one hiſtorian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the ſame ſubject. For though I am fully perſuaded that all theſe Oracles and Reſponſes, ſo famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of prieſts; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was univerſally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excuſed for falling-in with a popular error, whether he himſelf believed it or no, eſpecially when it ſerved to enliven and embelliſh his ſtory. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin hiſtorians, abounds in ſuch relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an hiſtorian to mention ſuch things, we have a late inſtance in a noble author of our time, who has likewiſe wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixt in it the ſtory of the ghoſt of the duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the courſe of his hiſtory are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that ſometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumſtances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourſelves have ſeen, in the courſe of the late two famous wars, how differently almoſt every battle and ſiege has been repreſented, and ſometimes by thoſe of the ſame ſide, when at the ſame time there be a thouſand living witneſſes, ready to contradict any falſehood, that partiality ſhould impoſe upon the world. This I may affirm, the moſt important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the univerſal conſent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in leſſer incidents or circumſtances, let the critics in hiſtory decide the queſtion: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes firſt diſcovered and publiſhed by Lucan, which may at leaſt conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of Secret Hiſtory.

After all I have ſaid on this head, I cannot but in ſome meaſure call in queſtion ſome parts of Cæſar's character as drawn by Lucan; which ſeem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the univerſal conſent of hiſtory. I wiſh I could vindicate him in ſome of his perſonal repreſentations of men, and Cæſar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and ſeries of his ſtory. He is not content only to deliver him down to poſterity, as the ſubverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can poſſibly be caſt upon any name: but he deſcribes him as purſuing that abominable end, by the moſt execrable methods, and ſome that were not in Cæſar's nature to be guilty of. Cæſar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exerciſe of the ſupreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occaſions: even Lucan, though never ſo much his enemy, has not omitted his generous uſage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his priſoners in Spain. What can be then ſaid for Lucan, when he repreſents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharſalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landſkip of Slaughter and Blood, and forbidding the bodies of ſo many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one

paſſage of Cæſar's life gives countenance to a ſtory like this: and how commendable ſoever the zeal of a writer may be, againſt the oppreſſor of his country, it ought not to have tranſported him to ſuch a degree of malevolence, as to paint the moſt merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the moſt ſavage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the beſt of men are not guilty of them in ſome degree or other. How many inſtances have we in hiſtory of the beſt princes treated as the worſt of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced againſt them!

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, ſmarting under the laſhes of of Nero's tyranny, ſhould exclaim in the bitterest terms againſt the memory of Julius Cæſar, ſince it was from him that Nero derived that power to uſe mankind as he did? Thoſe that lived in Lucan's time, did not conſider ſo much what Cæſar was in his own perſon, or temper, as what he was the occaſion of to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful ſtories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of ſenſe might give credit to them ſo far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devaſtations committed by his ſucceſſors. Reſentments of this kind in the ſoul of a man, fond of the ancient conſtitution of the commonwealth, ſuch as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight grounds, whatever was to the diſadvantage of one he looked upon as the ſubverter of that conſtitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards ſtabbed him; for perſonal prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato ſcorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæſar would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæſar; but would only beg the ſame indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other authors; for I cannot help believing all hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan ſhould thus miſtake this part of Cæſar's character, and yet do him ſo much juſtice in the reſt. His greatneſs of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generoſity, his conſummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all ſet forth in the beſt light upon every proper occaſion. He never makes him ſpeak, but it is with all the ſtrength of argument and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were too obvious to enumerate every inſtance of this; and I ſhall only mention the ſpeech to his army before the battle of Pharſalia, which in my opinion ſurpaſſes all I ever read, for the eaſy nobleneſs of expreſſion, the proper topics to animate his ſoldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few miſtakes in matters of fact, may be added thoſe of geography and aſtronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken ſome notice of them in his notes, I ſhall ſay nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to viſit the ſcenes where the actions he deſcribes were done, as ſome other hiſtorians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit ſome minute errors in theſe matters. As to aſtronomy, the ſchemes of that noble ſcience were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been ſince.

The method and diſpoſition of a work of this kind, muſt be much the ſame with thoſe obſerved by other hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better judgments: an hiſtorian who like Lucan has choſen to write in verſe, though he is obliged to have a ſtrict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other hiſtorians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute paſſage, or circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main ſtory; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear heavy and flat, and conſequently incumber his genius, or his verſe. All theſe trifling parts of action would take off from the pleaſure and entertainment, which is the main ſcope of that

manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a ſiege, or the ſituation of a camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the relation of ſome great and important event, had better be ſpared than inſerted in a work of that kind. In a proſe writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable inſtances in the moſt ancient hiſtorians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan againſt this rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary enumeration of the ſeveral parts of Gaul, where Cæſar's army was drawn together, in the Firſt Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with ſome beautiful verſes he throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but ſtill in the main it is dry, and but of little conſequence to the ſtory itſelf. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæſar's confederates, as thoſe in the Third Book were Pompey's; and theſe laſt are particularly named, to expreſs how many nations eſpouſed the ſide of Pompey. Thoſe reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæſar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garriſons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewiſe think, that the digreſſion of Theſſaly, and an account of its firſt inhabitans, is too prolix, and not of any great conſequence to his purpoſe. I am ſure, it ſignifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharſalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Theſſaly, or which of its mountains lies Eaſt or Weſt.

But if theſe be faults in Lucan, they are ſuch as will be found in the moſt admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The ſtory itſelf is Noble and Great; for what can there be in hiſtory more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the higheſt importance to mankind, carried on between the two greateſt Leaders that ever were, and by a people the moſt renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time maſters of the world? What a poor ſubject is that of the Ænied, when compared with this of the Pharſalia! And what a deſpicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by ſaying only, "be thou a King," made far greater kings than him! The ſcene of the Iliad contained but Greece, ſome iſlands in the Ægean and Ionian ſeas, with a very little part of the Leſſer Aſia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almoſt all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then miſtreſs of an empire, that reached from the ſtraits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caſpian ſeas, to Æthiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more ſtraightened in his ſubjects. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, ſettles at laſt in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vaſt a diſproportion there is between the importance of the ſubject of the Ænied and that of the Pharſalia, that we find one ſingle Roman, Craſſus, maſter of more ſlaves on his eſtate, than Virgil's hero had ſubjects. In fine, it may be ſaid, nothing can excuſe him for his choice, but that he deſigned his hero for the anceſtor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an inſtance of Cæſar himſelf, when but proconſul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæſar's letters to him ſome time before. The words are theſe; "As to what concerns Marcus Furius, "whom you recommended to me, I will, if you pleaſe, make him king of Gaul; "but, if you would have me advance any other friend of yours, ſend him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, ſuch as Cæſar was, to diſpoſe of kingdoms as they pleaſed; and Cæſar himſelf had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him,

and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one ſurpriſing inſtance more, of the prodigious greatneſs of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was maſter of all Egypt; and marching to the conqueſt of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the ſenate, and refuſes to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus ſtartled at the command that was contained in them, to ſtop the progreſs of his victories, aſked a ſhort time to conſider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a ſtick he had in his hand. "Return me an anſwer," ſaid he, "before thou ſtirreſt out of this circle, or the Roman people are no more "thy friends." Antiochus, after a ſhort pauſe, told him with the loweſt ſubmiſſion, he would obey the ſenate's commands. Upon which Popilius gives him his hand, and ſalutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up ſo great a monarchy, and ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reaſon to ſend word to the ſenate, as he did by his ambaſſadors, that he had obeyed their commands with the ſame ſubmiſſion, as if they had been ſent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digreſſion. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever ſo little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept poſſeſſion of the firſt places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for ſo many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I ſay there are ſeveral paſſages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that ſhines almoſt in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I ſhall only take notice of one inſtance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæſar, in a ſtorm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greateſt confuſion and deſpair, though he had aſſurance from the gods that he ſhould one day ſettle and raiſe a new empire in Italy. Cæſar, on the contrary, is repreſented perfectly ſedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occaſion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharſalia and Munda. Courage would have coſt Virgil nothing, to have beſtowed it on his hero; and he might as eaſily have thrown him upon the coaſt of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very ſevere upon Virgil on this account, and has criticized upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

> "Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
> "Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c."

"Seized as he is," ſays St. Evremont, "with this chilneſs through all his limbs, "the firſt ſign of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his hands to "heaven, and in all appearance, would implore its ſuccour, if the condition wherein "the good hero finds himſelf, would afford him ſtrength enough to raiſe his mind to "the gods, and pray with attention. His ſoul, which could not apply itſelf to any "thing elſe, abandons itſelf to lamentations; and like thoſe deſolate widows, who "upon the firſt trouble they meet with, wiſh they were in the grave with their dear "huſbands, the poor Æneas bewails his not having periſhed before Troy with Hector, "and eſteems them very happy who left their bones in the boſom of ſo ſweet and dear "a country." "Some people," adds he, "may perhaps believe he ſays ſo, becauſe "he envies their happineſs; but I am perſuaded," ſays St. Evremont, "it is for fear "of the danger that threatens him." The ſame author, after he has expoſed his want of courage, adds, "The good Æneas hardly ever concerns himſelf in any "important or glorious deſign: it is enough for him that he diſcharges his conſcience "in the office of a pious, tender, and compaſſionate man. He carries his father on "his ſhoulders, he conjugally laments his dear Creuſa, he cauſes his nurſe to be "interred, and makes a funeral pile for his truſty pilot Palinurus, for whom he ſheds "a thouſand tears. Here is (ſays he) a ſorry hero in paganiſm, who would have "made an amirable ſaint among ſome Chriſtians." In ſhort, it is St. Evremont's opinion, "he was fitter to make a founder of an order than a ſtate."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take notice, that the ſtorm in Lucan is drawn in ſtronger colours, and ſtrikes the mind with greater horror than that of Virgil; notwithſtanding the firſt has no ſupernatural cauſe aſſigned for it, and the latter is raiſed by a god, at the inſtigation of a goddeſs, that was both wife and ſiſter of Jupiter.

In the Pharſalia, moſt of the tranſactions and events, that compoſe the relation, are wonderful and ſurprizing, though true, as well as inſtructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to tranſcribe the work itſelf, and therefore I ſhall only hint at ſome of the moſt remarkable. With what dignity, and juſtneſs of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæſar, introduced in the Firſt Book; and how beautifully, and with what a maſterly art, are they oppoſed to one another? add to this, the juſteſt ſimilitudes by which their different characters are illuſtrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I perſuade myſelf, if Lucan had lived to finiſh his deſign, the death of that illuſtrious Roman had made one of the moſt moving, as well as one of the moſt ſublime epiſodes of his poem. In the Third Book Pompey's dream, Cæſar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the ſiege of Marſeilles, the ſea-fight, and the ſacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little ſhort of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the reſt, that of the ſoldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable ſtory of Vulteius. The Fifth Book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering anſwers, and the reaſon of its then ſilence. Then, upon the occaſion of a mutiny in Cæſar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of paſſing the Adriatic in a ſmall boat, amidſt the ſtorm I hinted at, he has given us the nobleſt and beſt image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the Book. It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the deſcription of the witch Erictho, in the Sixth Book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry as well as in painting. The Seventh Book is moſt taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharſalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is ſo related, that the reader may rather think himſelf a ſpectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than ſo remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majeſtic deſcription of the general Conflagration, and of that laſt cataſtrophe, which muſt put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the moſt elevated ſtyle, his ſentiments of the "Immortality of the Soul," and of rewards and puniſhments after this life. All theſe are touched with the niceſt delicacy of expreſſion and thought, eſpecially that about the univerſal Conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy writ. In ſo much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have converſed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have ſeen that Epiſtle of his, wherein he give us the very ſame idea of it.

In the Eighth Book, our paſſions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but eſpecially with the death, and unworthy funeral of the latter. In this book was likewiſe drawn, with the greateſt art, the character of young Ptolemy and his miniſters; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquiſitely expoſed in his own ſpeech in council.

In the Ninth Book, after the apotheoſis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fitteſt man after him to head the cauſe of Liberty and Rome. This Book is the longeſt, and, in my opinion, the moſt entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deſerts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of this hero, amidſt theſe diſtreſſes through which he leads him, ſeems every where to deſerve thoſe raptures of praiſe he beſtows upon him. Add to this, the artful deſcriptions of the various poiſons with which theſe deſerts abounded, and

their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's anſwer to Labienus in this Book, upon his deſiring him to conſult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a maſter-piece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, ſuch as his omnipotence, his preſcience, his juſtice, his goodneſs, and his unſearchable decrees, are painted in the moſt awful and the ſtrongeſt colours, and ſuch as may make Chriſtians themſelves bluſh, for not coming up to them in moſt of their writings upon that ſubject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this paſſage, he concludes, "If all the ancient poets had ſpoke as worthily "of the oracles of their gods, he ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer them to the "divines and philoſophers of our time. "We may ſee," ſays he, "in the "concourſe of ſo many people, that came to conſult the oracle of Hammon, what "effect a public opinion can produce, where zeal and ſuperſtition mingle together. "We may ſee in Labienus, a pious ſenſible man, who to his reſpect for the gods, "joins the conſideration and eſteem we ought to preſerve for virtue in good men. "Cato is a religious ſevere philoſopher, weaned from all vulgar opinions, who "entertains thoſe lofty thoughts of the gods, which pure and undebauched reaſon "and a true elevated knowledge can give us of them; every thing here," ſays St. Evremont, "is poetical, every thing is conſonant to truth and reaſon. It is not "poetical upon the ſcore of any ridiculous fiction, or for ſome extravagant hyperbole, "but for the daring greatneſs and majeſty of the language, and for the noble "elevation of the diſcourſe. It is thus," adds he, "that poetry is the language of the "gods, and that poets are wiſe; and it is ſo much the greater wonder to find it in "Lucan," ſays he, "becauſe it is neither to be met with in Homer nor Virgil." I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in theſe matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languiſhing, but Lucan's much more ſtrong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Ægyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then-received opinions of the increaſe and decreaſe of the river Nile. From the variety of the ſtory, and many other particulars I need not mention in this ſhort account, it may eaſily appear, that a true hiſtory may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a ſubject that affords ſo many and ſo ſurpriſing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the moſt juſtly imputed are thoſe of his ſtyle; and indeed how could it be otherwiſe? Let us but remember the imperfect ſtate, in which his ſudden and immature death left the Pharſalia; the deſign itſelf being probably but half finiſhed, and what was writ of it, but ſlightly, if at all reviſed. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three firſt books himſelf, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it ſo: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of ſix and twenty, to thoſe he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the moſt correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his Æneid for near as long a ſeries of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a ſtrong opinion that it was imperfect ſtill. If Lucan had lived to his age, the Pharſalia without doubt, would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithſtanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Auguſtus.

It muſt be owned he is in many places obſcure and hard, and therefore not ſo agreeable, and comes ſhort of the purity, ſweetneſs, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is ſtill univerſally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art; and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering.

I am by no means willing to compare the Pharſalia to the Æneid; but I muſt ſay with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey,

Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities: The latter has cloathed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: The other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them *into* competition with the gods themselves. In a word, the gods are not so valuable *in* Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it *must* be allowed, that most things throughout the whole Pharsalia are greatly and *justly* said, with regard even to the language and expression; but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes Cæsar in *Amyclus's* cottage, in the Fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Masquerade. They had their Parnassus, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one acted Lucan. "There was none," says he, "that was "placed in a higher station, or had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He "vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed "desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet "of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet "with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the spectators "gave him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was tumbling." Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the same Pope Leo X. was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century; I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroldus, Badius, and some others of the first *form* in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his Pharsalia, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustan age. It is to the following purpose:

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, designs, and actions, his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprizes and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering

the ſecret ſprings of action, and their riſe in human paſſions: as he is an acute ſearcher into the manners of men, and moſt dextrous in applying all ſorts of learning to his ſubject: What other coſmographer, aſtrologer, philoſopher, or mathematician, do we ſtand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciouſly handled, or treated him with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have caſually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; ſo is Lucan. In ſo apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels: For both have juſtly obtained the higheſt commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan ſumptuous and ſplendid: The firſt is diſcreet, inventive, and ſublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of ſpirit. Virgil ſeems to move with the devout ſolemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtineſs of a victorious general. One owes moſt to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the ſoul with the ſweetneſs and muſic of his verſe, the other raiſes it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is ſedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults: Lucan quick, various, and florid: *He* ſeems to fight with ſtronger weapons, *This* with more. The firſt ſurpaſſes all in ſolid ſtrength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one ſounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a leſs indeed, but clearer. In ſhort, ſo great is the affinity, and the ſtruggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that Divinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been poſſeſſed of the chief ſeat on Parnaſſus, our author's claim to it had been indiſputable.

Feb. 26, 1718-19.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the firſt Book, after a propoſition of his ſubject, a ſhort view of the ruins occaſioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal cauſes of the Civil War, together with the characters of Cæſar and Pompey: after that, the ſtory probably begins with Cæſar's paſſing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminium. Thither the Tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the oppoſite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his ſpeech to his army, and a particular mention of the ſeveral parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his aſſiſtance. From Cæſar, the poet turns to deſcribe the general conſternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the ſenate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occaſion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly on occaſion of thoſe panic terrors, and likewiſe the ceremonies that were uſed by the prieſts for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this Book with the inſpiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which ſhe enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the courſe of the Civil War.

EMATHIAN plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd violence, and lawleſs might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile ſwords;
Piles againſt piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles againſt eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, ſpilt,
One common horror and promiſcuous guilt;
A ſhatter'd world in wild diſorder toſt,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confuſion loſt;
Of all the woes which civil diſcords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I ſing.
What blind, deteſted madneſs could afford
Such horrid licence to the murdering ſword?
Say, Romans, whence ſo dire a fury roſe,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like theſe provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud ſpires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in Roman ſpoils invade the ſky;
While yet no vengeance is to Craſſus paid,
But unaton'd repines the wandering ſhade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before
What ſeas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant ſhore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were ſtain'd!
Where Seres in her ſilken woods reſide,
Where ſwift Araxes rolls rapid his tide:
Where-e'er (if ſuch a nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret fountain ſpringing cleaves the ground
Where ſouthern ſuns with double ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the land, and ſcorch the mid-day ſkies
Where Winter's hand the Scythian ſeas conſtrain
And binds the frozen floods in cryſtal chains:
Where-e'er the ſhady night and day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the yoke of Rome.
O Rome! if ſlaughter be thy only care,
If ſuch thy fond deſire of impious war;

Turn from thyſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd wound,
Till thou art miſtreſs of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyſelf be found.
Thy foes as yet a juſter war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy ſword.
But ſee! her hands in her own vitals ſeize,
And no deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy column lies,
While weeds obſcene above the cornice riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots ſuſtain.
The landſkip, once in various beauty ſpread,
With yellow harveſts and the flowery mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated face,
Which buſhy brakes and brambles vile diſgrace:
No human footſtep prints th' untrodden green,
No chearful maid nor villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crouded in the noiſy ſtreet,
No ſound is heard of human voices now,
But whiſtling winds through empty dwellings blow;
While paſſing ſtrangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' ſword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such univerſal deſolation yield:
Her impious ſons have her worſt foes ſurpaſs'd,
And Roman hands have laid Heſperia waſte.
But if our fates ſeverely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to ſucceed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth muſt pay for their divine abodes;
If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign,
'Tis juſt, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppreſt with death though dire Pharſalia groan,
Though Latian blood the Punic ghoſts atone;
Though Pompey's hapleſs ſons renew the war,
And Munda view the ſlaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Peruſia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's iſle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though ſervile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
And on Sicilian ſeas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæſar, art the great reward.
Vaſt are the thanks thy grateful Rome ſhould pay
To wars, which uſher-in thy ſacred ſway.
When, the great buſineſs of the world atchiev'd,
Late by the willing ſtars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the bliſsful ſeats the news ſhall roll,
And heaven reſound with joy from pole to pole.
Whether great Jove reſign ſupreme command,
And truſt his ſceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou chooſe the empire of the day,
And make the ſun's unwilling ſteeds obey;
Auſpicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Where-e'er thou reign, with one conſenting voice,
The gods and nature ſhall approve thy choice.
But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy ſeat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to ſhine,
Nor where the ſultry ſouthern ſtars decline;
Leſs kindly thence thy influence ſhall come,
And thy beſt rays obliquely viſit Rome.
Preſs not too much on any part the ſphere:
Hard were the taſk thy weight divine to bear;
Soon would the *axis* feel th' unuſual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal ſhalt thou riſe,
And with a juſter balance fix the ſkies.
Serene for ever be that azure ſpace,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven diſgrace,
Nor hide from Rome her Cæſar's radiant face.
Then ſhall mankind conſent in ſweet accord,
And warring nations ſheath the wrathful ſword;
Peace ſhall the world in friendly leagues compoſe,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever cloſe.
To me thy preſent godhead ſtands confeſt,
Oh let thy ſacred fury fire my breaſt!
So thou vouchſafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's myſtic cell:
By me uncall'd, let ſprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nyſa's plain.
To thee, O Cæſar, all my vows belong;
Do thou alone inſpire the Roman ſong.
And now the mighty taſk demands our care,
The fatal ſource of diſcord to declare;
What cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire event,
Why rage ſo dire the madding nations rent,
And peace was driven away by one conſent.
But thus the malice of our fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration ſtands;
Aſpiring Rome hath riſen too much in height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So ſhall one hour at laſt this globe controul,
Break up the vaſt machine, diſſolve the whole,
And time no more through meaſur'd ages roll.
Then Chaos hoar ſhall ſeize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldeſt night;
The ſtarry lamps ſhall combat in the ſky,
And loſt and blended in each other die;
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires ſhall fall,
And ocean caſt abroad o'er-ſpread the ball:
The moon no more her well-known courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from weſtern waves, and meet the ſun;
Ungovern'd ſhall ſhe quit her ancient way,
Herſelf ambitious to ſupply the day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And diſcord and diſorder tear the world.
Thus power and greatneſs to deſtruction haſte,
Thus bounds to human happineſs are plac'd,
And Jove forbids proſperity to laſt.
Yet Fortune, when ſhe meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes prepar'd the Roman ſtate,
Nor ſuffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
To Rome herſelf for enemies ſhe fought,
And Rome herſelf her own deſtruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
Firſt fell by fatal partnerſhip of power.
What blind ambition bids your force combine?
What means this frantic league in which you join?

Miſtaken men! who hope to ſhare the ſpoil,
And hold the world within one common toil!
While earth the ſeas ſhall in her boſom bear,
While earth herſelf ſhall hang in ambient air,
While Phœbus ſhall his conſtant taſk renew;
While through the Zodiac night ſhall day purſue;
No faith, no truſt, no friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous partners of a throne;
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign tales to make this good,
Were not our walls firſt built in brother's blood?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion riſe,
Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
Divided power contention ſtill affords,
And for a village ſtrove the petty lords.
The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Preſerv'd the bond but for a little ſpace,
Still with an aukward diſagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, ſuch as friends perſuade.
Deſire of war in either chief was ſeen,
Though interpoſing Craſſus ſtood between.
Such in the midſt the parting iſthmus lies,
While ſwelling ſeas on either ſide ariſe;
The ſolid boundaries of earth reſtrain
The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
But, if the mound gives way, ſtraight roaring loud
In at the breach the ruſhing torrents croud;
Raging they meet, the daſhing waves run high,
And work their foamy waters to the ſky.
So when unhappy Craſſus, ſadly ſlain,
Dy'd with his blood Aſſyrian Carre's plain;
Sudden the ſeeming friends in arms engage,
The Parthian ſword let looſe the Latian rage.
Ye fierce Arſacidæ! ye foes of Rome,
Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
The vanquiſh'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their civil war.
The ſword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendſhip knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an empire of ſo vaſt a ſize,
Could not for two ambitious minds ſuffice;
The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
Could furniſh room for only one to reign.
When dying Julia firſt forſook the light,
And Hymen's tapers ſunk in endleſs night,
The tender ties of kindred love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife perſuade!
Like the fam'd Sabine dames ſhe had been ſeen
To ſtay the meeting war, and ſtand between:
On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and ſheath the ruthleſs ſword.
But this the fatal ſiſters doom deny'd;
The friends were ſever'd, when the matron dy'd.
The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their ſouls with jealouſy of fame,
And emulation fans the riſing flame.
Thee Pompey thy paſt deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous glory burns within thy breaſt;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful Cæſar's riſing ſhade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious eyes
Above thy naval crowns triumphant riſe.
Thee, Cæſar, thy long labours paſt incite,
Thy uſe of war, and cuſtom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage ſcorn a ſecond place.
Superior power, fierce faction's deareſt care,
One could not brook, and one diſdain'd to ſhare.
Juſtly to name the better cauſe were hard,
While greateſt names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious Cæſar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increaſing years began to yield,
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the ſoldier down;
Diſus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himſelf with popular applauſe;
With gifts and liberal bounty ſought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar ſhout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to ſit,
Amidſt the noiſy praiſes of the pit.
Careleſs of future ills that might betide,
No aid he ſought to prop his failing ſide,
But on his former fortune much rely'd.
Still ſeem'd he to poſſeſs, and fill his place;
But ſtood the ſhadow of what once he was.
So, in the field with Ceres' bounty ſpread,
Uprears ſome ancient oak his reverend head;
Chaplets and ſacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And ſpoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the firſt vigour of his root now gone,
He ſtands dependent on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are diſplay'd,
And with his leafleſs trunk he forms a ſhade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blaſt would heave him from his ſeat;
Though thouſand fairer trees the field ſupplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him riſe;
Fix'd in his ancient ſtate he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæſar's greatneſs, and his ſtrength was more
Than paſt renown and antiquated power;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals ſeen;
But 'twas a valour, reſtleſs, unconfin'd,
Which no ſucceſs could ſate, nor limits bind;
'Twas ſhame, a ſoldier's ſhame untaught to yield,
That bluſh'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to ſtay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withſtood,
Nor ſpar'd to ſtain the guilty ſword with blood;
Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
And made the moſt of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And ſaw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders loud,
Darts the ſwift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blaſts confound the gazers ſight;
Reſiſtleſs in its courſe delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its maſter Jove:

Alike where-e'er it paſſes or returns,
With equal rage the fell deſtroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its ſtrength retires,
And recollects the force of all its ſcatter'd fires.
Motives like theſe the leading chiefs inſpir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Theſe fatal ſeeds luxurious vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquiſh'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treaſures to her view diſplay'd:
Then truth and ſimple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd, diſhoneſt face;
Virtue to full proſperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the luſt of prey.
On every ſide proud palaces ariſe,
And lavish gold each common uſe ſupplies.
Their fathers frugal tables ſtand abhorr'd,
And Aſia now and Afric are explor'd,
For high-priz'd dainties, and citron board.
In ſilken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides ſhould bluſh to wear.
That age by honeſt poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is ſcorn'd;
Where-e'er ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ranſack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the ſinking ſtate confound.
The Curii's and the Carmilli's little field,
To vaſt extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harveſt now,
Where once the great Dictator held the plow.
Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with eaſe;
Ev'n liberty had loſt the power to pleaſe:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedneſs perſuade:
Hence impious power was firſt eſteem'd a good,
Worth being fought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence preſcrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant ſervile voices were conſtrain'd,
And force in popular aſſemblies reign'd;
Conſuls and tribunes, with oppoſing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence ſhameful magiſtrates were made for gold,
And a baſe people by themſelves were ſold:
Hence ſlaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And uſury ſtill watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's laſt reſort.
Now Cæſar, marching with ſwift wing'd haſte,
The ſummits of the frozen Alps had paſt;
With vaſt events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he ſtood;
When lo! as he ſurvey'd the narrow flood,
Amidſt the duſky horrors of the night,
A wondrous viſion ſtood confeſt to ſight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful ſilence broke.
Preſumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you theſe my enſigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmoſt barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing ſhade:
Aſtoniſhment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the bank his ſlacken'ng ſteps were ſtay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread city caſt thy ſight;
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line!
Ye myſteries of Romulus divine!
Thou, Jove! to whom from young Aſcanius came
Thy Alban temple and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal ſacred Veſtal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majeſtic Rome!
My firſt, my great divinity, to whom
Thy ſtill ſucceſsful Cæſar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the ſword's deſtructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war ſhall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curſe beſtow,
Who would perſuade thee Cæſar is thy foe;
And ſince to thee I conſecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cauſe, and on thy ſoldier ſmile.
He ſaid; and ſtraight, impatient of delay,
Acroſs the ſwelling flood purſu'd his way.
So when on ſultry Libya's deſert ſand
The lion ſpies the hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful ſavage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury riſe;
His laſhing tail provoke his ſwelling ſides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides:
Then if at length the flying dart infeſt,
Or the broad ſpear invade his ample breaſt,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hoſtile Moor.
While with hot ſkies the fervent ſummer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the ſea.
His bank on either ſide a limit ſtands,
Between the Gallic and Auſonian lands.
But ſtronger now the wintry torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine ſnows,
And Cynthia riſing with a blunted beam
In the third circle drove her watry team,
A ſignal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling ſtream.
For this, to ſtem the water's rapid courſe
Firſt plung'd amidſt the flood the bolder horſe;
With ſtrength oppos'd againſt the ſtream they lead,
While to the ſmoother ford, the foot with eaſe ſucceed.
The leader now had paſs'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden ſhore:
Then rearing on the hoſtile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he ſaid.)

Since faith is broke, and leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou, goddeſs fortune art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He ſpoke; and, on the dreadful taſk intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic ſling is ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches ſwift he reach'd the town,
As the ſhades fled, the ſinking ſtars were gone,
And Luciſer the laſt was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn aroſe,
Whoſe beams the firſt tumultuous rage diſcloſe:
Whether the ſtormy ſouth prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious ſight,
The clouds a-while withheld the mournful light.
Tothe mid Forum on the ſoldier paſs'd,
There halted, and his victor enſigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarſe horn, and rattling trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting citizens uprear their heads;
The luſtier youth at once forſake their beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the weapons, which among
Their houſhold-gods in peace had reſted long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs ſpears with points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their creſts the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæſar high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling heart with ſecret horror ſhook,
And ſilent thus within themſelves they ſpoke;
Oh, hapleſs city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curſe ſo near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us deſtruction ever takes its way,
We firſt become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmoſt eaſt!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlaſting ſnow.
Better with wandering Scythians chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard theſe dreadful paſſages to Rome.
Through theſe the Cimbrians laid Heſperia waſte;
Through theſe the ſwarthy Carthaginian paſs'd;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian ſtates,
War, death, and ruin, enter at theſe gates.
In ſecret murmurs thus they ſought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid ſilence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains
All nature, heaven, and earth at once conſtrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And ſhivering tremble on the naked ſprays;
Ev'n the rude ſeas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows ſtiffen on the ſhore.
The colder ſhades of night forſook the ſky,
When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And if the chief, by doubt or ſhame detain'd,
Awhile from battle and from blood abſtain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every ſoft relenting thought away.
A lucky chance a fair pretence ſupplies,
And juſtice in his favour ſeems to riſe.
New accidents new ſtings to rage ſuggeſt,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breaſt.
The ſenate threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In ſcorn of law, had chac'd them through the gate,
And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With theſe, as for redreſs their courſe they ſped
To Cæſar's camp the buſy Curio fled;
Curio, a ſpeaker turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that ſerv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and ſold.
A tribune once himſelf, in loud debate,
He ſtrove for public freedom, and the ſtate:
Eſſay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæſar thus, while thouſand cares infeſt,
Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breaſt,
His ſpeech the ready orator addreſt:
While yet my voice was uſeful to my friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæſar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering ſword within thy hand.
But ſince the vanquiſh'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold an exil'd band we come;
For thee, with joy our baniſhment we take,
For thee our houſhold hearths and gods forſake;
Nor hope to ſee our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loſs reſtore.
Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceleſs, weak, and unreſolv'd, appear;
Haſte then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occaſion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the ſtubborn Gaul withheld,
And ſet thee hard in many a well-fought field;
A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard leſs, yet greater far the prize:
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vaſt head that does mankind control.
Succeſs ſhall ſure attend thee, boldly go
And win the world at one ſucceſsful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy ſacred laurel wait:
But blaſting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treaſon to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy juſt command.
Since Pompey then, and thoſe upon his ſide,
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Aſſume that ſway which beſt mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they diſdain to ſhare.
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief engage,
And fire his breaſt, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applauſe with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouſe the fiery horſe;
When eager for the courſe each nerve he ſtrains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the ſtubborn reins,
At every ſhout erects his quivering ears,
And his broad breaſt upon the barrier bears.

Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and straight
The thronging legions round their enſigns wait:
Then thus, the croud compoſing with a look,
And, with his hand commanding ſilence, ſpoke:
Fellows in arms, who choſe with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful ſenate yield,
For the laſt blood which ſtains yon northern field;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine ſnow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
The luſty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
And each tall grove falls by the ſhipwrights hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies ſpread,
And all demand devoted Cæſar's head.
If thus, while fortune yields us her applauſe,
While the god call us on and own our cauſe,
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls purſued us from behind!
But let their boaſted hero leave his home,
Let him, diſſolv'd with lazy leiſure, come,
With every noiſy talking tongue in Rome:
Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
Shall his baſe followers, a venal train,
For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign?
Shall his ambition ſtill be thought no crime,
His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
Still ſhall he gather honours and command,
And graſp all rule in his rapacious hand?
What need I name the violated laws,
And famine made the ſervant of his cauſe?
Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld
The peaceful court with arm'd legions fill'd;
When the bold ſoldier, juſtice to defy,
In the mid Forum rear'd his enſigns high;
When glittering ſwords the pale aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for death and ſlaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
And now, diſdaining peace and needful eaſe,
Nothing but rule and government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of reſt, to vex the ſtate:
On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field for battle now prepares.
He copies from his maſter Sylla well,
And would the dire example far excel.
Hyrcanian tigers fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
To chace the herds, and ſurfeit on the ſlain.
Such, Pompey, ſtill has been thy greedy thirſt,
In early love of impious ſlaughter nurſt;
Since firſt thy infant cruelty eſſay'd,
To lick the curſt dictator's reeking blade.
None ever give the ſalvage nature o'er,
Whoſe jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.
But whither would a power ſo wide extend?
Where will thy long ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who choſe to quit the ſovereign ſeat,
Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withſtand,
Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
Since the Cicilian pirate ſtrikes his ſail,
Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-paſt,
By thee and poiſon is ſubdued at laſt;
Perhaps, one lateſt province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd Cæſar muſt receive thy chains.
But though my labours loſe their juſt reward,
Yet let the ſenate theſe my friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deſerve to triumph, whoſoe'er commands.
Where ſhall my weary veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
What town is for his late repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plow, a country village ſeat,
Some little comfortable ſafe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may ceaſe,
And waſte the poor remains of life with peace?
But march, your long-victorious enſigns rear,
Let valour on its own juſt cauſe appear.
When for redreſs intreating armies call,
They who deny juſt things, permit them all.
The righteous gods ſhall ſurely own the cauſe,
Which ſeeks not ſpoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from ſlavery ſubmiſſive Rome.
He ſaid; a doubtful ſullen murmuring ſound
Ran through the unreſolving vulgar round;
The ſeeds of piety their rage reſtrain'd,
And ſomewhat of their country's love remain'd;
Theſe the rude paſſions of their ſoul withſtood,
Elate to conqueſt, and inur'd to blood:
But ſoon the momentary virtue fail'd,
And war and dread of Cæſar's frown prevail'd.
Straight Lelieus from amidſt the reſt ſtood forth,
An old centurion of diſtinguiſh'd worth;
The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preſerv'd he bore.
If againſt thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greateſt leader of the Roman name;
If truth or injur'd honour may be bold,
What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
Canſt thou diſtruſt our faith ſo often try'd,
In thy long wars not ſhrinking from thy ſide?
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my boſom blows;
While yet theſe arms ſufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin, and to lift the ſhield;
While theſe remain, my general wilt thou own
The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
Wilt thou the lordly ſenate chooſe to bear,
Rather than conquer in a civil war?
With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning Libyan ſands explore,
And tread the Syrt's inhoſpitable ſhore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the ſervile oar has not diſdain'd,
For thee the ſwelling ſeas were taught to plow,
Through the Rhine's whirling ſtream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquiſh'd world to thee might bow.
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.

No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,
By all the fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy past triumphs, and by those to come,
(No mater where the vanquish'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand,
I swear to execute thy dread command.
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn.
Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's bank thy ensign's shall be plac'd,
And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls?
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom
The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.
He said; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in every bold design;
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Offa's piney heads:
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.
Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd-on by fate, and eager for the field;
Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, lest his fortune languish by delay,
To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe;
The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted arms.
Others from Isara's low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his name;
But seeks the sea with waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garrison the Ruthen city send,
Whose youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;
Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
Nor roll rude surges on the Sacred Port;
Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of Monœchus' shore.
The legions move from Galia's farthest side,
Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide;
Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its rising head again,
And seas and earth alternate rule maintain.
If driven by winds from the far distant pole,
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
Or if, by heat attracted to the sky,
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
And briny deeps the wasting sun supply;
What cause soe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
Be that your task, ye sages to explore,
Who search the secret springs of nature's power:
To me, for so the wiser gods ordain,
Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,
Where winding round the coast pursues its way,
And folds the sea within a gentle bay.
The Santones are now with joy releas'd
From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest,
Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
And Suessons nimble with unwieldy spears:
Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani the wheeling horse to guide;
The bold Averni who from Ilium come,
And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervi oft rebelling, oft subdued,
Whose hands in Gotta's slaughter were imbrued;
Vangiones, like loose Sarmatians dress,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs invest:
Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
Those where flow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
And with his stronger stream is harry'd down;
Those o'er the mountains lofty summer spread,
Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
With these the Trevir and Ligurian horn,
Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Though chief amongst the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
And you where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd,
And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
All see with joy the war's departing rage,
Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore:
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.

If dying mortals doom they ſing aright,
No ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting ſouls to griſly Pluto go,
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent ſhades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endleſs race,
And like a line, death but divides the ſpace,
A ſtop which can but for a moment laſt,
A point between the future and the paſt.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern ſkies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death deſpiſe;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But raſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return.
You too now'rds Rome advance, ye warlike band,
That wont the ſhaggy Cauci to withſtand;
Whom once a better order did aſſign,
To guard the paſſes of the German Rhine;
Now from the fenceleſs banks you march away,
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
While thus the numerous troops, from every part,
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring leader's heart;
O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,
The neighbouring town his ſummons ſtraight obey,
And on their walls his enſigns high diſplay.
Mean-while the buſy meſſenger of ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new terror ſtill:
A thouſand ſlaughters, and ten thouſand fears,
She whiſpers in the trembling vulgar's ears.
Now comes a frighted meſſenger, to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The foe to fair Mevania's walls is paſt,
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful paſtures waſte;
Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
But when himſelf, when Cæſar they would paint,
The ſtronger image makes deſcription faint;
No tongue can ſpeak with what amazing dread
Wild thought preſents him at his army's head;
Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of gigantic ſize:
Unnumber'd eagles riſe amidſt his train,
And millions ſeem to hide the crouded plain.
Around him all the various nations join,
Between the ſnowy Alps and diſtant Rhine.
He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
With rage ſurpaſſing theirs he ſeems to come,
And urge them on to ſpoil devoted Rome.
Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe ills themſelves have made.
Nor theſe alarms the croud alone infeſt,
But ran alike through every beating breaſt;
With equal dread the grave Patricians ſhook,
Their ſeats abandon'd, and the court forſook.
The ſcattering fathers quit the public care,
And bid the conſuls for the war prepare.
Reſolv'd on flight, yet ſtill unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair,
Haſty and headlong different paths they tread,
As blind impulſe and wild diſtraction lead;
The croud, a hurrying, heartleſs train, ſucceed.
Who that the lamentable ſight beheld,
The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
Would not have thought the flames with rapid haſte
Deſtroying wide, had laid their city waſte;
Or groaning earth had ſhook beneath their feet,
While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the ſtreet.
By ſuch unthinking raſhneſs were they led;
Such was the madneſs which their fears had bred,
As if, of every other hope bereſt,
To fly from Rome were all the ſafety left.
So when the ſtormy ſouth is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Libyan ſhore;
When rending ſails flit with the driving blaſt,
And with a craſh down comes the lofty maſt;
Some coward maſter leaps from off the deck,
And, haſty to deſpair, prevents the wreck;
And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the ſea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city ruſh to arms,
Then ſons forſook their ſires unnerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their huſbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:
None ſtop'd, or ſighing turn'd for one laſt view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
The headlong croud regardleſs urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country aſk their ſtay,
And pleading nature beg them to delay.
What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you reſume.
Vain is the ſhort-liv'd ſovereignty you lend;
The pile you raiſe you deign not to defend.
See where, forſaken by her native bands,
All deſolate the once-great city ſtands!
She whom her ſwarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquiſh'd nations wont to croud,
Within the circuit of whoſe ample ſpace
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceleſs deſert now ſhe lies,
And yields herſelf the victor's eaſy prize.
The camp intrench'd ſecureſt ſlumbers yields,
Though hoſtile arms beſet the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the haſty ſoldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears;
While Rome thy ſons all tremble from afar,
And ſcatter at the very name of war;
Nor on thy towers depend, nor ramparts height,
Nor truſt their ſafety with thee for a night.
Yet one excuſe abſolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar juſtly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And, leſt ſweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times diſcloſe,
On every breaſt preſaging terror ſate,
And threaten'd plain ſome yet more diſmal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and ſeas, in prodigies abound;

Then ſtars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unuſual fires by night were ſeen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy ſky.
Then horrid comets ſhook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dart ſwift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin ſhoot extended long,
While ſome like ſpreading lamps in heaven are hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through ſkies ſerene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blaſting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The ſtars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching ſhade:
The ſun himſelf, in his meridian race,
In ſable darkneſs veiled his brighter face;
The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd deſpairing for the loſs of day.
Such was he ſeen, when backward to the eaſt
He fled, abhorring dire Thyeſtes' feaſt.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let looſe his fiery ſtore;
Nor roſe the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds Italy their burning torrent guide;
Charybdis dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The Veſtal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the ſacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double ſtreams aſcend,
To ſhew the Latian feſtivals muſt end;
Such from the Theban brethren's pile aroſe,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings faſt the gaping earth gave way,
And in her inmoſt womb receiv'd the day.
The ſwelling ſeas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps ſhook off their ancient ſnow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And ſweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording ſtories tell,
Untouch'd the ſacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obſcene, with inauſpicious flight,
And ſcreamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd light.
The ſalvage kind forſook the deſert wood,
And in the ſtreets diſclos'd their horrid brood.
Then ſpeaking beaſts with human ſounds were heard,
And monſtrous births the teeming mothers ſcar'd.
Among the croud, religious fears diſperſe
The ſaws of Sibyls, and foreboding verſe.
Bellona's prieſts, a barbarous frantic train,
Whoſe mangled arms a thouſand wounds diſdain,
Toſs their wild locks, and, with a diſmal yell,
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.
Lamenting ghoſts amidſt their aſhes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around
And voices loud in lonely woods reſound.
Grim ſpectres every where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and paſs with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of ſize, ſhe ſtalks:
A flaming pine ſhe brandiſhes in air,
And hiſſing loud up-riſe her ſnaky hair:
Where-e'er her round accurſt the monſter takes,
The pale inhabitant his houſe forſakes.
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom ſeen,
Such the dire viſions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel ſtepmother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra ſtand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero ſhook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amidſt the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
Shrill-ſounding clarions animate the fight;
The ſhouts of meeting armies ſeem to riſe,
And the loud battle ſhakes the gloomy ſkies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field aſcends,
And miſchiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near Anio's ſtream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his grifly form, and fled.
The ſtate thus threaten'd, by old cuſtom taught,
For counſel to the Tuſcan prophets ſought:
Of theſe the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable ſage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could deſcry
What bodes the lightnings journey through the ſky;
Preſaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
Firſt he commands to burn the monſtrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd ſpecies, and diſcordant ſeed;
Forbidden and accurſed births, which come,
Where nature's laws deſign'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To paſs with ſolemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to viſit all around,
And with luſtrations purge the utmoſt bound.
The ſovereign prieſts the long proceſſion lead,
Inferior orders in the train ſucceed,
Array'd all duly in the Gabine weed.
There the chaſte head of Veſta's choir appears,
A ſacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
To her, in ſole pre-eminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful ſhrine to view.
Next the fifteen in order paſs along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' ſecret ſong:
To Almon's ſtream Cybele's form they bear,
And waſh the goddeſs each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
Obſerving flights on the left lucky hand;
The ſeven ordain'd Jove's holy feaſt to deck;
The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck,
All marching in their order juſt appear:
And laſt the generous Flamens cloſe the rear.
While theſe through ways uncouth, and tireſome ground,
Patient perform their long laborious round,
Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame;
In earth he hides them with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the herd a choſen male is fought,
And ſoon before the ready altar brought.
And now the ſeer the ſacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;

The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the deſtin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beaſt
The rites unpleaſing to the God confeſt.
At length compell'd his ſtubborn head to bow,
Vanquiſh'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The guſhing veins no chearful crimſon pour,
But ſtain with poiſonous black the ſacred floor.
The paler prophet ſtood with horror ſtruck;
Then with a haſty hand the entrails took,
And ſought the angry gods again; but there
Prognoſtics worſe, and ſadder ſigns, appear;
The pallid guts with ſpots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold ſerum ſtain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid ſtreams he ſpy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hoſtile ſide:
Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the ſever'd entrails bound;
No vital motion ſtirs the panting heart;
The chinky veſſels ouze on every part;
The cawl, where wrapt the cloſe inteſtines lie,
Betrays its dark receſſes to the eye.
One prodigy ſuperior threaten'd ſtill,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's riſing head,
A ſecond rival prominence is ſpread;
All ſunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, ſickly, withering viſage wears;
While high and full the adverſe veſſels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd the ſage foreſaw th' impending fate;
Ye gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor doſt thou, Jove, in theſe our rites partake,
Nor ſmile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our ſacrifice the furies came.
The ills we feel command us to be dumb;
Yet ſomewhat worſe than what we feel ſhall come.
But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better proſperous event ſupply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be falſe, by which our ſires divin'd,
And Tages taught them, to abuſe mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy expreſt,
And riddling ſung the double-dealing prieſt.
But Figulus exclaims (to ſcience bred,
And in the gods myſterious ſecrets read;
Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' ſons excell'd,
Nor with more ſkill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the ſphere,
And calculate the juſt revolving year).
The ſtars (he cries) are in confuſion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite miſguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some ſwift deſtruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And ſinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infeſt the ſultry ſky?
Shall faithleſs earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poiſonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid ſpring and ſilver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare!
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from ſeas, or air?
The lives of many to a period haſte,
And thouſands ſhall together breathe their laſt.
If Saturn's ſullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd aſcendant o'er the ſky,
Then moiſt Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie ſunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, ſhine
Malignant in the Lion's ſcorching ſign,
Wide o'er the world conſuming fires might roll,
And heaven be ſeen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits theſe unangry glide,
But, God of Battles, what doſt thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion doſt preſide?
With potent wrath around thy influence ſtreams,
And the whole monſter kindles at thy beams:
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly ſhine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's ſtarry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful ſide.
War comes, and ſalvage ſlaughter muſt abound,
The ſword of violence ſhall right confound:
The blackeſt crimes fair virtue's name ſhall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.
Yet aſk not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace muſt with a lordly maſter come.
Protract deſtruction, and defer thy chain,
The ſword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.
The heartleſs vulgar to the ſage give heed,
New riſing fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders ſtrike their eyes,
Forth through the ſtreets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic ſong:
Enthuſiaſtic heavings ſwelled her breaſt,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confeſt:
Where doſt thou ſnatch me Pæan! wherefore bear
Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathleſs air?
I ſee Pangean mountains white with ſnow,
Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury riſe?
What mean theſe ſpears and ſhields before my eyes?
I ſee the Roman battles croud the plain!
I ſee the war, but ſeek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I ſeek the riſing day,
Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way:
I ſee, I know upon the guilty ſhore,
The hero's headleſs trunk beſmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan ſands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's ſcatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I ſtretch my flight,
And ſoar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And ſee the ſenate reeking with the ſlain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war.

Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, some undiſcover'd ſhore;
I ſaw Philippi's fatal fields before.
She ſaid: the weary rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting propheteſs in peace.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Amidſt the general conſternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miſeries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their preſent circumſtances to thoſe in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus conſults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himſelf in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortenſius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæſar makes himſelf maſter of the greateſt part of Italy, and among the reſt of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is ſeized by his garriſon, and delivered to Cæſar, who pardons and diſmiſſes him.

Pompey, in an oration to his army, makes a trial of their diſpoſition to a general battle; but not finding it to anſwer his expectation, he ſends his ſon to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of his friends and allies; then marched himſelf to Brunduſium, where he is like to be ſhut up by Cæſar, and eſcapes at length with much difficulty.

NOW manifeſt the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature thro' the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monſters, ſacred law ſhe broke,
And dire events in all her works beſpoke,
Thou Jove, who doſt in heaven ſupremely reign,
Why does thy providence theſe ſigns ordain,
And give us preſcience to increaſe our pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,
And feel our miſeries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent ſoul,
When firſt from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Diſpos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the neceſſary cauſes ſtand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himſelf in Fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou ſhalt ordain, thou ruling power,
Unknown and ſudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miſerable mind.
While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Juſtice ſuſpends her courſe in mournful Rome,
And all the noiſy courts at once are dumb;
No honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd weed,
Nor rods the purple magiſtrate precede:
A diſmal ſilent ſorrow ſpreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining ſound.
So when ſome generous youth reſigns his breath,
And parting ſinks in the laſt pangs of death;
With ghaſtly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the ſtill attendants ſtand;
No tongue as yet preſumes his fate to tell,
Nor ſpeaks aloud the ſolemn laſt farewell;
As yet the mother by her darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he ſtiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are ſet, and livid pale his face;
Horror awhile prevents the ſwelling tear,
Nor is her paſſion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd poſture motionleſs ſhe keeps,
And wonders at her woe before ſhe weeps.
The matrons ſad, their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the ſhrines their guſhing ſorrows pour,
Some daſh their breaſts againſt the marble floor,
Some on the ſacred threſholds rend their hair,
And howling ſeek the gods with horrid prayer.
Nor Jove received the wailing ſuppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call.
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by ſome impatient parent's moan.
Of theſe, one wretch her grief, above the reſt,
With viſage torn, and mangled arms confeſt.
Ye mothers! beat (ſhe cry'd) your boſoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The preſent hour even all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet ſuſpended ſtands.
When one ſhall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at leaſt, ſhall end the war.
Thus, from renew'd complaints, they ſeek relief,
And only find freſh cauſes out for grief.
The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their ſad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raiſe their cry,
And thus expoſtulate with thoſe on high:
Oh hapleſs times! oh that we had been born,
When Carthage made our vanquiſh'd country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the ſlain
On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.
Nor aſk we peace, ye powers, nor ſoft repoſe;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neigbour nations round unite;
From Median Suſa let the Parthians come,
And Maſſagetes beyond their Iſther roam:
Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd ſprings ſend forth
The yellow Suevi from the fartheſt north:
Let the conſpiring world in arms engage,
And ſave us only from domeſtic rage.
Here let the hoſtile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete invader take.
Let Cæſar in Iberia tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eaſtern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Heſperia ſtand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty ſire,
Let all thy flaming heavens deſcend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made them guilty, ſtrike.

Is it a cauſe ſo worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this, or that man's ſhare?
Do we for this the gods and conſcience brave,
That one may rule, and make the reſt a ſlave?
When thus ev'n liberty we ſcarce ſhould buy,
But think a civil war a price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Mean-while the hoary ſire his years deplores,
And ope that former miſeries reſtores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worſe days to ſee, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate uſher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's ſwarthy lord,
Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' ſword;
Yet to Minturnæ's marſh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The friendleſs ſoil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And fedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
And noiſome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at eaſe to dine in wretched Rome,
He ſuffer'd then, for wickedneſs to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to ſtrike, the ſlave with horror ſhook,
The uſeleſs ſteel his looſening gripe forſook;
Thick flaſhing flames a light unuſual gave,
And ſudden ſhone around the gloomy cave;
Dreadful the Gods of guilt before him ſtood,
And Marius terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began: Raſh man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate reſolves to ſpare;
Thouſands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countleſs deaths before his own decreed:
Thy wrath and purpoſe to deſtroy is vain;
Would'ſt thou avenge thee for thy nation ſlain?
Preſerve this man; and in ſome coming day
The Cimbrian ſlaughter well he ſhall repay.
No paying god, no power to mortals good,
Could ſave a ſalvage wretch who joy'd in blood:
But Fate reſerv'd to perform its doom,
And be the miniſter of wrath to Rome.
By ſwelling ſeas too favourably toſt,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hoſtile coaſt;
There, driven from man, to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd lay;
There in the lone unpeopled deſert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidſt her aſhes pleas'd he ſat him down,
And joy'd in the deſtruction of the town.
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its ſad head, and ſmil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight ſurvey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his ſoul poſſeſt,
And Libyan rage collected in his breaſt.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cauſe,
Troops of revolting Lond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and ſlaves reſort to his command,
And arms are given to every baſer hand.
None worthily the leader's ſtandard bore,
Unſtain'd with blood or blackeſt crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his bands were ſought,
And to his camp increaſe of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
When firſt theſe walls became the victor's prey!
With what a ſtride devouring Slaughter paſt,
And ſwept promiſcuous orders in her haſte!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the ſword;
Nor pity or remorſe one pauſe afford.
The ſliding ſtreets with blood were clotted o'er,
And ſacred temples ſtood in pools of gore.
The ruthleſs ſteel, impatient of delay,
Forbade the fire to linger out his day:
It ſtruck the bending father to the earth,
And crop't the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended, find a foe?)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence.
Rage ſtays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers muſt fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grieſly viſage bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.
Who wants a prize, ſtraight ruſhes through the ſtreets,
And undiſtinguiſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling crowd, with fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the tyrant's hand ſurvive.
Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate race!
And purchaſe ſafety at a price ſo baſe?
What though the ſword was maſter of your doom,
Though Marius could have given you years to come,
Can Romans live by infamy ſo mean?
But ſoon your changing fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's ſwift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' haſty death deplore!
A thouſand hands his mangled carcaſe tore;
His ſcatter'd entrails round the ſtreets were toſt,
And in a moment all the man was loſt.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
Whoſe moving tongue the miſchief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
The barbarous ſoldier ſnatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
And while he feaſted plac'd it on the board.
The Craſſi both by Fimbria's hand were ſlain,
And bleeding magiſtrates the pulpit ſtain.
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command;
In vain for ſuccour to the gods he flies,
The prieſt before the Veſtal altar dies:
A feeble ſtream pour'd forth the exhauſted fire,
And ſpar'd to quench the ever-living fire.
The ſeventh returning Faſces now appear,
And bring ſtern Marius' lateſt deſtin'd year:
Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpaſt,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his laſt.
While Fortune frown'd, her fierceſt wrath he bore,
And while ſhe ſmil'd enjoy'd her ampleſt pow'r:

All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the moſt that chance or fate could do.
What heaps of ſlain the Colline gate did yield!
What bodies ſtrew'd the Sacriportan field,
When empire was ordain'd to change her ſeat,
To leave her Rome, and make Prænesſte great!
When the proud Samnites troops the ſtate defy'd,
In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride.
Nor Sylla with leſs cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
With too ſevere a healing hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the ſearching ſteel employ'd,
What maladies had hurt, the leach deſtroy'd.
The guilty only were of life bereft:
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Diſſembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill;
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the public cauſe.
The leader bade deſtroy: and at the word,
The maſter fell beneath the ſervant's ſword.
Brothers on brothers were for gifts beſtow'd,
And ſons contended for their father's blood.
For refuge ſome to caves and foreſts fled;
Some to the lonely manſions of the dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
Theſe ſtrangled hang from fatal beams on high;
While thoſe, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the daſhing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the ſacred pile with haſty care:
Then bleeding to the kindling flames they preſs,
And Roman rites, while yet they may, poſſeſs.
Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
And heap'd together in the Forum lie;
There join the meeting ſlaughters of the town,
There each performing villain's deeds are known.
No ſight like this the Thracian ſtables knew,
Antæus' Libyan ſpoils to theſe were few:
Nor Greece beheld ſo many ſuitors fall,
To grace the Piſan tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul diſgrace,
Hid the diſtinguiſh'd features of the face,
By night the miſerable parents came,
And bore their ſons to ſome forbidden flame.
Well I remember in that woeful reign,
How I my brother ſought amongſt the ſlain;
Hopeful by ſtealth his poor remains to burn,
And cloſe his aſhes in a peaceful urn;
His viſage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to ſee
Which carcaſe with the head would beſt agree.
Why ſhould my grief to Catulus return,
And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;
When, ſtruck with horror, the relenting ſhade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd?
I ſaw where Marius hapleſs brother ſtood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thouſand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a paſſage ſought in vain;
That mercy ſtill his ruthleſs foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the wriſt the ſuppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked ſides;
One crops his breathing noſtrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears;
Panting awhile upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Laſt, from the ſacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of ſight are rent away.
Can late poſterity believe, whene'er
This tale of Marius and his foes they hear,
They could inflict ſo much, or he could bear?
Such is the broken carcaſe ſeen to lie,
Cruſh'd by ſome tumbling turret from on high;
Such to the ſhore the ſhipwreckt corſe is borne,
By rending rocks, and greedy monſters torn.
Miſtaken rage! thus mangling to diſgrace,
And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
What joy can Sylla take, unleſs he know,
And mark the features of his dying foe?
Fortune beheld, from her Prænesſtine fane,
Her helpleſs worſhippers around her ſlain;
One hour of fate was common to them all,
And like one man ſhe ſaw a people fall.
Then dy'd the luſty youth in manly bloom,
Heſperia's flower, and hope for times to come;
Their blood, Rome's only ſtrength, diſtains the fold,
Ordain'd th' aſſembling centuries to hold.
Numbers have oft been known, on ſea and land,
To ſink of old by death's deſtructive hand;
Battles with multitudes have ſtrown the plain,
And many periſh on the ſtormy main:
Earthquakes deſtroy, malignant vapours blaſt,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waſte:
But juſtice, ſure, was never ſeen, till now,
To maſſacre her thouſands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And ſlowly through th' incumbering ruin move:
So many fall, there ſcarce is room for more,
The dying nod on thoſe who fell before;
Crouding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the ſtern dictator, from on high,
Behold's the ſlaughter with a fearleſs eye;
Nor ſighs, to think his dread commands ordain
So many thouſand wretches to be ſlain.
Amidſt the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
Till riſing mounds obſtruct his watery way,
And carcaſes the gliding veſſels ſtay.
But ſoon another ſtream to aid him roſe,
Swift o'er the fields a crimſon deluge flows:
The Tuſcan river ſwells above his ſhores,
And floating bodies to the land reſtores:
Struggling at length he drives his ruſhing flood,
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like theſe the glorious ſtile demand
Of proſperous, and ſaviour of the land?
Could this renown, could theſe atchievements build
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field?
Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again the curſe of civil wars we mourn;
Battles and blood, and vengeance, ſhall ſucceed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands ſhall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our fears preſage,
With wrath more fierce the preſent chiefs ſhall rage,

Mankind ſhall ſome unheard-of plagues deplore,
And groan for miſeries unknown before.
Marius an end of exile only ſought;
Sylla to cruſh a hated faction fought;
A larger recompence theſe leaders claim,
And higher is their vaſt ambition's aim:
Could theſe be ſatisfy'd with Sylla's power;
Nor all he had poſſeſſing, aſk for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd,
Or ſought for that which guiltleſs each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapleſs Rome,
Remembering evils paſt, and dreading thoſe to come.
But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common weakneſs was oppreſt;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breaſt.
'Twas when the ſolemn dead of night came on,
When bright Caliſto with her ſhining ſon
Now half their circle round the pole had run;
When Brutus, on the buſy times intent,
To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the ſtate,
Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
For Rome, and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, and for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus Brutus ſpoke: O thou, to whom
Forſaken Virtue flies, as to her home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppreſt,
She finds no room on earth but Cato's breaſt:
There, in her one good man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of vice, and fortune's hoſtile power.
Then teach my ſoul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a reſolution like thy own.
Let partial favour, hopes, or intereſt guide,
By various motives, all the world beſide,
To Pompey's, or ambitious Cæſar's ſide;
Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace
And calm repoſe amidſt theſe ſtorms ſhall pleaſe:
Or whether war thy ardour ſhall engage,
To gratify the madneſs of this age,
Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the people's rage.
The ruffian, bankrupt, looſe adulterer,
All who the power of laws and juſtice fear,
From guilt learn ſpecious reaſons for the war.
By ſtarving want and wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for ſafety and reward.
But, oh! what cauſe, what reaſon, canſt thou find?
Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?
Haſt thou the manners of this age withſtood,
And for ſo many years been ſingly good,
To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?
Let thoſe to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
In thee 't will be impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye gods, theſe hands from war.
Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join,
Nor grace their cauſe with ſuch an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, unauſpicious fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy ſword ſhould preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happy thou wert, if with retirement bleſt,
Which noiſe and faction never ſhould moleſt,
Nor break the ſacred quiet of thy breaſt;
Where harmony and order ne'er ſhould ceaſe,
But every day ſhould take its turn in peace.
So, in eternal ſteady motion, roll
The radiant ſpheres around the ſtarry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's ſtorm,
Earth and the face of lower heaven deform,
Whilſt all by nature's laws is calm above;
No tempeſt rages in the court of Jove.
Light particles and idle atoms fly,
Toſs'd by the winds, and ſcatter'd round the ſky;
While the more ſolid parts the force reſiſt,
And fix'd and ſtable on the centre reſt.
Cæſar ſhall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting factions to diſturb mankind:
Though ſworn his foe, he ſhall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.
See! how to ſwell their mighty leader's ſtate
The conſuls and the ſervile ſenate wait:
Ev'n Cato's ſelf to Pompey's yoke muſt bow,
And all mankind are ſlaves but Cæſar now.
If war, however, be at laſt our doom,
If we muſt arm for Liberty and Rome:
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæſar and Pompey are alike my friends;
Which party I ſhall chooſe, is yet to know,
That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe.
Thus ſpoke the youth. When Cato thus expreſt
The ſacred counſels of his moſt inmoſt breaſt:
Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great;
With thee, this impious civil war I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Anſwer yourſelves, ye gods, and ſet me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.
If yon fair lamps above ſhould loſe their light,
And leave the wretched world in endleſs night;
If Chaos ſhould in heaven and earth prevail,
And univerſal nature's frame ſhould fail;
What Stoic would not the misfortune ſhare,
And think that deſolation worth his care?
Princes and nations whom wide ſeas divide,
Where other ſtars far diſtant heavens do guide,
Have brought their enſigns to the Roman ſide.
Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
That I ſhould ſee her fall, and ſit ſecure at home.
As ſome unhappy ſire by death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only ſon,
Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his laſt paternal office there;
Takes a ſad pleaſure in the crowd to go,
And be himſelf part of the pompous woe;
Then waits till, every ceremony paſt,
His own fond hand may light the pile at laſt.
So fix'd, ſo faithful to thy cauſe, O Rome,
With ſuch a conſtancy and love I come,
Reſolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your ſides be torn;
Reſolv'd to follow ſtill your common fate,
And on your very names, and laſt remains to wait.
Thus let it be, ſince thus the gods ordain;
Since hecatombs of Romans muſt be ſlain,
Aſſiſt the ſacrifice with every hand,
And give them all the ſlaughter they demand.
O! were the gods contented with my fall,
If Cato's life could anſwer for you all,

Like the devoted Decius would I go,
To force from either ſide the mortal blow,
And for my country's ſake, wiſh to be thought her foe.
To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
Let all the wounds this war ſhall make be mine.
Open my vital ſtreams, and let them run,
Oh, let the purple ſacrifice atone
For all the ills offending Rome has done.
If ſlavery be all the faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
To me convert the war, let me be ſlain;
Me, only me, who fondly ſtrive, in vain,
Their uſeleſs laws and freedom to maintain:
So may the tyrant ſafely mount his throne,
And rule his ſlaves in peace, when I am gone.
Howe'er, ſince free as yet from his command,
For Pompey and the commonwealth we ſtand.
Nor he, if fortune ſhould attend his arms,
If proof againſt ambition's fatal charms;
But, urg'd with greatneſs, and deſire of ſway,
May dare to make the vanquiſh'd world his prey.
Then, leſt the hopes of empire ſwell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his ſide;
Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,
To make the harveſt of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours. So ſpoke the ſage.
His words the liſtening eager youth engage
Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.
Now 'gan the ſun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder ſhades of night;
When lo! the ſounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaſte Martia comes from dead Hortenſius' urn.
Once to a better huſband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was ſhe led:
When, every debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by Lucina made,
The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
To glad Hortenſius gave her plighted hand;
With a fair ſtock his barren houſe to grace;
And mingle by the mother's ſide the race.
At length this huſband in his aſhes laid,
And every rite of due religion paid,
Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
With beaten breaſts, and locks diſhevel'd, came;
Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
Thus pleaſing to her former lord ſhe ſpoke:
While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a mother's pains,
To thee obedient, I thy houſe forſook,
And to my arms another huſband took:
My powers at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and waſted, I return.
At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That Cato's *wife* may live upon my tomb.
So ſhall my truth to lateſt times be read,
And none ſhall aſk if guiltily I fled,
Or thy command eſtrang'd me from thy bed.
Nor aſk I now thy happineſs to ſhare,
I ſeek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let poſterity with ſhame record,
Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.
She ſaid: The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
And the chaſte matron's virtuous ſuit approv'd.
And though the times far differing thoughts demand,
Though war diſſents from Hymen's holy band?
In plain unſolemn wiſe his faith he plights,
And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.
No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the poſts around;
No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
On ivory ſteps in lofty ſtate was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding ſhone,
No matron put the towery frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the ſacred threſhold ſhun.
No yellow veil was looſely thrown, to hide
The riſing bluſhes of the trembling bride;
No glittering zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor ſparkling gems her neck encompaſs'd round;
No ſilken ſcarf, nor decent winding lawn,
Was o'er her naked arms and ſhoulders drawn:
But, as ſhe was, in funeral attire,
With all the ſadneſs ſorrow could inſpire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyleſs face,
She met her huſband's, like a ſon's embrace.
No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor ſprightly wit the glad aſſembly chears.
No friends, not e'ven their children, grace the feaſt,
Brutus attends, their only nuptial gueſt:
He ſtands a witneſs of the ſilent rite,
And ſees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the chief, his ſacred viſage chear'd,
Nor ſmooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his Martia with the ſame ſtern brow:
(For when he ſaw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardleſs quite of every other care,
Unſhorn he left his looſe neglected hair;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erſpread,
No ſtings of private hate his peace infeſt,
No partial favour grew upon his breaſt;
But, ſafe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leiſure to lament mankind.)
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wiſh inſpire,
But ſtrongly he withſtood the juſt deſire.
Theſe were the ſtrict manners of the man,
And this the ſtubborn courſe in which they ran;
The golden mean unchanging to purſue,
Conſtant to keep the propoſed end in view;
Religiouſly to follow nature's laws,
And die with pleaſure in his country's cauſe,
To think he was not for himſelf deſign'd,
But born to be of uſe to all mankind.
To him 't was feaſting, hunger to repreſs;
And home-ſpun garments were his coſtly dreſs:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'T was warm, and kept him from the winter ſky:
He ſought no end of marriage, but increaſe,
Nor wiſh'd a pleaſure, but his country's peace:

k up all the tendereſt parts of life,
itry was his children and his wife.
ſtice' righteous lore he never ſwerv'd,
lly his honeſty preſerv'd.
erſal good his thoughts were bent,
w what gain, or ſelf-affection meant;
ile his benefits the public ſhare,
s always laſt in Cato's care.
time, the trembling troops, by Pompey
ed,
Phrygian Capua were fled.
g here to fix the moving war,
his ſcatter'd legions from afar;
decrees the daring foe to wait,
ve at once the great event of fate;
Appennine's delightful ſhades ariſe,
Heſperia lofty to the ſkies.
the higher and inferior ſea,
g-extended mountain takes his way;
Ancon bound his ſloping ſides,
by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;
the treaſure of his watery ſtores,
and living ſprings and ſtreams he pours,
ks the different ſeas by different ſhores.
s left falls Cruſtumium's rapid flood,
ift Metaurus red with Punic blood;
entle Sapis with Iſaurus joins,
ra there the Senones confines;
Afidus the meeting ocean braves,
hes on the lazy Adria's waves;
raſt Eridanus with matchleſs force,
of the ſtreams directs his regal courſe;
with the ſpoils of fields and woods he flows,
ains Heſperia's rivers as he goes,
red banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
the ſpreading poplar's ſhade were crown'd;
he ſun's fiery ſteeds forſook their way,
wnward drew to earth the burning day:
very flood and ample lake was dry,
alone his channel could ſupply.
raſh Phaeton was headlong driven,
theſe waters quench'd the flames of heaven.
althy Nile a fuller ſtream contains,
wide he ſpreads o'er Ægypt's flatter
plains;
er rolls a larger torrent down,
he the ſea with waters all his own;
eting floods to him their homage pay,
ave the blended river on his way.
rom the left; while from the right there
come
ituba and Tiber dear to Rome;
ſlides Vulturnus' ſwift deſcending flood,
rnus hid beneath his miſty cloud;
Lyris, whom the Veſtin fountains aid,
to the ſea through cloſe Marica's ſhade:
Siler through Salernian paſtures falls,
allow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
ing on Gaul the loftieſt ridges riſe,
e low Alps from cloudy heights deſpiſe;
his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
the Umbrain and the Sabine plows;
ce primæval, natives all of old,
ody rocks within their circuit hold;

Far as Heſperia's utmoſt limits paſs,
The hilly father runs his mighty maſs;
Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
And Scylla's raging dogs moleſt the main.
Once, farther yet ('tis ſaid) his way he took,
Till through his ſide the ſeas conſpiring broke;
And ſtill we ſee on fair Sicilia's ſands
Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus ſtands.
But Cæſar for deſtruction eager burns,
Free paſſages and bloodleſs ways he ſcorns;
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
Reſiſtleſs through the widening breach to go,
To burſt the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the villages, to waſte the plains,
And maſſacre the poor laborious ſwains.
Abhorring law, he chooſes to offend,
And bluſhes to be thought his country's friend.
The Latian cities now, with buſy care,
As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare.
Though doom'd before the war's firſt rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
Huge ſtone and darts their lofty towers ſupply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To Pompey's part the proner people lean,
Though Cæſar's ſtronger terrors ſtand between.
So when the blaſts of ſounding Auſter blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow;
And though the ſtormy god fierce Eurus frees,
And ſends him ruſhing croſs the ſwelling ſeas;
Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former courſe, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with Eurus driving ſweep,
While Auſter ſtill commands the watery deep.
Still fear too ſure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
And faith before ſucceſsful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly truſts in Libo's aid,
And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
Fled at the dreadful ſound of Cæſar's name.
Soon as the horſe near Auximon appear,
Retreating Varus owes his abject fear,
And with a coward's haſte neglects his rere;
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
The Eſculean fortreſs Lentulus forſakes,
A ſwift purſuit the ſpeedy victor makes;
All arts of threats and promiſes apply'd,
He wins the faithleſs cohorts to his ſide.
The leader with his enſigns fled alone,
To Cæſar fell the ſoldier, and the town.
Thou, Scipio, too doſt for retreat prepare;
Thou leav'ſt Luceria, truſted to thy care;
Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
(The Roman power can boaſt no braver band)
By wily arts of old from Cæſar rent,
Againſt the hardy Parthians were they ſent;
But their firſt chief the legion now obeys,
And Pompey thus the Gallic loſs repays;
Aid to his foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hoſtile father Roman ſwords.
But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
And from his walls th' advancing power deſies;

Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard.
Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise,
And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies:
Away, companions of my arms! he cry'd,
And haste to guard the river's sedgy side:
Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'st below,
Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go,
And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream,
Bear down the planks, and every floating beam;
Upon thy banks the ling'ring war delay,
Here let the headlong chief be taught to stay;
'T is victory to stop the victor's way.
He cease'd; and shooting swiftly cross the plain,
Drew down the soldier to the flood in vain.
For Cæsar early from the neighbouring field,
The purpose to obstruct his march beheld:
Kindling to wrath, oh basest fear! (he cries)
To whom nor towers, nor sheltering walls suffice.
Are these your coward stratagems of war?
Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar?
Though Nile and Ister should my way control,
Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll,
What streams, what floods soe'er athwart me fall,
Who pass'd the Rubicon shall pass them all.
Haste to the passage then, my friends. He said;
Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd;
Across the stream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their station drive the yielding foe:
The victors at their ease the ford explore,
And pass the undefended river o'er.
The vanquish'd to Corfinium's strength retreat,
Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat.
Close to the wall the creeping *vinea* lies,
And mighty towers in dread approaches rise.
But see the stain of war! the soldier's shame!
And vile dishonour of the Latian name!
The faithless garrison betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearless, though in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-subject stands,
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts descry,
His fear of pardon, and desire to die.
From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive,
And, though repining, by my bounty live;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe:
Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,
And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill.
Returns of love, or favour, seek I none;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.
So saying, on the instant he commands
To loose the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh fortune! better were it, he had dy'd,
And spar'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.
What greater grief can a Roman seize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like these!
To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cause!
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress
The swelling passions of his labouring breast:
Thus murmuring to himself: Wilt thou to Rome,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home?
To war, to battle, to destruction fly,
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief.
He means the scattering forces to unite,
And with increase of strength expect the fight.
Resolving with the following sun to move,
First he decrees the soldier's heart to prove:
Then into worlds like these, rever'd he broke,
The silent legions listening while he spoke:
Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong;
Whose breasts our fathers virtue truly warms,
Whose hands the senate's sacred order arms,
With chearful ardor meet the coming fight,
And pray the gods to smile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,
Her flaming villages and wasted fields!
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.
Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd in blood,
Be that, ye Gods, to us an omen good;
That glory still be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we sustain the war.
Yet call it not a war to which we go;
We seek a malefactor, not a foe;
Rome's awful injur'd majesty demands
The punishment of traitors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was waged of old,
By curst Cethegus, Catiline the bold,
By every villain's hand who durst conspire
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
Oh! wretched rage! thee, Cæsar, fate design'd
To rank amongst the patrons of mankind;
With brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,
And mix thee with the great Metelli's name:
While to the Cinna's thy fierce soul inclines,
And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall:
Thee rebel Carbo's sentence, thee the fate
Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
Believe me yet (if yet I am believ'd),
My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd:
I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,
His Julia's hostile father to oppose,
And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes.
Oh that, return'd in safety from the east,
This province victor Crassus had possest;
New honours to his name thou might'st afford,
And die like Spartacus beneath his sword:
Like him have fallen a victim to the laws,
The same th' avenger, and the same the cause.
But since the gods do otherwise decree,
And give thee, as my latest palm, to me;
Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
To peace and just authority to bow,
Can, when their country's cause demands their care,
Resume their ardor, and return to war.

But let him think my former vigour fled;
Diſtruſt not, you, your general's hoary head;
The marks of age and long-declining years,
Which I your leader, his whole army wears:
Age ſtill is fit to counſel, or command,
But falters in an unperforming hand.
Whate'er ſuperior power a people free
Could to their fellow-citizens decree,
All lawful glories have my fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of greatneſs but a crown;
Who to be more, than Pompey was, deſires,
To kingly rule, and tyranny aſpires.
Amidſt my ranks, a venerable band,
The Conſcript Fathers and the Conſuls ſtand.
And ſhall the ſenate and the vanquiſh'd ſtate
Upon victorious Cæſar's triumph wait?
Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind!
Fortune is not ſo ſhameleſs, nor ſo blind.
What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praiſe,
To theſe high hopes the daring hero raiſe?
It is his age of war, for trophies calls
His two whole years ſpent on the rebel Gauls?
Is it the hoſtile Rhine forſook with haſte?
Is it the ſhoaly channel which he paſt,
That Ocean huge he talks of? does he boaſt
His flight on Britain's new diſcover'd coaſt?
Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride ſupplies,
He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
While from his rage an arm'd people flies.
But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'was to follow me,
Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
The pirates formidable fleet ſubdu'd:
Soon as the ſea my ſhining enſigns bore,
Vanquiſh'd they fled, and ſought the ſafer ſhore;
Humbly content their forfeit lives to ſave,
And take the narrrw lot my bounty gave.
By me the mighty Mithridates chac'd
Through all the windings of his Pontus paſs'd.
He who the fate of Rome delay'd ſo long,
While in ſuſpenſe uncertain empire hung;
He who to Sylla's fortune ſcorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing arms reſign'd the field:
Driv'n out at length, and preſs'd where-e'er he fled,
He fought a grave to hide his vanquiſh'd head.
O'er the wide world my various trophies riſe,
Beneath the vaſt extent of diſtant ſkies;
Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know,
And Phaſis' waters through my conqueſts flow;
My deeds in Egypt and Syene live,
Where high meridian ſuns no ſhadow give.
Heſperian Bætis my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to ſeek the weſtern ſeas.
By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,
And Colchians for their raviſh'd fleece renown'd;
O'er Aſia wide my conquering enſigns ſpread,
Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
To me ſubmits Cicilia's warlike powers,
And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers:
The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
To ſome myſterious name, which none beſide them know.
Is there a land, to ſum up all at laſt,
Through which my arms with conqueſt have not paſt?

The world, by me, the world is overcome,
And Cæſar finds no enemy but Rome.
He ſaid. The crowd in dull ſuſpenſion hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No chearful ardour waves the lifted hand,
Nor military cries the fight demand.
The chief perceiv'd the ſoldiers' fire to fail,
And Cæſar's fame forerunning to prevail;
His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor truſts Rome's fates to ſuch uncertain war.
As when, with fury ſtung, and jealous rage,
Two mighty bulls for ſovereignty engage;
The vanquiſh'd far to baniſhment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for a while, with conſcious ſhame he burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns:
But when his former vigour ſtands confeſt,
And larger muſcles ſhake his ample breaſt,
With better chance he ſeeks the fight again,
And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain;
Then uncontrol'd the ſubject herd he leads,
And reigns the maſter of the fruitful meads.
Unequal thus to Cæſar, Pompey yields
The fair dominion of Heſperia's fields:
Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,
And ſeek the ſafety of Brunduſium's towers.
This city a Dictæan people hold,
Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;
When with falſe omens from the Cretan ſhore,
Their fable ſails victorious Theſeus bore.
Here Italy a narrow length extends,
And in a ſcanty ſlip projected ends.
A crooked mole around the waves ſhe winds,
And in her folds the Adriatic binds.
Nor yet the bending ſhores could form a bay,
Did not a barrier iſle the winds delay,
And break the ſeas tempeſtuous on their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,
To guard around the hoſpitable ſtrand;
To turn the ſtorm, repulſe the ruſhing tide,
And bid the anchoring bark ſecurely ride.
Hence Nereus wide the liquid main diſplays,
And ſpreads to various ports his watery ways;
Whether the pilot from Corcyra ſtand,
Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' ſtrand.
Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
And thundering billows vex the double ſhores;
When ſable clouds around the welkin ſpread,
And frowning ſtorms involve Ceraunia's head;
When white with froth Calabrain Saſon lies,
Hither the the tempeſt-beaten veſſel flies.
Now Pompey, on Heſperia's utmoſt coaſt
Sadly ſurvey'd how all behind was loſt;
Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
Long interpoſing Alps his paſſage ſtay.
At length amongſt the pledges of his bed,
He choſe his eldeſt-born; and thus he ſaid:
Haſte thee, my ſon! to every diſtant land,
And bid the nations rouſe at my command:
Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
With muddy waves improves the fattening ſoil;
Where-e'er diffus'd by victory and fame
Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
Bid the Cilician quit the ſhore again,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas on the main:

Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome,
Through each Armenia ſpread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore,
The Euxine and Mæotis' icy ſhore;
Where heavy-loaded wains ſlow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
But wherefore ſhould my words delay thy haſte?
Scatter my wars around through all the eaſt.
Summon the vanquiſh'd world to ſhare my fate,
And let my triumphs on my enſigns wait.
But you whoſe names the Roman annals bear,
You who diſtinguiſh the revolving year;
Ye conſuls! to Epirus ſtraight repair,
With the firſt northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the powers of Greece united raiſe,
While yet the wintery year the war delays.
So ſpoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ſhips forſake the port without delay,
And ſpeed their paſſage o'er the yielding way.
But Cæſar, never patient long in peace,
Nor truſting in his fortune's preſent face;
Cloſely purſues his flying ſon behind,
While yet his fate continued to be kind.
Such towns, ſuch fortreſſes, ſuch hoſtile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid courſe;
Such trains of long ſucceſs attending ſtill,
And Rome herſelf abandon'd to his will;
Rome, the contending parties nobleſt prize,
To every wiſh but Cæſar's might ſuffice.
But he with empire fir'd and vaſt deſires,
To all, and nothing leſs than all, aſpires;
He reckons not the paſt, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
Though Italy obey his wide command,
Though Pompey linger on the fartheſt ſtrand,
He grieves to think they tread one common land;
His heart diſdains to brook a rival power,
Ev'n on the utmoſt margin of the ſhore;
Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;
The foe he drives from lands, he bars from ſea.
With moles the opening flood he would reſtrain,
Would block the port, and intercept the main;
But deep devouring ſeas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries ſink beneath the tide,
And yielding ſands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong ſhould be thrown,
In fathomleſs Avernus' deep to drown;
Or if from fair Sicilia's diſtant ſtrand,
Eryx uprooted by ſome giant hand,
If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vaſt,
Amidſt the wide Ægean ſhould be caſt;
The rolling waves o'er either maſs would flow,
And each be loſt within the depths below.
When no firm baſis for his work he found,
But ſtill it fail'd in ocean's faithleſs ground,
Huge trees and barks in maſſy chains he bound,
For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough bottom extends acroſs the flood.
Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
When o'er the Helleſpont his bridge he laid.
Vaſt was the taſk, and daring the deſign,
Europe and Aſia's diſtant ſhores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.
Proudly he paſs'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearleſs of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
Then ſpread his ſails, and bid the land obey,
And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.
Like him bold Cæſar yoked the ſwelling tide,
Like him the boiſterous elements deſy'd;
This floating bank the ſtraitening entrance bound,
And riſing turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breaſt,
The new ſurrounding ſhores his thoughts moleſt;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And ſpread the war wide-ranging o'er the ſea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd ſails,
The cordage ſtretching with the freſhening gales,
Ships with a thundering ſhock the mole divide,
And through the watery breach ſecurely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful ſhoot from far a fiery ſhower;
Through the black ſhade the darting flame deſcends,
And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The choſen hour appointed for his flight;
He bids his friends prevent the ſeamen's roar,
And ſtill the deafening clamours on the ſhore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor ſounding ſignals call aboard the crew.
The heavenly Maid her courſe had almoſt run,
And Libra waited on the riſing ſun;
When huſh'd in ſilence deep they leave the land:
No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarſe command,
To heave the flooky anchors from the ſand.
Lowly the careful maſter's orders paſt,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty maſt;
Silent they ſpread the ſails, and cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The chief himſelf to fortune breath'd a prayer,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That ſwiftly he might paſs the liquid deep,
And loſe the land which ſhe forbad to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murmuring ſeas were plow'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And ſounding to the ſhore alarm'd the foe.
Straight through the town their ſwift purſuit they ſped,
(For wide her gates the faithleſs city ſpread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the ſea.
Cæſar with rage the leſſening ſails deſcries,
And thinks the conqueſt mean, though Pompey flies.
A narrow paſs the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus' ſtrong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky ſides:
Here two tall ſhips becomes the victor's prey:
Juſt in the ſtrait they ſtuck; the foes belay;
The crooked grappling's ſteely hold they caſt,
Then drag them to the hoſtile ſhore with haſte.
Here civil ſlaughter firſt the ſea profanes,
And purple Nereus bluſh'd in guilty ſtains.
The reſt purſue their courſe before the wind,
Theſe of the rear-moſt only left behind.
So when the Pegaſæan Argo bore
The Grecian heroes to the Colchian ſhore;
Earth her Cyanean iſlands floating ſent,
The bold adventurer's paſſage to prevent;

But the fam'd bark a fragment only loſt.
While ſwiftly o'er the dangerous gulf ſhe croſt:
Thundering the mountains met, and ſhook the main,
But move to more, ſince that attempt was vain.
Now through night's ſhade the early dawning broke,
And changing ſkies the coming ſun beſpoke; 1115
As yet the morn was dreſt in duſky white,
Nor purpled o'er the eaſt with ruddy light;
At length the Pleiads fading beams gave way,
And dull Bootes languiſh'd into day;
Each larger ſtar withdrew his fainting head, 1120
And Lucifer from ſtronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Heſperia's hoſtile ſhore
Eſcaping, for the azure offing bore.
O hero, happy once, once ſtil'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate! 1125
How art thou chang'd ſince ſovereign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could blow!
But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy ſons, and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and baniſhment to bear;
And holy houſhold-gods thy ſorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty exile ſhalt thou go,
While nations follow to partake thy woe. 1135
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the gods a death ſo diſtant doom,
To rob thy aſhes of an urn in Rome;
But fortune favourably remov'd the crime, 1140
And ſpar'd the guilt on Egypt's curſed clime;
The pitying powers to Italy were good,
And ſav'd her from the ſtain of Pompey's blood.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Third Book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæſar, who had driven him from thence, after ſending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there, diſdaining the ſingle oppoſition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the Temple of Saturn, and ſeizes on the public treaſure. Then follows an account of the ſeveral different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæſar paſſed into Gaul, where the Maſſilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, ſend an embaſſy to propoſe a neutrality; this Cæſar refuſes, and beſieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Maſſilia, and marches himſelf into Spain, appointing at the ſame time D. Brutus, Admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Maſſilians likewiſe fitted out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy ſails,
Their yielding canvas ſtretch'd by ſouthern gales.

Each to the vaſt Ionian turns his eye,
Where ſeas and ſkies the proſpect wide ſupply:
But Pompey backward ever bent his look,
Nor to the laſt his native coaſt forſook.
His watery eyes the leſſening objects mourn,
And parting ſhores that never ſhall return;
Still the lov'd land attentive they purſue,
Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
Till all is loſt in air, and vaniſh'd from his view.
At length the weary chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt:
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His Julia's ſhade a dreadful viſion roſe;
Through gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
Thy impious arms (ſhe cry'd) my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
No more Elyſium's happy fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian ſhades below:
I ſaw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The fire no longer truſts his ſingle boat,
But navies on the joyleſs rivers float.
Capacious hell complains for want of room,
And ſeeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal ſiſter plies,
The ſiſters ſcarcely to the taſk ſuffice.
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
Now thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy ſecond choice was made,
To ſlaughter thou, like Craſſus, art betray'd.
Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent lords:
While yet my aſhes glow'd, ſhe took my place,
And came a harlot to thy looſe embrace.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea thy labours know;
In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad Julia ſhall appear.
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight,
The day ſhall all be Cæſar's, mine the night.
Not the dull ſtream, where long oblivion's roll,
Shall blot thee out, my huſband, from my ſoul.
The powers beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow whereſoe'er you rove.
Amidſt the joining battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think, thoſe ſacred ties no more remain;
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war ſhall make thee mine again.
The phantom ſpoke, and, gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate,
And furies with deſtruction threatening wait,
With new reſolves his conſtant boſom warms,
And ſure of ruin ruſhes on to arms.
What mean theſe terrors of the night? he cries?
Why dance theſe viſions vain before our eyes?
Or endleſs apathy ſucceeds to death,
And ſenſe is loſt with our expiring breath;
Or, if the ſoul ſome future life ſhall know,
To better world immortal ſhall we go:
Whate'er event the doubtful queſtion clears,
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our fears.

Now headlong to the weſt the ſun was fled,
And half in ſeas obſcur'd his beamy head;
Such ſeems the moon, while, growing yet, ſhe ſhines,
Or waining from her fuller orb declines:
When hoſpitable ſhores appear at hand,
When fair Dyrrachium ſpreads her friendly ſtrand.
The ſeamen furl the canvas, ſtrike the maſt,
Then dip their numble oars, and landward haſte.
Thus, while they fled, and leſſening by degrees,
The navy ſeem'd to hide beneath the ſeas;
Cæſar, though left maſter of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the foes eſcape beheld:
With fierce impatience victory he ſcorns,
And, viewing Pompey's flight, his ſafety mourns.
To vanquiſh ſeems unworthy of his care,
Unleſs the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vaſt ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, though fortune all beſtows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance ceaſe,
And for awhile revolve the arts of peace;
Careful to purchaſe popular applauſe,
And gain the vulgar to his cauſe,
He knew the conſtant practice of the great,
That thoſe who court the vulgar bid them eat.
When pinch'd with want, all reverence they withdraw;
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful Sicily is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling ſeas impetuous tide
Tore the fair iſland from Heſperia's ſide:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands ſhould join again.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coaſt:
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain,
Nor with a fuller harveſt ſpreads the plain;
Though northern winds their cloudy treaſures bear,
To temper well the ſoil and ſultry air,
And fattening rains increaſe the proſperous year.
This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
His train the rougher ſhows of war forſook;
No force, no fears their hands unarm'd bear,
But looks of peace and gentleneſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conqueſt mourn'd;
What ſwarming crowds had iſſued at the gate,
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories ſhine,
The ocean vanquiſh'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along,
Through loud applauſes of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls;
But, oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone!
No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But huſh'd with awful dread his paſſage greet.
He too the horrors of the croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wiſh'd not to be lov'd.
Now ſteepy Anxur paſt, and the moiſt way,
Which o'er the faithleſs Pomtine marſhes lay;
Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
Cæſar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.
Thither with yearly rites the conſuls come,
And thence the chief ſurvey'd his native Rome:
Wondering awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by diſtant war.
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what prize can earth afford,
Worth the contention of the warrior's ſword?
Well for thy ſafety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads ſpare thy naked ſide;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine;
No foreign armies are againſt thee led,
While thou art curſt with ſuch a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers beſtow,
A Civil War, and Cæſar for thy foe.
He ſaid; and ſtraight the frighted city fought:
The city with confuſion wild was fraught,
And labouring ſhook with every dreadful thought.
They think he comes to ravage, ſack,
Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.
Their fears ſuggeſt him willing to purſue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do.
Their hearts by one low paſſion only move,
Nor dare ſhew hate, nor can diſſemble love.
The lurking fathers, a diſhearten'd band,
Drawn from their houſes forth, by proud command,
In Palatine Apyllo's Temple meet,
And ſadly view the conſul's empty ſeat;
No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magiſtrates th' aſſembly grace.
Cæſar is all things in himſelf alone,
The ſilent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty ſubject ſhall decree:
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, ſhall be rear'd.
Ready for death, or baniſhment, they ſtand,
And wait their doom from his diſpoſing hand:
But he, by ſecret Shame's reproaches ſtaid,
Bluſh'd to command, what Rome would have obey'd.
Yet Liberty, thus ſlighted and betray'd,
One laſt effort with indignation made;
One man ſhe choſe to try th' unequal fight,
And prove the power of juſtice againſt might.
While with rude uproar armed hands eſſay
To make old Saturn's treaſuring fane their prey;
The bold Metellus, careleſs of his fate,
Ruſh'd through, and ſtood to guard the Holy Gate.
So daring is the ſordid love of gold:
So fearleſs death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow defenceleſs fell the laws;
While wealth, the baſeſt, moſt inglorious cauſe,
Againſt oppreſſing tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The burſtling tribune, ſtruggling in the croud,
Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud:

Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
My ſacred blood ſhall ſtain thy impious prey.
But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
Sure vengeance on thy ſacrilege ſhall wait.
Remember, by the tribunes curſe purſued,
Craſſus, too late, the violation rued.
Pierce then my breaſt, nor ſhall the crime diſpleaſe,
This crowd is us'd to ſpectacles like theſe.
In a forſaken city are we left,
Of Virtue, with her nobleſt ſons bereft,
Why ſeek'ſt thou ours? Is there not foreign gold?
Towns to be ſack'd, and people to be ſold?
With thoſe reward the ruffian ſoldier's toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's ſpoil.
Haſt thou not war? Let war thy wants provide.
He ſpoke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd;
Sooth not thy ſoul with hopes of death ſo vain,
No blood of thine my conqu'ring ſword ſhall ſtain.
Thy titles and thy popular command,
Can never make thee worthy Cæſar's hand.
Art thou thy country's ſole defender! thou!
Can Liberty and Rome be fall'n ſo low!
Nor time, nor chance breed ſuch confuſions yet,
Nor are the mean ſo rais'd, nor ſunk the great;
But laws themſelves would rather chooſe to be
Suppreſs'd by Cæſar, than preſerv'd by thee.
He ſaid. The ſtubborn tribune kept his place,
While anger redden'd on the warrior's face;
His wrathful hand deſcending graſp'd his blade,
And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd.
When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,
Thus ſooth'd the raſh Metellus to retire:
Where kings prevail, all Liberty is loſt,
And none but he that reigns can freedom boaſt;
Some ſhadow of the bliſs thou ſhalt retain,
Chooſing to do what ſovereign powers ordain:
Vanquiſh'd and long accuſtom'd to ſubmit,
With patience underneath our loads we ſit;
Our chains alone our ſlaviſh fears excuſe,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuſe.
Far hence the fatal treatures let him bear,
The ſeeds of miſchief, and the cauſe of war.
Free ſtates may well a loſs like this deplore;
In ſervitude none miſs the public ſtore,
And 'tis the curſe of kings for ſubjects to be poor.
The tribune with unwilling ſteps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude aſſault renew:
The brazen gates with thundering ſtrokes reſound,
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
At length the ſacred ſtore-houſe, open laid,
The hoarded wealth of ages paſt diſplay'd;
There might be ſeen the ſums proud Carthage ſent,
Her long impending ruin to prevent.
There heap'd the Macedonian treaſures ſhone,
What great Flaminius and Æmilius won
From vanquiſh'd Philip, and his hapleſs ſon.
There lay, what flying Pyrrhus loſt, the gold
Scorn'd by the patriot's honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious ſires could ſave,
What tributary gifts rich Syria gave;
The hundred Cretan cities ample ſpoil;
What Cato gathered from the Cyprian iſle.
Riches of captive kings by Pompey born,
In happier days his triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt India and the riſing morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy ſoldiers lawleſs prey:
And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæſar now.
Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his fall had arm'd,
Greece firſt with troops the neighbouring war ſupply'd,
And ſent the youth of Phocis to his ſide;
From Cyrrha and Amphiſa's towers they mov'd,
And high Parnaſſus by the Muſe belov'd;
Cephiſſus' ſacred flood aſſiſtance lends,
And Dirce's ſpring his Theban leaders ſends.
Alphæus too affords his Piſa's aid:
By Piſa's wall the ſtream is firſt convey'd,
Then ſeeks through ſeas the lov'd Sicilian maid.
From Mænelaus Arcadian ſhepherds ſwarm,
And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;
The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forſook,
And Sellæ left Dodona's ſilent oak.
Though Athens now had drain'd her naval ſtore,
And the Phœbean arſenal was poor,
Three ſhips of Salamis to Pompey came,
To vindicate their iſle's conteſted name,
And juſtify the antient Attic claim.
Jove's Cretan people haſtening to the war,
The Gnoſſian quiver and the ſhaft prepare;
The bending bow they draw with deadly art,
And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.
With Athamans who in the woods delight,
With Dardan Oriconians unite;
With theſe th' Encheliæ who the name partake,
Since Theban Cadmus firſt became a ſnake:
The Colchians planted on Illyrian ſhores,
Where ruſhing down Abſyrtos foamy roars;
With thoſe where Peneus runs, and hardy ſwains,
Whoſe ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.
From thence, ere yet the ſeaman's art was taught,
Rude Argo through the deep a paſſage fought:
She firſt explor'd the diſtant foreign land;
And ſhew'd her ſtrangers to the wond'ring ſtrand:
Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,
And univerſal commerce mix'd mankind.
By her made bold, the daring race defy'd
The winds tempeſtuous, and the ſwelling tide:
Much ſhe enlarg'd deſtruction's ample power,
And open'd ways to death unknown before.
Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boaſt,
And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors loſt.
Then Strymon was forſook, whoſe wintry flood
Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood;
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,
Where Iſter loſes its divided ſtream;
From Idalis where cold Caicus flows,
And where Ariſbe, thin, her ſandy ſurface ſtrews;
From Pytane, and ſad Celenæ's walls,
Where now in ſtreams the vanquiſh'd Marſyas falls:
Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful, and Phœbus' power;
While through deep banks his torrent ſwift he leads,
And with Mæander winds among the meads.
Proud Lydia's plains ſends forth her wealthy ſons,
Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs:

From earth's dark womb hid treaſures they convey,
And rich in yellow waters riſe to day.
From Ilium too ill-omen'd enſigns move,
Again ordain'd their fate to prove;
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapleſs ſide,
Nor fought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd:
Though tales of Troy proud Cæſar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race.
The Syrians ſwift Orontes' banks forſake,
And from Idume's palms their journey take;
Damaſcus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos' and with Gazas' force is join'd.
Unſtable Tyre now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon for her purple ſhells renown'd,
Safe in the Cynoſure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies ſtem the tide.
Phœnicians firſt, if ancient fame be true,
The ſacred myſtery of letters knew;
They firſt, by ſound in various lines deſign'd,
Expreſt the meaning of the thinking mind;
The power of words by figures rude convey'd,
And uſeful ſcience everlaſting made.
Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in ſtone;
While animals in various orders placed,
The learn'd hierogliphic column grac'd.
Then left they lofty Taurus' ſpreading grove,
And Tarſos, built by Perſeus, born of Jove;
Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks diſcloſe a gaping cave.
The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juſter ſail, and ply the oar;
To Egæ's port they gather all around,
The ſhores with ſhouting mariners reſound.
Far in the eaſt waſ ſpreads the loud alarm,
Where worſhippers of diſtant Ganges arm;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only ſtream that braves the riſing ſun.
By this ſtrong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the youth had graſp'd at all,
And his vaſt thought took in the vanquiſh'd ball;
But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the taſk too great.
Then on the banks of Indus nations roſe,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaſpes flows:
In numbers vaſt they coaſt the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.
With ſaffron dyes their dangling locks they ſtain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes conſtrain,
And quaff rich juices from the luſcious cane.
On their own funerals and death they ſmile,
And living leap amidſt the burning pile;
Heroic minds! that can ev'n Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forſake it as a feaſt,
Take what they like, and give the gods the reſt.
Deſcending then fierce Cappadocian ſwains,
From rude Amanus' mountains fought the plains.
Armenians from Niphates' rolling ſtream,
And from their lofty woods Coaſtrians came.
Then wondering Arabs from the ſultry line
For ever northward ſaw the ſhade incline.

Then did the madneſs of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Oloſtrian chiefs engage:
Beneath far diſtant ſouthern heavens they lie,
Where half the ſetting Bear forſakes the ſky,
And ſwift our ſlow Boötes ſeems to fly.
Theſe Furies to the ſun-burn'd Æthiops ſpread,
And reach the great Euphrates' riſing head.
One ſpring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow;
Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name:
But ſoon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide;
While Tigris, ſinking from the ſight of day,
Through ſubterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a ſecond fountain ſprings again,
Shoots ſwiftly on, and ruſhing ſeeks the main.
The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful iſſue in ſuſpenſe attend;
With neutral eaſe they view the ſtrife from far,
And only lend occaſion to the war.
Not ſo the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder foreſt grows,
Their baneful ſhafts they dip, and ſtring their deadly bows.
Th' Heniochi of Sparta's valiant breed,
Skilful to preſs, and rein the fiery ſteed,
Sarmatians with the fiercer Moſchi join'd,
And Colchians rich where Phaſis' waters wind,
To Pompey's ſide their aid aſſembling bring,
With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king;
With Tanais falling from Riphæan ſnows,
Who forms the world's diviſion as he goes:
With nobleſt names his riſing banks are crown'd,
This ſtands for Europe's, that for Aſia's bound;
While, as they wind, his waves at full command,
Diminiſh, or enlarge th' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian ſhores,
Where through the Boſphorus Mæotis roars,
And her full lake amidſt the Euxine pours.
This ſtrait, like that of Hercules, ſupplies
The midland ſeas, and bids th' Ægean riſe.
Sithonians fierce, and Arimaſpians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in ſhining gold.
The Gelon nimble, and Arcian ſtrong,
March with the hardy Maſſagete along:
The Maſſagete, who at his ſalvage feaſt
Feeds on the generous ſteed which once he preſt.
Not Cyrus when he ſpread his eaſtern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;
Not haughty Xerxes, when his power to boaſt,
By ſhafts he counted all his mighty hoſt;
Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;
Or with ſuch navies plow'd the foamy main,
Or led ſo many kings, amongſt their warlike train.
Sure in one cauſe ſuch numbers never yet,
Various in countries, ſpeech, and manners, met!
But fortune gather'd o'er the ſpacious ball,
Theſe ſpoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's fall.
Nor then the Lybian Moor withheld his aid,
While ſacred Ammon lifts his horned head:
All Afric, from the weſtern ocean's bound,
To eaſtern Nile, the cauſe of Pompey own'd.

Mankind assembled for Pharsalia's day.
To make the world at once the victor's prey.
Now trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest haste,
Cæsar the cloudy Alpine hills had past.
But while the nation, with subjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;
With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
What duty bids, Massilia bravely seeks:
And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,
To stronger Fate prefer the juster cause,
But first to move his haughty soul they try,
Intreaties and persuasion oft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentle terms they greet his ear:
When foreign wars molest the Roman state,
With ready arms our glad Massilians wait,
To share your dangers, and partake your fate.
This our unshaken friendship vouches well,
And your recording annals best can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our still devoted hands,
On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands;
Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs spread?
Behold! we follow whereso'er you lead.
But if you rouse at discord's baleful call,
If Romans fatally on Romans fall;
All we can offer is a pitying tear,
And constant refuge for the wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: oh, may no stain
Of Lucian blood our innocence profane!
Should heaven itself be rent with civil rage,
Should giants once more with the gods engage;
Officious piety would hardly dare
To proffer Jove assistance in the war.
Man unconcern'd and humble should remain,
Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain,
Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.
Nor can your horrid discords want our swords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords;
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh, had the rest like us their aid deny'd,
Yourselves must then the guilty strife decide;
Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he saw his father stand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repress't,
Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breast.
Your war had ended soon; had you not chose
Hands for the work, which Nature meant for foes:
Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the sum of all that we request
Is, to receive thee as our honour's guest;
Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,
Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.
Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way?
Why thus Iberia's nobler wars delay?
Mean, and of little consequence we are,
A conquest much unworthy of thy care.
When Phocis' towers were laid in ashes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound:
No name in arms nor victories we boast,
But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.
If thou art bent on violence at last,
To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,
Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er
The victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death destroy, shall flames the town o'erturn?
Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
Wilt thou forbid the living stream to flow?
We 'll dig, and search the watery stores below.
Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet,
And, what offended nature nauseates, eat.
Like brave Saguntum, daring to be free,
Whate'er they suffer'd, we 'll expect from thee.
Babes ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast.
Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,
And beg destruction from their pitying swords;
The brother's hand the brother's heart shall wound,
And universal slaughter rage around.
If civil wars must waste this hapless town,
No hands shall bring that ruin but our own.
Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;
Much grief, much wrath, his troubled visage spoke;
Then into these disdainful words he broke:
This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,
These hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found
To lay Massilia level with the ground:
This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy;
Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.
Winds lose their force, that unresisted fly,
And flames, unfed by fuel, sink and die.
Our courage thus would soften in repose,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes.
Yet mark! what love their friendly speech express!
Unarm'd and single, Cæsar is their guest.
Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,
Then seek with fawning treason to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease:
But war shall scourge them for those hopes of peace;
And makes them know the present times afford,
At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword.
He said; and to the city bent his way:
The city, fearless all, before him lay,
With arm'd hands her battlements were crown'd,
And lusty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.
Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread:
Upon this height the wary chief designs
His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Massilia's neighbouring citadel is seen;
An humble valley fills the space between.
Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill,
And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,
But first a lengthening work extends its way,
Where open to the land this city lay,
And from the camp projecting joins the sea.
Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise,
And cut the captive town from all supplies:

While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks bemoan
The meads, the fields, and fountains, once their own.
Well have they thus acquir'd the nobleſt name,
And conſecrated theſe their walls to fame.
Fearleſs of Cæſar and his arms they ſtood,
Nor drove before the headlong ruſhing flood:
And while he ſwept whole nations in a day,
Maſſilia bade th' impatient victor ſtay,
And clogg'd his rapid conqueſt with delay.
Fortune a maſter for the world prepar'd,
And theſe th' approaching ſlavery retard.
Ye times to come record the warrior's praiſe,
Who lengthen'd out expiring freedom's days.
Now while with toil unweary'd roſe the mound,
The ſounding ax invades the groves around;
Light earth and ſhrubs the middle banks ſupply'd,
But firmer beams muſt fortify the ſide;
Leſt when the tow'rs advance their ponderous height,
The mouldering maſs ſhould yield beneath the weight.
Not far away for ages paſt had ſtood
An old inviolated ſacred wood;
Whoſe gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly chearleſs everlaſting ſhade:
There, nor the ruſtic gods, nor ſatyrs ſport,
Nor fauns and ſylvans with the nymphs reſort:
But barbarous prieſts ſome dreadful power adore,
And luſtrate every tree with human gore.
If myſteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
There not the feather'd ſongſter builds her neſt,
Nor lonely dens conceal the ſalvage beaſt:
There no tempeſtuous winds preſume to fly,
Even lightnings glance aloof, and ſhoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toſs the dancing leaves,
But ſhivering horror in the branches heaves.
Black ſprings with pitchy ſtreams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a ſullen ſound.
Old images of forms miſhapen ſtand,
Rude and unknowing of the artiſt's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghaſtly head
Strikes the aſtoniſh'd gazer's ſoul with dread.
No gods, who long in common ſhapes appear'd,
Were e'er with ſuch religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And ſtill the leſs they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the earth in ſounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been ſeen
To riſe from earth, and ſpring with duſky green;
With ſparkling flames the trees unburning ſhine,
And round their boles prodigious ſerpents twine.
The pious worſhipers approach not near,
But ſhun their gods, and kneel with diſtant fear:
The prieſt himſelf, when, or the day, or night,
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to fight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

This wood near neighb'ring to th' encompaſs'd town
Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone;
And ſince the country round it naked ſtands,
From hence the Latian chief ſupplies demands.
But lo! the bolder hands, that ſhould have ſtruck,
With ſome unuſual horror trembling ſhook:
With ſilent dread and reverence they ſurvey'd
The gloom majeſtic of the ſacred ſhade;
None dares with impious ſteel the bark to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend.
Cæſar perceiv'd the ſpreading fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow.
Deep ſunk within a violated oak
The wounding edge, and thus the warrior ſpoke.
Now, let no doubting hand the taſk decline;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various ills were in the balance laid,
And Cæſar's wrath againſt the gods was weigh'd.
Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow;
The lofty aſh and knotty holm lay low;
The floating alder by the current born,
The cypreſs by the noble mourner worn,
Veil their aërial ſummits, and diſplay,
Their dark receſſes to the golden day;
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles ariſe.
With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
Their holy grove by impious ſoldiers fell'd;
While the Maſſilians, from th' encompaſs'd wall,
Rejoic'd to ſee the ſylvan honours fall:
They hope ſuch power can never proſper long,
Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
But, ah! too oft ſucceſs to guilt is given,
And wretches only ſtand the mark of heaven.
With timber largely from the wood ſupply'd,
For wains the legions ſearch the country wide;
Then from the crooked plow unyoke the ſteer,
And leave the ſwain to mourn the fruitleſs year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,
And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care.
With diligence the deſtin'd taſk he plies;
Huge works of earth with ſtrengthening beams ariſe:
High tottering towers, by no fix'd baſis bound,
Roll nodding on along the ſtable mound.
The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are ſhook;
Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear:
The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains winged war upon the town.
Nor with leſs active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return;
Nor hands alone the miſſile deaths ſupply,
From nervous croſs-bows whiſtling arrows fly;
The ſteely croſlet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take;
Nor wait the lingering Parcæ's ſlow delay,
But wound, and to new ſlaughter wing their way.
Now by ſome vaſt machine a ponderous ſtone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile wall is thrown;
At once, on many, ſwift the ſhock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd carcaſes confounding blends.

So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,
Loose from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thundering down the precipice is born,
O'er crashing woods the mass is seen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's side.
Gall'd with the shot from far, the legions join,
Their bucklers in the warlike shell combine;
Compact and close the brazen roof they bear,
And in just order to the town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unwearied pain
The wrathful engines waste their stores in vain;
High o'er their heads the destin'd deaths are tost,
And far behind in vacant air are lost;
Nor sudden could they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.
This seen, the Greeks, their brawny arms employ,
And hurl a stony tempest from on high:
The clattering shower the sounding fence assails;
But vain, as when the stormy winter hails,
Nor on the solid marble roof prevails:
Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their shields;
And, spent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.
Now other stratagems the war supplies,
Beneath the Vinea close th' assailant lies.
The strong machine, with planks and turf be-
spread,
Moves to the walls its well defended head;
Within the covert safe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now justly pois'd the thundering ram they fling,
And drive him forceful with a lanching spring;
Haply to loose some yielding part at length,
And shake the firm cemented bulwark's strength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the war:
Crouding they gather on the rampart's height,
And with tough staves and spears maintain the
fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky shelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring tempest beat,
The baffled Romans sullenly retreat.
Now by success the brave Massilians fir'd,
To fame of higher enterprize aspir'd;
Nor longer with their walls defence content,
In daring sallies they the foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with swords, nor pointed spears they go,
Nor aim the shaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
Fierce Mulciber supplies the bold design,
And for their weapons kindling torches shine.
Silent they issue through the gloomy night,
And with broad shields restrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on every side began,
And o'er the Latian works resistless ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce through the shade the burning deluge glows;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with smoke the wavy flames ascend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
Till with a roar at last the mighty mound,
Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the
ground:
Wide-spread the discontinuous ruins lie,
And vast confusion fills the gazer's eye.

Vanquish'd by land, the Romans seek the main,
And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
Their navy rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
Down through the rapid Rhone descending past.
No golden gods protect the shining prow,
Nor silken streamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in sable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native forest once it stood.
Rearing above the rest her towery head,
Brutus' tall ship the floating squadron led.
To sea soon wafted by the hasty tide,
Right to the Stœchades their course they guide.
Resolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Massilia for the naval war prepares;
All hands the city for the task requires,
And arms her striplings young, and hoary sires.
Vessels of every sort and size she fits,
And speedy to the briny deep commits
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides.
She planks anew, and calks her leaky sides.
Now rose the morning, and the golden sun
With beams refracted on the ocean shone;
Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur cease,
And every ruder wind was hush'd in peace:
Smooth lay the glassy surface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
When to the destin'd nations all repair;
Here Cæsar's powers, the youth of Phocis there.
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ship;
Feels the strong blow the well-compacted oak,
And trembling springs at each repeated stroke.
Crooked in front the Latian navy stood,
And wound a bending crescent o'er the flood.
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger vessels ply,
While in the centre safe the larger galliots lie.
Brutus the first, with eminent command,
In the tall admiral is seen to stand;
Six rows of lengthening pines the billows sweep,
And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.
Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,
And want but one concurring stroke to meet,
When peals of shouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump and plunging oar.
The brushing pine the frothy surface plies,
While on their banks the lusty rowers rise:
Each brings the stroke back on his ample chest,
Then firm upon his seat he lights repress.
With clashing beaks the launching vessels meet,
And from the mutual shock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying shafts the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating strew the ocean wide.
At length the stretching wings their order leave,
And in the line the mingling foe receive:
Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,
Before the stemming vessel drove the tide;
Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows,
Now back, now forth, the surge obedient flows.
Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
Massilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With best advantage seek or shun the fight;

With ready eaſe all anſwer to command,
Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
Not ſo the Romans; cumbrous hulks they lay,
And ſlow and heavy hung upon the ſea;
Yet ſtrong, and for the cloſer combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unſtable flood.
Thus Brutus ſaw, and to the maſter cries
(The maſter in the lofty poop he ſpies,
Where ſtreaming the Prætorian enſign flies),
Still wilt thou bear away, ſtill ſhift thy place,
And turn the battle to a wanton chace?
Is this a time to play ſo mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boaſt thy trifling art?
Bring to. The war ſhall hand to hand be try'd;
Oppoſe thou to the foe our ample ſide,
And let us meet like men. The chieftain ſaid;
The ready maſter the command obey'd,
And ſide-long to the foe the ſhip was laid.
Upon his waſte fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
Faſt in his timber ſtick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings ſtrong compell'd,
While others by the tangling oars are held;
The ſeas are hid beneath the cloſing war,
Nor need they caſt the javelin now from far;
With hardy ſtrokes the combatants engage,
And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage:
Man againſt man, and board by board they lie,
And on thoſe decks their arms defended die.
The rolling ſurge is ſtain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple ſwells the riſing flood;
The floating carcaſes the ſhips delay,
Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
Helpleſs beneath the deep the dying ſink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidſt the trembling waves they ſtrive,
And ſtruggling with deſtruction float alive,
Or by ſome ponderous beam are beaten down,
Or ſink tranſfix'd by darts at random thrown.
That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
Miſſing their mark, they wound upon the main.
It chanc'd, a warrior ſhip on Cæſar's ſide,
By two Maſſilian foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided force ſhe meets th' attack,
And bravely drives the bold aſſailants back:
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to ſeize the Grecian ancient ſought.
But double death his daring hand repreſs'd,
One ſpear tranſfix'd his back, and one his breaſt,
And deadly pierc within his heavy cheſt.
Doubtful awhile the flood was ſeen to ſtay,
At length the ſteely ſhafts at once gave way;
The fleeting life a twofold paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming wound.
Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred;
No hand the helm more ſkilfully could guide,
Or ſtem the fury of the boiſterous tide;
He knew what winds ſhould on the morrow blow,
And how the ſails for ſafety to beſtow;
Celeſtial ſignals well he could deſcry,
Could judge the radiant lights that ſhine on high,
And read the coming tempeſt of the ſky.
Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the ſhivering elder rives;
When from ſome hoſtile hand, a Roman dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
Yet ſtill his careful hand its taſk ſupplies,
And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.
To fill his place bold Gyareus eſſay'd,
But paſſing from a neighbouring ſhip was ſtay'd.
Swift through his loins a flying javelin ſtruck,
And nail'd him to the veſſel he forſook.
Friendlike, and ſide by ſide, two brethren fought,
Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
So like the lines of each reſembling face,
The ſame the features, and the ſame the grace,
That fondly erring oft their parents look,
And each, for each, alternately miſtook:
But death, too ſoon, a dire diſtinction makes,
While one, untimely ſnatch'd, the light forſakes.
His brother's form the ſad ſurvivor wears,
Anſt ſtill renews his hapleſs parents tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle hope remain,
And while they bleſs the living, mourn the ſlain.
He, the bold youth, as board and board they ſtand,
Fix'd on a Roman ſhip his daring hand;
Full on his arm a mighty blow deſcends,
And the torn limb from off the ſhoulder rends;
The rigid nerves are cramp'd with ſtiffening cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their hold.
Nor ſunk his valour by the pain depreſt,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breaſt:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
The ſame hard deſtiny the left demands,
And now a naked helpleſs trunk he ſtands.
Nor deigns he, though defenceleſs to the foe,
To ſeek the ſafety of the hold below;
For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
He ſteps between, and ſtands his brother's guard;
Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of ſpears,
A thouſand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Reſolv'd at length his utmoſt force to exert,
His ſpirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the laſt vigour rouz'd in every part;
Then nimble from the Grecian deck he roſe,
And with a leap ſprung fierce amidſt his foes:
And when his hands no more could wreak his hate,
His ſword no more could miniſter to fate,
Dying he preſt them with his hoſtile weight.
O'ercharg'd the ſhip with carcaſes and blood,
Drunk faſt at many a leak the briny flood;
Yielding at length the waters wide give way,
And fold her in the boſom of the ſea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
And covering waves the ſinking hatches hide.
That fatal day was ſlaughter ſeen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.
On Lycidas a ſteely grappling ſtruck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his fellows ſtrove their mate to ſave;
Clung to his legs, they claſp him all they can.
The grappling tugs, aſunder flies the man.
No ſingle wound the gaping rupture ſeems,
Where trickling crimſon wells in ſlender ſtreams;
But from an opening horrible and wide,
A thouſand veſſels pour the burſting tide:

At once the winding channel's course was broke,
Where wandering life her mazy journey took:
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And lost their purple in the azure sea.
Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead:
Not so the nobler regions, where the heart
And heaving lungs their vital powers exert;
There lingering late, and long conflicting, life
Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife:
Driven out at length, unwillingly and slow,
She left her mortal house, and sought the shades below.

While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew
To one sole side their force united drew,
The bark, unapt th' unequal poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air;
In vain his active arms the swimmer tries,
No aid the swimmer's useless art supplies;
The covering vast o'erwhelming shuts them down,
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.

One slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal horror of the fight expreſt.
As o'er the crouded surface of the flood
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursued;
Two meeting ships, by equal fury prest,
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast;
Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung,
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung;
Blood, bones, and entrails, mashing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight restrain,
The lifeless body drops amidst the main;
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves.

Around the watery champain wide dispread,
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their mates for succour cry:
Now to some social vessel press they near,
Their fellows pale the crouding numbers fear;
With ruthless hearts their well-known friends withstand,
And with keen faulchions lop each grasping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.

Now spent was all the warriors steely store,
New darts they seek, and other arms explore,
This wields a flag-staff, that a ponderous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss:
The fragments of the shatter'd ship they toss.
The useless rower from his seat is cast,
Then fly the benches and the broken mast.
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corse,
From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.
Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin shake:
The left-hand stays the blood, and sooths the pain.
The right sends back the seeking spear again.

Now gods of various elements conspire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire;
With oils, and living sulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame;
Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed,
The floating hulks their own destruction feed;
The smeary wax the brightening blaze supplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise:
Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays,
And fierce upon the scattering shipwrecks preys.
Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves:
Another, spent and beaten by the waves,
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.
Amidst the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel,
The dreadfulest is that, whose present force we feel.

Nor valour less her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths supply.
Some struggling in the deep the war provoke,
Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.
Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs and hostile wreathings twine.
Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down,
Vanquish'd, and vanquishers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by Fame,
For watery fight, and Phoceus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep;
While long he dwelt within the lowest deep;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treasures lost, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bade the captive vessel go.
A foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his breast,
And underneath the tumbling billows prest:
But when the skilful victor would repair
To upper seas, and sought the freer air;
Hapless beneath the crouding keels he rose,
The crouding keels his wonted way oppose;
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hostile vessel's course;
Some to the last the cause they love defend,
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end;
With breasts oppos'd the thundering beaks they brave,
And what they fought for living, dying save.

As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet flung;
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts his way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.
Th' astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden night,
While bursting start the bleeding orbs of sight.
At first he took the darkness to be death,
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath;
But soon recovering from the stunning sound,
He liv'd, unappily he liv'd, he found.
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns:
To me, my friends (he cry'd), your aid supply,
Nor useless let your fellow-soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand,
While like some engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;

At leaſt, my mangled careaſe ſhall pretend
To interpoſe, and ſhield ſome valiant friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may ſuſtain,
And, to preſerve ſome better man, be ſlain.
Thus ſaid, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with ſure deſtruction flew;
In Argus the deſcending ſteel takes place,
Argus, a Grecian of illuſtrious race.
Deep ſinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins:
The ſtaggering youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.
It chanc'd to ruthleſs deſtiny deſign'd,
To the ſame ſhip his aged ſire was joined:
While young, for high atchievements was he known,
The firſt in fair Maſſilia for renown;
Now an example merely, and a name,
Willing to rouze the younger ſort he came,
And fire their ſouls to emulate his fame.
When from the prow, where diſtant far he ſtood,
He ſaw his ſon lie weltering in his blood;
Soon to the poop, oft ſtumbling in his haſte,
With faultering ſteps the feeble father paſt.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But ſtiffening cold and motionleſs he grew:
Deep night and deadly ſhades of darkneſs riſe,
And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.
As to the dizzy youth the ſire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he caſt a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have ſpoke;
But unexpreſs'd th' imperfect accent hung,
Loſt in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue:
Yet in his ſpeechleſs viſage ſeems expreſt,
What, had he words, would be his laſt requeſt,
That aged hand to ſeal his cloſing eye,
And in his father's fond embrace to die:
But he, when grief, with keeneſt ſenſe revives,
With nature's ſtrongeſt pangs conflicting ſtrives;
Let me not loſe this hour of death, he cries,
Which my indulgent deſtiny ſupplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my ſon,
If thy dear lips and laſt embrace I ſhun.
Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my ſad eyes behold thee yet alive,
And thou ſhalt, yet, thy wretched ſire ſurvive.
He ſaid, and fierce, by frantic ſorrow preſt,
Plung'd his ſharp ſword amidſt his aged breaſt:
And though life's guſhing ſtreams the weapon ſtain,
Headlong he leaps amidſt the greedy main;
While this laſt wiſh ran ever in his mind,
To die, and leave his darling ſon behind;
Eager to part, his ſoul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle fate.
And now Maſſilia's vanquiſh'd force gives way,
And Cæſar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
The Grecian fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;
Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the ſhore.
But, oh! what verſe, what numbers, can expreſs
The mournful city, and her ſore diſtreſs!
Upon the beach lamenting matrons ſtand,
And wailings echo o'er the lengthening ſtrand;
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide.
Here a fond wife, with pious error, preſt
Some hoſtile Roman to her throbbing breaſt;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her ſon;
Each, what her boding heart perſuades, believes.
And for the laſt office fondly ſtrives.
But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
To Cæſar vindicates the watery plain;
Firſt to his brow he binds the naval crown,
And bids the ſpacious deep the mighty maſter own.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar having joined Fabius, whom he had ſent before him to Spain, incamps upon a riſing ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris: there, the waters being ſwollen by great rains, endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-againſt him, decamp ſuddenly. Cæſar follows, and incamps ſo as to cut off their paſſage, or any uſe of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the ſoldiers on both ſides knew, and ſaluted one another; and forgetting the oppoſite intereſts and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their ſeveral camps, and embraced one another with great tenderneſs. Many of Cæſar's ſoldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feaſted by their friends and relations. But Petrius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill conſequence to his party, commanded them all (though againſt the rules of humanity and hoſpitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and incloſed by Cæſar; to whom, both himſelf and Afranius, after their army had ſuffered extremely for want of water and other neceſſaries, are compelled to ſurrender, without aſking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take on in his army; this Cæſar, with great generoſity, grants, and diſmiſſes them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæſar near Salonæ, on the coaſt of Dalmatia, being ſhut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and deſtitute of proviſions, had attempted, by help of ſome veſſels, or floating machines of a new invention, to paſs through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to eſcape, but the third, which carried a thouſand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Theſe when they found it impoſſible to get off, at the perſuaſion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's ſwords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the ſtory of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

BUT Cæſar in Iberian fields afar,
Ev'n to the weſtern ocean ſpreads the war;

And though no hills of ſlaughter heaps the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty ſtain,
Vaſt is the prize, and great the victor's gain.
For Pompey, with alternative command,
The brave Petreius and Afranius ſtand:
The chiefs in friendſhip's juſt conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cauſe combine;
By turns they quit, by turns reſume the ſway,
The camp to guard, or battle to array;
To theſe their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
With thoſe who till Aſturia's hilly field;
Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
Who draw their long deſcent from Celtic Gauls of old.
Where riſing grounds the fruitful champain end,
And imperceiv'd by ſoft degrees aſcend;
An ancient race their city choſe to found,
And with Ilerda's walls the ſummit crown'd.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
Falls by the mountain pours his gentle ſtream.
A ſtable bridge runs croſs from ſide to ſide,
Whoſe ſpacious arch tranſmits the paſſing tide,
And jutting piers the wintery floods abide.
Two neighbouring hills their heads diſtinguiſh'd raiſe;
The firſt great Pompey's enſigns high diſplays;
Proud Cæſar's camp upon the next is ſeen;
The river interpoſing glides between.
Wide ſpread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its proſpect ſends;
Upon the ſpacious level's utmoſt bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
But ſoon in full Iberus' channel loſt,
His blended waters ſeek Iberia's coaſt;
He yields to the ſuperior torrent's fame,
And with the country takes his nobler name.
Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,
When moving legions hide th' embattled field:
When front to front oppos'd in juſt array,
The chieftains each their hoſtile powers diſplay:
But whether conſcious ſhame their wrath repreſt,
And ſoft reluctance roſe in every breaſt;
Or Virtue did a ſhort-liv'd rule reſume,
And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;
Suſpended rage yet linger'd for a ſpace,
And to the weſt declin'd the ſun in peace.
Night roſe, and black'ning ſhades involv'd the ſky,
When Cæſar, bent war's wily arts to try,
Through his extended battle gives command,
The foremoſt lines in order fix'd ſhall ſtand;
Mean-while the laſt, now lurking from the foe,
With ſecret labour ſink a trench below;
Succeſsful they the deſtin'd taſk purſue,
While cloſing files prevent the hoſtile view.
Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
He bids the ſoldier urge his ſpeedy way,
To ſeize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
This ſaw the foe, and wing'd with fear and ſhame,
Through ſecret paths with ſwift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford,
To theſe the place, to thoſe the conqueriug ſword:
Oppreſs'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
The aſſailants labouring tempt the ſteepy height;
Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
The following croud their foremoſt mates ſuſtain;
Againſt the ſhelving precipice they toil,
And prop their hands upon the ſteely pile:
On cliffs and ſhrubs, their ſteps, ſome climbing ſtay,
With cutting ſwords ſome clear the woody way;
Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy,
While other uſes now their arms employ.
Their chief the danger from afar ſurvey'd,
And bade the horſe fly timely to their aid.
In order juſt the ready ſquadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
To flank the foot, and guard each naked ſide.
Safe in the middle ſpace retire the foot,
Make good the rear, and ſcorn the foes purſuit;
Each ſide retreat, though each diſdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field.
Thus far the cauſe of Rome by arms was try'd,
And human rage alone the war ſupply'd;
But now the elements new wrath prepare,
And gathering tempeſts vex the troubled air.
Long had the earth by wintery froſts been bound
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with driſly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
All deſolate the weſtern climes were ſeen,
Keen were the blaſts, and ſharp the blue ſerene,
To parch the fading herb, and dip the ſpringing green.
At length the genial heat began to ſhine,
With ſtronger beams in Aries' vernal ſign;
Again the golden day reſum'd its right,
And rul'd in juſt equation with the night:
The moon her monthly courſe had now begun,
And with increaſing horns forſook the ſun;
When Boreas, by night's ſilver empreſs driven,
To ſofter airs reſign'd the weſtern heaven.
Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came,
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
The ſweeping wind the gathering vapours preſt,
From every region of the fartheſt eaſt?
Nor hang they heavy on the midway ſky,
But ſpeedy to Heſperia driving fly;
To Calpe's hills the fluicy rains repair,
From north, and ſouth, the clouds aſſemble there,
And darkening ſtorms lour in the ſluggiſh air.
Where weſtern ſkies the utmoſt ocean bound;
The watery treaſures heap the welkin round;
Thither they croud, and ſcanted in the ſpace,
Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length the ſpouting torrents pour,
Earth ſmokes, and rattles with the guſhing ſhow'rs;
Jove's forky fires are rarely ſeen to fly,
Extinguiſh'd in the deluge ſoon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy Iris ſhow
Such ſady colours, or ſo maim'd a bow;
Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
She ſtoop'd to drink from ocean's briny ſtream;
Then to the drooping ſky reſtor'd the rain:
Again the falling waters fought the main.
Then firſt the covering ſnows began to flow
From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
Huge hills of froſt, a thouſand ages old,
O'er which the ſummer ſuns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, ruſh from every ſide amain,
Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.

Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They ſcorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain breath your ſlackening faith withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but Juſtice in your cauſe.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance ſtill is in your power:
While Pompey calls the utmoſt eaſt from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war,
Shall we (oh ſhame!) prevent his great ſucceſs,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?
He ſpoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breaſt the fonder thought of pity ſcorns,
And ruthleſs with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tyger or the ſpotted pard,
Long from the woods and ſavage haunts debarr'd,
From their firſt fierceneſs for a while are won,
And ſeem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their priſon and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks leſs horrid wear:
But let the taſte of ſlaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbru'd;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies riſe,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they teaſe,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper ſpare;
The ſhuddering keeper ſhakes, and ſtands aloof for fear.
From friendſhip freed, and conſcious nature's tie,
To undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters looſe they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And ſcorn th' excuſe of ignorance and chance.
Thoſe whom ſo late their fond embraces preſt,
The boſom's partner, and the welcome gueſt;
Now at the board unhoſpitable bleed,
While ſtreams of blood the flowing bowl ſucceed.
With groans at firſt each draws the glittering brand,
And lingering death ſtops in th' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering ſteel;
Vengeance and hatred riſe with every blow,
And blood paints every viſage like a foe.
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious ſons their mangled fathers wound,
And, leſt the merit of the crime be loſt,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the ſilver hair.
But thou, O Cæſar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy ſoldier falls by treacherous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great ſucceſs.
Not all thou ow'ſt to bounteous Fortune's ſmile,
Not proud Maſſilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conqueſt of Pharſalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;
Thine and the cauſe of juſtice now are one,
Since guilty ſlaughter brands thy foes alone.
Nor dare the conſcious leaders longer wait,
Or truſt to ſuch unhallow'd hands their fate:
Aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd they ſhun the fight,
And to ſlerda turn their haſty flight.
But, ere their march atchieves its deſtin'd courſe,
Preventing Cæſar ſends the wing'd horſe:
The ſpeedy ſquadrons ſeize the appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompaſs'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they ſtrive in vain
Refreſhing ſprings and flowing ſtreams to gain;
Strong hoſtile works their camp's extenſion ſtay,
And deep-ſunk trenches intercept their way.
Now deaths in unexpected forms ariſe,
Thirſt and pale famine ſtalk before their eyes.
Shut up and cloſe beſieg'd, no more they need
The ſtrength or ſwiftneſs of the warlike ſteed;
But doom the generous courſers all to bleed.
Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they ruſh to arms, and urge the fight:
But Cæſar, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they fought the field,
Reſtrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your ſword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
But, ſince they come devoted by deſpair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 't is their time to die, 't is our's to ſpare.
Thoſe naked boſoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed ſteel,
Nor ſmarting wounds, nor dying anguiſh feel,
If while they bleed, your Cæſar ſhares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the ſlain.
But wait awhile, this rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to laſt;
This ardour for the fight ſhall faint away,
And all this fond deſire of death decay.
He ſpoke; and at the word the war was ſtay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's aſcending ſhade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The raſh Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to ceaſe,
And waſting fury languiſh'd into peace.
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And ſlackening paſſions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the battle roaring loud around,
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding ſword has newly paſt,
And the firſt pungent pains and anguiſh laſt;
While full with life the turgid veſſels riſe,
And the warm juice the ſprightly nerve ſupplies;
Each ſinewy limb with fiercer force is preſt,
And rage redoubles in the burning breaſt:
But if, as conſcious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor ſtays his wrathful hand;
Then ſinks his thrall with ebbing ſpirits low,
The black blood ſtiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbneſs cloſe the deadly wound,
And ſtretch him pale and fainting on the ground.
For water now on every ſide they try,
Alike the ſword and delving ſpade employ;
Earth's boſom dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the ſources of her liquid ſtore;
Deep in the hollow hill the well deſcends,
Till level with the moiſter plain it ends.
Not lower down from chearful day decline
The pale Aſſyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain the toil, no ſecret ſtreams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground;
No burſting ſprings repay the workman's ſtroke,
Nor glittering guſh from out the wounded rock;
No ſweating caves in dewy droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt rills run gurgling o'er the ſand.

Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs pain,
The fainting youth aſcent to light again.
And now leſs patient of the drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler depths of earth below;
No ſavory viands crown the chearful board,
Ev'n food for want of water ſtands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat,
And ſince they cannot drink, refuſe to eat.
Where yielding clods a moiſter clay confeſs,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in crouds the thirſty ſoldier flies;
Horrid to ſight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some ſeek the beſtial mothers for ſupply,
And draw the herds extended udders dry;
Till thirſt, unſated with the milky ſtore,
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some ſtrip the leaves, and ſuck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the ſaplings unconcocted juice.

Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted ſprings!
Cæſar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Lybian ſerpents bear:
The Romans to thy poiſonous ſtreams ſhall fly,
And, conſcious of the danger, drink, and die
With ſecret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The ſhrinking veins contract their purple flood;
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving ſighs through ſtraiter paſſes blow,
And ſcorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours draws,
And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want thoſe floods that lately ſpread the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentleſs ſkies.
Nor here by ſandy Afric are they curſt,
Nor Cancer's ſultry line inflames their thirſt;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes ſtand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two ſtreams expires the panting hoſt,
And in a land of water are they loſt.

Now preſt by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquiſh'd leaders yield to adverſe fate:
Rejecting arms, Afranius ſeeks relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to Cæſar's camp he leads
His famiſh'd troops, a fainting band ſucceeds.
At length, in preſence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent fortunes, and his paſt.
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were ſeen:
Then, with a free, ſecure, undaunted breaſt,
For mercy thus his pious ſuit he preſt.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of ſome ungenerous foe;
My ſword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right hand had ſav'd my ſoul from ſhame:

But now with joy I bend my ſuppliant knee,
Life is worth aſking, ſince 't is given by thee.
No party-zeal our factious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold deſigns.
War with its own occaſions came unſought,
And found us on the ſide for which we fought:
True to our cauſe as beſt becomes the brave,
Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our arms thy ſtronger fate delay,
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The weſtern nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſhalt thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an earneſt of the eaſt.
Nor this thy eaſy victory diſdain,
Bought with no ſeas of blood, nor hills of ſlain;
Forgive the foes that ſpare thy ſword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary ſoldier begs a laſt retreat;
In ſome poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let them enjoy the life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome field, among the ſlain we lie,
And loſt to thy remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our arms in thy ſucceſsful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumphs ſhare.
Theſe unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their ſide.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from ſlaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we aſk no more.

He ſaid. The victor with a gentler grace,
And mercy ſoftening his ſeverer face,
Bade his attending foes their fears diſmiſs,
Go free from puniſhment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed:
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty croud,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill,
But every ſpring of life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent peſt aſſwage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With burſting ſides each bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for drink th' infatiate fever craves.
At length returning health diſpers'd the pain,
And luſty vigour ſtrung the nerves again.

Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in exceſs your laviſh gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waſte,
T' indulge a wanton ſupercilious taſte:
For whom all earth all ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands ſaves!
No coſtly wines theſe fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old conſuls many a year ago;
No waiting ſlaves the precious juices pour,
From myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And ſeek their ſuccour from the cryſtal flood.
Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedneſs of war to ſhare,

When all we want thus eaſily we find?
The field and river can ſupply mankind.
Diſmiſs'd, and ſafe from danger and alarms,
The vanquiſh'd to the victor quits his arms;
Guiltleſs from camps, to cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His ſpear and ſword of battle ſtand accurſt,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirſt;
And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd ſo oft for victory in vain:
For victory! the curſe of thoſe that win,
The fatal end where ſtill new woes begin.
Let the proud maſters of the horrid field
Count all the gains their dire ſucceſſes yield;
Then let them think what wounds they yet muſt feel,
Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel;
As yet th' imperfect taſk by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles muſt be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conquering, to new guilt they ſhall ſucceed,
Where-ever reſtleſs Fate and Cæſar lead.
How happier lives the man to peace aſſign'd,
Amidſt this general ſtorm that wrecks mankind!
In his own quiet houſe ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones ſhall lie.
No trumpet warns him 'put his harneſs on,
Though faint, and all with wearineſs fore-done:
But when night falls, he lies ſecurely down,
And calls the creeping ſlumber all his own.
His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent,
And ere the time, the wiſh'd diſmiſſion ſent;
A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;
His boys, a ruſtic tribe, around him play,
And homely pleaſures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd paſſions up to rage;
With equal eyes the hoſtile chiefs they view,
To This their faith, to That their lives are due:
To both obliged alike, no part they take,
Nor vows for conqueſt, nor againſt it, make.
Mankind's miſfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to ſtand neuter while the world's at war.
But Fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forſook her Cæſar's ſide;
With changing cheer the fickle goddeſs frown'd,
And for a while her favourite cauſe diſown'd.
Where Adria's ſwelling ſurge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curictan's warlike band,
Antonius camps upon the utmoſt ſtrand:
Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd ſhore.
But while the diſtant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worſe, reſiſtleſs foe, appears:
No more the meads their graſſy paſture yield,
Nor waving harveſts crown the yellow field.
On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And ſnatch the forage from the fainting ſteed;
Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighbouring coaſt at length they ſpy,
Where Baſilus with ſocial ſails draws nigh;
While, led by Dolabella's proud command,
Their Cæſar's legions ſpread th' Illyrian ſtrand:
Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering beat,
Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.
Of wondrous form a vaſt machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the riſing deck aſcends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted ſtrong,
Light ſkiffs, and caſks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er theſe, of ſolid oak ſecurely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky towers on high,
And nodding battlements the foe defy.
Securely plac'd, each riſing range between,
The luſty rower plies his taſk unſeen.
Mean-while nor oars upon the ſides appear,
Nor ſwelling ſails receive the driving air;
But living ſeems the mighty maſs to ſweep,
And glide ſelf-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wondrous floats, of this enormous ſize,
Soon by the ſkilful builder's craft ariſe;
The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
And wait the return of the retiring tide.
Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,
And ebbing waves the naked ſands diſcloſe:
Straight by the ſtream the lanching piles are born,
Shields, ſpears, and helms, their nodding towers adorn;
Threatening they move in terrible array,
And to the deeper ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whoſe naval powers command
Adria's rude ſeas, and wide Illyria's ſtrand,
Full in their courſe his fleet advancing ſtays,
And each impatient combatant delays:
To the blue offing wide he ſeems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary veſſels near;
Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey,
And tempts them with an open roomy ſea.
Thus, when the wily huntſman ſpreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the woods beſets;
While yet his buſy hands, with ſkilful care,
The meſhy hayes and forky props prepare;
Ere yet the deer the painted plumage ſpy,
Snuff the ſtrong odour from afar, and fly;
His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
And muzzle all the loud Moloſſian kind;
The queſter only to the wood they looſe,
Who ſilently the tainted track purſues:
Mute ſigns alone the conſcious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
'T was at the ſeaſon when the fainting light,
Juſt in the evening's cloſe, brought on the night:
When the tall towery floats their iſle forſook,
And to the ſea their courſe, adventurous, took.
But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, ſkill'd
In arts and warfare of the liquid field,
Their wonted wiles and ſtratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's ſide.
Beneath the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
From rock to rock they ſtretch a ponderous chain;
Looſely the ſlacker links ſuſpended flow,
T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the firſt and ſecond glide;

The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his steely grasp entwining holds:
From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar,
And drag the resty captive to the shore.
For ages past an ancient cliff there stood,
Whose beating brow hung threatening o'er the flood;
A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast;
While near the base wild hollows sink below,
There roll huge seas, and bellowing tempests blow:
Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The shipwreck and the driving corpse, are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulph the spoil restores,
And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in sounds like these,
When thundering, with a burst, she spews the foamy seas.
Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,
The third ill-fated prisoner float was brought;
The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd prey;
The crouding sails from every station press,
While arm'd bands the rocks and shores possess
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the snare,
And strove to burst the toil with fruitless care:
Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe; and though distrest,
By wiles intangled, and by crouds oppress,
With scarce a single cohort to his aid,
Against the gathering host a stand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter great,
Though thus an odds unequally they meet,
But with a thousand match'd, a ship against a fleet.
But soon on dusky wings arose the night,
And with her friendly shade restrains the sight;
The combatants from war consenting cease,
And pass the hours of darkness o'er in peace.
When to the soldier, anxious for his fate,
And doubtful what success the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his speech addrest,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating breast.
My gallant friends, whom our hard fates decree,
This night, this short night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be past.
Perhaps reduced to this so hard extreme,
Too short, to some, the date of life may seem;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praise we die.
Dark and uncertain is man's future doom,
If years, or only moments, are to come:
All is but dying; he who gives an hour,
Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his power.
Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,
But to choose death distinguishes the brave,
Behold, where waiting round, yon hostile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,
And where our fate would drag us on, to lead.
A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field:
Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,
And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain.
Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand,
As on a stage, for public view we stand.
Illyria's neighbouring shores, her isles around,
And every cliff, with gazers shall be crown'd;
The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,
And stand eternal vouchers for our fame;
Alike the foes and fellows of our cause,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.
Blest be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth;
To latest times our story shall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest names of old.
Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour, and unshaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæsar, we confess:
For such a chief, what soldier can do less?
Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 't is all that captives have to give.
Oh! that, to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged sires, our children had been here:
Then with full horror should the slaughter rise,
And blast our paler foes' astonish'd eyes;
Till, aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,
They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their snare:
Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage at which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our constant souls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last proof of virtue we may give,
And shew we die not now, because we could not live.
That valour to no common heights must rise,
Which has our god-like chief himself, shall prize.
Immortal shall our truth for ever stand,
If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band
A foil, amidst the host of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain;
I scorn whatever safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling thought aside.
The sacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul:
I see, I reach the period of my woe,
And taste those joys the dying only know.
Wisely the gods conceal the wondrous good,
Lest man no longer should endure his load;
Lest every wretch like me from life should fly,
Seize his own happiness himself, and die.
He spoke. The band his potent tongue confest,
And generous ardour burn'd in every breast.
No longer now they view, with watery eyes,
The swift revolving circle of the skies;

No longer think the ſetting ſtars in haſte,
Nor wonder ſlow Böotes moves ſo faſt;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay,
They wiſh for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heavenly axis long delays,
To roll the radiant ſigns beneath the ſeas;
In Leda's twins now roſe the warmer ſun,
And near the lofty crab exalted ſhone;
Swiftly night's ſhorter ſhades began to move,
And to the weſt Theſſalian Chiron drove.
At length the morning's purple beams diſcloſe
The wide horizon covered round with foes;
Each rock and ſhore the crouding Iſtrians keep,
While Greeks and fierce Liburnians ſpread the deep:
When yet, ere fury lets the battle looſe,
Octavius wooes them with the terms of truce;
If haply Pompey's chains they chooſe to wear,
And captive life to inſtant death prefer.
But the brave youth, regardleſs of his might,
Fierce in the ſcorn of life, and hating light,
Fearleſs, and careleſs of whate'er may come,
Reſolv'd, and ſelf-determin'd to their doom;
Alike diſdain the threatenmg of the war,
And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
At once by land and ſea the fight renew;
Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
But fix one certain truth in death alone.
In oppoſition firm awhile they ſtood,
But ſoon were ſatisfy'd with hoſtile blood.
Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride,
Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cry'd)
Whoſe worthy ſword may pierce your leader's ſide?
He ſaid; and at the word, from every part,
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager duty brought the firſt relief:
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful ſtroke the friendly gift repay'd.
At once all ruſh, at once to death they fly,
And on each other's ſword alternate die,
Greedy to make the miſchief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
A fate like this did Cadmus' harveſt prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren ſtrove;
When by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inſpired the Colchian foes,
When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they roſe;
When urg'd by charms, and magic's myſtic power,
They dy'd their native field with ſtreaming gore;
Till ev'n the fell enchantreſs ſtood diſmay'd,
And wonder'd at the miſchiefs which ſhe made.
Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
And with brave breaſts provoke the lingering ſteel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And preſs them plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a ſecond calls;
With certain aim the ſure deſtruction falls.
This laſt beſt gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, ſons, and brothers, mutually beſtow;
Nor piety, nor fond remorſe prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red ſtreams the bluſhing waves they ſtain,
Here daſh their mangled entrails in the main.
Here with a laſt diſdain they view the ſkies,
Shut out heaven's hated light with ſcornful eyes,
And, with inſulting joy the victor foe deſpiſe.
At length the heapy ſlaughter roſe on high,
The hoſtile chiefs the purple pile deſcry;
And while the laſt accuſtom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
And wonder lawleſs power could e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide through mankind eternal fame diſplays
This harpy crew, this ſingle veſſel's praiſe.
But, oh! the ſtory of the godlike rage
Is loſt, upon a vile, degenerate age;
The baſe, the ſlaviſh world will not be taught,
With how much eaſe their freedom may be bought.
Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants hands,
And ſwords in vain are truſted to our hands.
Oh! death! thou pleaſing end of human woe,
Thou cure for life, thou greateſt good below;
Still may'ſt thou fly the coward and the ſlave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the brave.
Nor war's pernicious God leſs havoc yields,
Where ſwarthy Libya ſpreads her ſun-burnt fields.
For Curio now the ſtretching canvas ſpread,
And from Sicilian ſhores his navy led;
To Afric's coaſt he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.
There landing, to the well-known camp he hies,
Where from afar the diſtant ſeas he ſpies;
Where Bagrada's dull waves the ſands divide,
And ſlowly downward roll their ſluggiſh tide.
From thence he ſeeks the heights renown'd by fame,
And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name:
The rocks and hills which long, traditions ſay,
Were held by huge Antæus' horrid ſway.
Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.
When thus, in ſhort, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their ſires they heard, and how the caſe befel:
The teeming earth, for ever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a giant ſon, was ſtrong;
When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born Antæus forth.
Of all the dreadful brood which erſt ſhe bore,
In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more:
Happy for thoſe above ſhe brought him not,
Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought.
That this, her darling, might in force excel,
A gift ſhe gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
Recruited ſtrength he from his parent drew,
And every ſlackening nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food,
He ſnatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.
Nor leaves, nor ſhaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the tiger, or the ſpotted pard;

But ſtretch'd along the naked earth he lies:
New vigour ſtill the native earth ſupplies.
Whate'er he meets, his ruthleſs hands invade,
Strong in himſelf, without his mother's aid.
The ſtrangers that unknowing ſeek the ſhore,
Seem a worſe ſhipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchleſs might he reigns,
Ruin, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple ſwains,
And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains.
At length, around the trembling nations ſpread,
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
The Godlike Hero, born, by Jove's decree,
To ſet the ſeas, and earth, from monſters free;
Higher in generous pity bent his courſe,
And ſet himſelf to prove the giant's force.
Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil Alcides ſhone,
Antæus with his mother's duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly force to aid his own.
Now fixing fierce their graſping hands they mix,
And labour on the ſwelling throat to fix;
Their ſinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And, ſtout to ſtout, they threaten ſtern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a ſullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevailed,
Nor yet the foe with all his force aſſail'd.
Faint dropping ſweats bedew the monſter's brows,
And panting thick with heaving ſides he blows;
His trembling head the ſlackening nerves confeſs'd,
And from the hero ſhrunk his yielding breaſt.
The conqueror purſues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his craſhing chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his faltering feet from earth he rends,
And on the ſands his mighty length extends.
The parent earth her vanquiſh'd ſon deplores,
And with a touch his vigour loſt reſtores:
From his faint limbs the clammy dew ſhe drains,
And with freſh ſtreams recruits his ebbing veins;
The muſcles ſwell, the hardening ſinews riſe,
And burſting from th' Herculean graſp he flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the fight Alcides ſtood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood
The dreadful ſnake her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours none was ſeen
With equal joy by heaven's unrighteous queen;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,
He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;
The earth again her fainting ſon ſupplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him riſe:
Her vital powers to ſuccour him ſhe ſends,
And earth herſelf with Hercules contends.
Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal fight,
And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
No longer ſhalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,
Henceforth the combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
And reſt upon no other breaſt but mine.
He ſaid; and as he ſaw the monſter ſtoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:

No more the diſtant earth her ſon ſupplies,
Lock'd in the hero's ſtrong embrace he lies;
Nor thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the ground,
Till death in every frozen limb was found.
Thus, fond of tales, our anceſtors of old
The ſtory to their children's children told;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave.
But greater deeds this riſing mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;
While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mouldering works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.
Fond of the proſperous victorious name,
And truſting fortune would be ſtill the ſame,
Hither his hapleſs enſigns Curio leads,
And here his inauſpicious camp he ſpreads.
A fierce ſuperior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.
O'er all the Roman powers in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore ſupreme command;
Nor truſting to the Latian ſtrength alone,
With foreign force he fortified his own;
Summon'd the ſwarthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remoteſt Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command;
To Atlas huge, and Gades' weſtern ſtrand;
From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
And the waſte Syrt's unhoſpitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns and rules alone
The ſultry regions of the burning zone.
With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
Th' Atololes with wild Numidians throng;
The rough Getulian, with his ruder ſteed;
The Moor reſembling India's ſwarthy breed;
Poor Naſamons, and Garamantines join'd,
With ſwift Marmaridans that match'd the wind;
The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the ſhaft that leaves the Parthian bow;
With theſe Maſſilia's nimble horſemen ride,
They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught courſer guide.
From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,
Who ſtill unarm'd invade the ſavage game,
And with ſpread mantles tawny lions tame.
But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the monarch Pompey's cauſe to own;
Stung by reſenting wrath, the war he fought,
And deep diſpleaſures paſt by Curio wrought.
He, when the tribune's ſacred power he gain'd,
When juſtice, laws, and gods were all prophan'd,
At Juba's ancient ſceptre aim'd his hate,
And ſtrove to rob him of his royal ſeat:
From a juſt prince would tear his native right,
While Rome was made a ſlave to lawleſs might.
The king, revolving cauſes from afar,
Looks on himſelf as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;
To this he joins, his troops to Cæſar new,
None of thoſe old experienc'd faithful bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;
But a looſe, neutral, light, uncertain train,
Late with Corſinium's captive fortreſs ta'en,

That wavering pauſe, and doubt for whom to ſtrike,
Sworn to both ſides, and true to both alike.
The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithleſs centinels each night deſert:
Then thus, reſolving, to himſelf he cry'd,
By daring ſhews our greateſt fears we hide:
Then let me haſte to bid the battle join,
And lead my army, while it yet is mine;
Leiſure and thinking ſtill to change incline.
Let war, and action, buſy thought controul,
And find a full employment for the ſoul.
When with drawn ſwords determined ſoldiers ſtand,
When ſhame is loſt, and fury prompts the hand,
What reaſon then find a time to pauſe,
To weigh the differing chiefs, and juſter cauſe?
That cauſe ſeems only juſt for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like theſe, within th' appointed ſpace,
Bold gladiators, gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like fierceſt foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, becauſe they meet.
He ſaid; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,
While Fortune met him with a ſemblance vain,
Covering her malice keen, and all his future pain.
Before him Varus' vanquiſh'd legions yield,
And with diſhoneſt flight forſake the field;
Expos'd to ſhameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their camp the fearful rout purſues.
Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own ſucceſs believes,
Careful his foes in error to maintain,
And ſtill preſerve them confident and vain;
Silent he marches on in ſecret ſort,
And keeps his numbers cloſe from loud report.
Sabbura, great in the Numidian race,
And ſecond to their ſwarthy king in place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender band precedes,
And ſeemingly the force of Juba leads:
While hidden he, the prince himſelf remains,
And in a ſecret vale his hoſt conſtrains.
Thus oft th' Ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,
Invades the deadly Aſpic by a wile;
While artfully his ſlender tail is play'd,
The ſerpent darts upon the dancing ſhade;
Then turning on the foe with ſwift ſurprize,
Full at his throat the nimble ſeizer flies:
The gaſping ſnake expires beneath the wound,
His guiſhing jaws with poiſonous floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs miſchief on the ground.
Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent,
But crown'd the fraud with proſperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hoſtile power,
Commands his horſe the doubtful plain to ſcour,
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himſelf, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forſook.
It ſeem'd, neceſſity inſpir'd the deed,
And fate requir'd the daring youth ſhould bleed.
War, that curſt war which he himſelf begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he take,
Through rugged paths, and rude incumbering brakes;
Till, from afar, at length the hills diſcloſe,
Aſſembling on their heights, his diſtant foes.
Oft haſty flight with ſwift retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.
He, raſh and ignorant of Libyan wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champain ſpreads his files;
When, ſudden, all the circling mountains round
With numberleſs Numidians thick are crown'd;
At once the riſing ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd,
And dread ſtrikes cold on every Roman breaſt.
Helpleſs they view th' impending danger nigh,
Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.
The weary horſe neglects the trumpet's ſound,
Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;
No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein,
Nor pricks his ears, nor ſhakes his flowing mane:
With foamy ſweat his ſmoaking limbs are ſpread,
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy head;
Hoarſe, and with pantings thick, his breath he draws,
While ropy filth begrimes his clammy jaws;
Careleſs the rider's heartening voice he hears,
And motionleſs the wounding ſpur he bears.
At length, by ſwords and goading darts compell'd,
Droniſh he drags his load acroſs the field;
Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes,
To bear his dying lord amidſt his foes.
Not ſo the Libyans fierce their onſet make;
With thundering hoofs the ſandy ſoil they ſhake;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds ariſe,
As when through Thrace, Biſtonian Boreas flies,
Involves the day in duſt, and darkens all the ſkies.
And now the Latian foot encompaſs'd round,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the ground;
None in reſiſtance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the buſineſs of the fight.
Thicker than hail the ſteely ſhowers deſcend;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.
On every ſide the ſhrinking front grows leſs,
And to the centre madly all they preſs:
Fear, uproar, and diſmay, increaſe the cry,
Cruſhing, and cruſh'd, an arm'd croud they die!
Ev'n thronging on their fellows ſwords they run,
And the foe's buſineſs by themſelves is done.
But the fierce Moors diſdain a croud ſhould ſhare,
The praiſe of conqueſt, or the taſk of war:
Rivers of blood they wiſh, and hills of ſlain,
With mangled carcaſes to ſtrow the plain.
Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman ſlaughter ſpread.
Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hoſtile ſhade!
A large amends by fortune's hand is made,
And the loſt Punic blood is well repay'd.
Thus do the gods the cauſe of Pompey bleſs?
Thus! is it thus, they give our arms ſucceſs?
Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of our blood.
The duſt, at length, in crimſon floods was laid,
And Curio now the dreadful field ſurvey'd.
He ſaw 't was loſt, and knew in vain to ſtrive,
Yet bravely ſcorn'd to fly, or to ſurvive;

And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a croud of dying Romans fell.
Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy reſtleſs mind that ſhook thy country's frame;
Thy moving tongue that knew ſo well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have ſold the Senate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?
Thou the firſt victim of thy war art ſlain,
Nor ſhalt thou ſee Pharſalia's fatal plain.
Behold! ye potent troublers of the ſtate,
What wretched ends on curſt ambition wait!
See! where a prey, unbury'd Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan ſkies.
Oh! were the gods as gracious as ſevere,
Were liberty, like vengeance, ſtill their care;
Then, Rome! what days, what people might'ſt thou ſee,
If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preſerve thee free.
Nor yet, oh generous Curio! ſhall my verſe,
Forget, thy praiſe, thy virtues, to rehearſe:
Thy virtues, which with envious time ſhall ſtrive,
And to ſucceeding ages long ſurvive.
In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,
A ſon of nobler hope ſhe never bore:
A ſoul more bright, more great, ſhe never knew,
While to thy country's intereſt thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd by native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in triumph through the city paſs'd,
And deadful wealth and power laid all things waſte.
The ſweeping ſtream thy better purpoſe croſs'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou loſt.
Much to the ruin of the ſtate was done,
When Curio by the Gallic ſpoils was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her moſt worthy ſon.
Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering ſword.
Syla whom ſuch unbounded power made proud;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood;
Ev'n Cæſar's mighty race who lord it now,
Before whoſe throne the ſubject nations bow,
All bought that power which laviſh Curio ſold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the conſuls aſſemble the ſenate, who unanimouſly appoint Pompey general of the war againſt Cæſar, and decree public thanks to the ſeveral princes and ſtates who aſſiſted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Aebaia, conſults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occaſion, the poet goes into a digreſſion concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the preſent ſilence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæſar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and puniſhes the offenders. From Placentia, where this diſorder happened, he ordered them to march to Brunduſium; where, after a ſhort turn to Rome, and aſſuming the conſulſhip, or rather the ſupreme power, he joins them himſelf. From Brunduſium, though it was then the middle of winter, he tranſports part of his army by ſea to Epirus, and lands at Paleſte. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæſar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apſus, they met and incamped cloſe together. Cæſar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brunduſium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneaſy at his delays leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous ſea in a ſmall bark to haſten the tranſport. Upon Cæſar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be ſoon decided by a battle; and upon that conſideration, reſolved to ſend his wife to expect the event at Leſbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

THUS, equal fortune holds a while the ſcale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail,
In doubt the goddeſs, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the ſetting Pleiades grew low,
The hills ſtood hoary in December's ſnow;
The ſolemn ſeaſon was approaching near,
When other names renew'd the Faſti wear,
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The conſuls, while their rods they yet retain'd,
While, yet, ſome ſhew of liberty remain'd,
With miſſives round the ſcatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the ſenate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman ſtate,
In foreign ſeats, conſulting, meanly ſate.
No face of war the grave aſſembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place reſort,
While waiting lictors guard the crouded court.
No faction theſe, nor party, ſeem to be,
But a full ſenate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here Pompey ſtands conteſt
A private man, and one among the reſt.
Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs ceaſe,
And every mournful ſound is huſh'd in peace;
When from the conſular diſtinguiſh'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun,
If yet our Roman virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
And emulates our great foreſathers name,
Let not our thoughts, by ſad remembrance led,
Bewail thoſe captive walls from whence we fled.
This time demands that to ourſelves we turn,
Nor, fathers, have we leiſure now to mourn;
But let each early care, each honeſt heart,
Our ſenate's ſacred dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide and near,
That power which kings obey, and nations fear,
That only legal power of Rome, is here.
For whether to the Northern Bear we go,
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal ſnow;

Or whether in theſe ſultry climes we burn,
Where night and day, with equal hours return;
The world ſhall ſtill acknowledge us its head,
And empire follow wherefo'er we lead.
When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
At Veiæ Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
Beneath forſaken roofs proud Cæſar reigns,
Our vacant courts, and ſilent laws conſtrains;
While ſlaves obedient to his tyrant will,
Outlaws, and proſligates, his ſenate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty croud appear,
All that are juſt and innocent are here.
Diſpers'd by war, though guiltleſs of its crimes,
Our order yielded to theſe impious times;
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the ſcatter'd members meet.
The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world loſt Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favourable coaſt,
Vulteius with his furious band are loſt;
While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæſar's ſenators lie ſlain.
March then ye warriors, ſecond fate's deſign,
And to the leading gods your ardour join,
With equal conſtancy to battle come,
As when you ſhunn'd the foe, and left your native Rome.
The period of the conſuls power is near,
Who yield our Faſces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we ſtill obey,
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd ſway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greateſt Pompey lead the war.
In loud applauſe the pleas'd aſſembly join,
And to the glorious taſk the chief aſſign:
His country's fate they truſt to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And ſome with gifts, and ſome with praiſe are crown'd:
Of theſe the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
Of Athens much they ſpeak; Maſſilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their ſtill unſhaken faithful Aſian friend.
Brave Cotis and his valiant ſon they grace,
With bold Rhaſipolis from ſtormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba juſtly is decreed
To his paternal ſceptre to ſucceed.
And thou too, Ptolemy, (unrighteous fate!)
Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal ſtate;
The crown upon thy perjur'd temples ſhone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike ſon.
O'er Egypt ſhakes the boy his cruel ſword:
(Oh! that he had been only Egypt's lord!)
But the dire gift more dreadful miſchiefs wait,
While Lago's ſceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæſar's, and his ſiſter's hand,
He ſeiz'd his parricide, and her command.
Th' aſſembly roſe, and all on war intent
Buſtle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught
With what the threatening future times were fraught,
With buſy curioſity explores
The dreadful purpoſe of the heavenly powers.
To Delphos ſtraight he flies, where long the god
In ſilence had poſſeſs'd his cloſe abode;
His oracles had long been known to ceaſe,
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
Between the ruddy weſt and eaſtern ſkies,
In the mid-earth Parnaſſus' tops ariſe:
To Phœbus, and the chearful god of wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in ſolemn ſongs reſound.
When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was ſpread,
This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One riſing rock, preſerv'd, a bound was given,
Between the vaſty deep, and ambient heaven.
Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python by infant Pæan's darts was ſlain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.
But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conſcious caves diviner breathings blow,
How vapours could unfold th' inquirer's doom,
And talking winds could ſpeak of things to come;
Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury firſt inſpir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.
So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forſakes the heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlaſting night?
What is this ſpirit, potent, wiſe, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his ſeat;
Who the long chain of ſecret cauſes knows,
Whoſe oracles the years to come diſcloſe:
Who through eternity at once forefees,
And tells that fate which he himſelf decrees?
Part of that ſoul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whoſe energy informs the pendent ball,
Through this dark paſſage ſeeks the realms above,
And ſtrives to re-unite itſelf to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he ſtands confeſt
Within his raging prieſteſs' panting breaſt,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he ſpeaks.
Such is the burſt of bellowing Ætna's ſound,
When fair Sicilia's paſtures ſhake around;
Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks beſtrew Campania's ſhores.
The liſtening god, ſtill ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
Yet, wiſe and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The fool's fond wiſhes, or the guilty's prayer;
Though vainly in repeated vows they truſt,
None e'er find grace before him, but the juſt.
Oft to a baniſh'd, wandering houſeleſs race,
The ſacred dictates have aſſign'd a place.
Oft from the ſtrong he ſaves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian ſeas, declare!
And heals the barren land, and peſtilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curſt,
The Delphic ſilence ſurely is the worſt.

But tyrants, juſtly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the gods to tell us what 's to come.
Mean-while, the propheteſs may well rejoice,
And bleſs the ceaſing of the ſacred voice:
Since death too oft her holy taſk attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce diſtracting rage ſhe ſprings,
And dies beneath the god for whom ſhe ſings.
These ſilent caves, theſe tripods long unmov'd,
Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Lead in the trembling prieſteſs to the god.
The reverend ſire the Latian chief obey'd,
And ſudden ſeiz'd the unſuſpecting maid,
Where careleſs in the peaceful grove ſhe ſtray'd.
Diſmay'd, aghaſt, and pale, he drags her on;
She ſtops, and ſtrives the fatal taſk to ſhun:
Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art ſhe flies,
And thus to turn the Roman's purpoſe tries:
What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The ſilent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Auſonian Appius, art thou come:
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, diſdaining us, the ſacred voice
Has made ſome other diſtant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Low in the duſt had laid our lofty ſpires,
In heaps the mouldering aſhes heavy rod,
And choak'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls myſtic verſe ſuffice;
Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And hides the world unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cauſe, our god has long been mute,
And anſwers not to any ſuppliants' ſuit.
But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confeſs the god, whom they diſown.
Howe'er each rite ſhe ſeemingly prepares;
A fillet gathers up her foremoſt hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looſer locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the ſtronger prieſt, though yet ſhe ſtrives,
The lingering maid within the temple drives:
But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful ſhrine,
Lays in the outer ſpace, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breaſt
No ſtrong enthuſiaſtic throes confeſt;
No terrors in her ſtarting hairs were ſeen
To caſt from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue,
From her fierce jaws no ſounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the ſpacious cave, and ſhake the vaulted dome.
Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-diſſembling maid.
The furious Roman ſoon the fraud eſpy'd,
And, Hope not thou to 'ſcape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal ſounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtic cell,
Unleſs the gods themſelves reveal the doom,
Which ſhall befall the warring world and Rome.
He ſpoke, and, aw'd by the ſuperior dread,
The trembling prieſteſs to the Tripod fled:
Cloſe to the holy breathing vent ſhe cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent ſpirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er ſo ſtrong inſpiring Pæan came,
Nor ſtretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
The mortal mind driv'n out forſook her breaſt,
And the ſole godhead every part poſſeſt.
Now ſwell her veins, her turgid ſinews riſe,
And bounding frantic through the cave ſhe flies;
Her briſtling locks the wreathy fillet ſcorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant fane,
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the pain,
Nor yet the leſs th' avenging wrathful god
Pours in his fires, and ſhakes his ſounding rod:
He laſhes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her ſtubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, juſt labouring to diſcloſe,
And ſpeak that fate which in her boſom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads croud;
Men, times, and things, or preſent, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been
Rolls in her thought, and to her ſight is ſeen
The ocean's utmoſt bounds her eyes explore
And number every ſand on every ſhore
Nature, and all her works, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt begun, and where her end ſhall be.
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates ſhe proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman deſtiny diſtinguiſh'd took,
And kept it careful in her ſacred book;
So now, Phemonoë, in crouds of thought,
The ſingle doom of Latian Appius ſought.
Nor in that maſs, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with eaſe be found.
At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more diſtinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful bowl, the roomy cavern ſhook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents ſpoke:
While g. t rage the world tumultuous ſends,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge ſhalt thou fly,
There find repoſe, and unmoleſted lie.
She ſaid; the god her labouring tongue ſuppreſt,
And in eternal darkneſs veil'd the reſt.
Ye ſacred Tripods, on whoſe doom we wait
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, oh! Phœbus, whoſe prophetic ſkill
Reads the dark counſels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain,
To tell what kings, what heroes muſt be ſlain,
And how much blood the blushing earth ſhould ſtain?

Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed?
And yet our Pompey was not doomed to bleed?
Or chose you wisely rather to afford
A just occasion to the patriot's sword?
As if you fear'd t' avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?
Through the wide gates at length by force display'd,
Impetuous sallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the god still heaving in her breast:
Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet she rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.
Now horrid purple flushes in her face,
And now a livid pale supplies the place;
A double madness paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear she freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing sighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting bosom blow.
So when no more the storm sonorous sings,
But noisy Boreas hangs his weary wings;
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding main.
Now by degrees the fire æthereal fail'd,
And the dull human sense again prevail'd;
While Phœbus sudden, in a murky shade,
Hid the past vision from the mortal maid:
Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wondrous scene;
Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
While to the Tripod, back, th' informing spirit flies.
Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state;
And, ere the great event of war was known,
Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
Or snatch thee from amidst the general woe!
In times like these, what god but death can save?
The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
Where struggling seas Charystos rude constrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnusia reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are tost
From Chalcis to unlucky Aulis' coast;
There shall thou meet the gods appointed doom,
A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.
To other wars the victor now succeeds,
And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
When the chang'd gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
And cross the long successful course of fate.
Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes,
Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
Grown weary of their chief, and satiated with blood.
Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd,
And slaughter slept in unaccustomed rest:
Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
The soldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
And set the mercenary sword to sale.
Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
What dangers strow these paths the mighty tread.
Then, first he found, on what a faithless base
Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
He who so late, a potent faction's head,
Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
Now stript of all, beheld in every hand
The warriors weapons at their own command;
Nor service now, nor safety they afford,
But leave him single to his guardian sword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
That shun to tell their discontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
And dread of an informer chokes their woe:
But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
And scorn the bashful mean restraints of fear.
For laws, in great rebellions, lose their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.
Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time
To quit thy cause, oh Cæsar! and our crime:
The world around for foes thou hast explor'd,
And lavishly expos'd us to the sword;
To make thee great, a worthless croud we fall,
Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
In every clime beneath the spacious sky,
Our leader conquers, and his soldiers die.
What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
Or that lost blood which stains the Rhine and Rhone?
When scar'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
We come with hopes of recompense prepar'd,
Thou giv'st us war, more war, for our reward.
Though purple rivers in thy cause we spilt,
And stain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
With unavailing wickedness we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the senate spoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we 've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would rise?
If Rome's too little, what can e'er suffice?
Oh, see at length! with pity, Cæsar, see
These withering arms, these hairs grown white for thee.
In painful wars our joyless days have past,
Let weary age lie down in peace at last:
Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And sigh, at home, our parting souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And ask this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To close our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let disease afford
Some other way to die, beside the sword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind,
To some more monstrous mischief yet behind?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deserve by one sure blow?
Thy head, thy head is ours, where'er we please;
Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these:
What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder these determin'd daring hands?
That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,

is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of ſtate.
Nor ſhall this foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial ſcale;
He views our labours with a ſcornful glance,
And calls our victories the works of chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, ſhall learn to own,
His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, Cæſar, ſpite of all thoſe rods that wait,
With mean obſequious ſervice, on thy ſtate;
Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war ſhall ceaſe,
And we thy ſoldiers will command a peace.
He ſpoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inſpir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their abſent chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
And, ſince loſt faith and virtue are no more,
Let Cæſar's hands the public peace reſtore.
What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the laſt deſpair?
But Cæſar, form'd for perils hard and great,
Hardening to drive, and brave oppoſing fate,
While yet with fierceſt fires their furies flame,
Secure, and ſcornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the madneſs riſe,
And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;
With pleaſure could he crown their curſt deſigns,
With rapes of matrons and the ſpoils of ſhrines;
Had they but aſk'd it, well he could approve
The waſte and plunder of Tarpeian Jove:
No mischief he, no ſacrilege, denies,
But would himſelf beſtow the horrid prize.
With joy he ſees their ſouls by rage poſſeſt,
Sooths and indulges every frantic breaſt,
And only fears what reaſon may ſuggeſt.
Still, Cæſar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou ſingly, hate thy country's good?
Shall the rude ſoldier firſt of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?
Give o'er at length, and let thy labours ceaſe,
Nor vex the world, but learn to ſuffer peace.
Why ſhouldſt thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itſelf gives place,
And fierce Enyo ſeems to ſhun thy face.
High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearleſs, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the croud he caſt an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation ſpoke:
Ye noiſy herd! who in ſo fierce a ſtrain
Againſt your abſent leader dare complain;
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he ſtands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-ſought reſt,
And leave your uſeleſs ſwords in Cæſar's breaſt.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail is all your feeble rage can do.
In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
Can ſow ſedition, and increaſe a croud;
You! who can loath the glories of the great,
And poorly meditate a baſe retreat.
But, hence! be gone from victory and me,
Leave me to what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune ſhall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant ſword.
Behold, what crouds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject ſtate!
And ſhall ſucceſs, and Cæſar, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the ſpoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?
Legions ſhall come to end the bloodleſs war,
And ſhouting follow my triumphal car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curſe yourſelves in ſecret as we paſs.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conqueſt, or delay my courſe?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep ſhall ſtill be full, and ſcorn the poor ſupply.
Nor think ſuch vulgar ſouls as yours were given,
To be the taſk of fate, and care of heaven:
Few are the lordly, the diſtinguiſh'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The reſt for common uſe were all deſign'd,
An unregarded rabble of mankind.
By my auſpicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were ſpread,
But ſay, what had you done, with Pompey at your head?
Vaſt was the fame by Labienus won,
When, rank'd amidſt my warlike friends, he ſhone:
Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
And ſee him with his chief new-choſen range;
By land, and ſea, where-e'er my arms he ſpies,
An ignominious runagate he flies.
Such ſhall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
Who quits his leader, whereſo'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of theſe falſe legions known,
You warn me well to change theſe coward bands,
Nor truſt my fate to ſuch betraying hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'ſt me out the way
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay;
Henceforth my care regards myſelf alone,
War's glorious gain ſhall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My enſigns ſhall by manly hands be borne.
Some few of you my ſentence here ſhall wait,
And warn ſucceeding factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your proſtrate necks, my doom attend.
And you, ye younger ſtriplings of the war,
You, whom I mean to make my future care;
Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.
He ſpoke; and, at the impious ſound diſmay'd,
The trembling unreſiſting croud obey'd:
No more their late equality they boaſt,
But bend beneath his frown a ſuppliant hoſt.
Singly ſecure, he ſtands confeſs'd their lord,
And rules, in ſpite of him, the ſoldier's ſword.
Doubtful, at firſt, their patience he ſurveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;

Beyond his hopes he ſees the ſtubborn bow,
And bare their breaſts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed diſclaim,
And would not find their fiercer ſouls ſo tame.
A few, at length, ſelected from the reſt,
Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;
Whilſt the conſenting hoſt the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.
Now to Brunduſium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands aſſembling barks to meet,
And furniſh from the neighbouring ſhores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;
Thither with ſwelling ſails their way they take,
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains riſe,
Where high along the coaſt Garganus lies,
And beating ſeas and fighting winds defies.
Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and faſhion'd to his ſway.
There, with mock prayers, the ſuppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great dictator's ſtate.
Obedient he, ſince thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condeſcends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful Faſti wear,
Worthy to uſher in the curſt Pharſalian year.
Then was the time, when ſycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our fires that fawning lying ſtrain,
Which we, their flaviſh ſons, ſo well retain:
Then, firſt, were ſeen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
The ax of juſtice, with the ſword of war;
Faſces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæſar's train promiſcuous throng.
And while all powers in him alone unite,
He mocks the people with the ſhews of right.
The Martian field th' aſſembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded ſuffrage gives;
Still with the ſame ſolemnity of face,
The reverend augur ſeems to fill his place:
Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor ſees the light of the ill-boding owl.
Then ſunk the ſtate and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly conſuls nominally come:
Juſt as the ſovereign bids their names appear,
To head the calender, and mark the year.
Then too, to finiſh out the pageant ſhow,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the feſtival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god, unworthy, aſk for more;
He who look'd on, and ſaw ſuch foul diſgrace,
Such ſlavery befal his Trojan race.
Now Cæſar, like the flame that cuts the ſkies,
And ſwifter than the vengeful tigreſs flies
Where waſte and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-paſſing ſoon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brunduſium's crooked ſhores, and Cretan walls he gains.
Loud Boreas there his navy cloſe confines,
While wary ſeamen dread the wintery ſigns
But he, th' impatient chief, diſdains to ſpare
Thoſe hours that better may be ſpent in war:
He grieves to ſee his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field.
Eager to rouze their ſloth, behold (he cries!)
The conſtant wind that rules the wintery ſkies,
With what a ſettled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithleſs ſpring.
Nor need we now to ſhift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to ſteer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blaſt
May ſwell the ſail, and bend the lofty maſt!
So, ſhall our navy ſoon be wafted o'er,
Ere yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wiſh'd-for Grecian ſhore.
Cut every cable then, and haſte away;
The waiting winds and ſeas upbraid our long delay.
Low in the weſt the ſetting ſun was laid,
Up roſe the night in glittering ſtars array'd,
And ſilver Cynthia caſt a lengthening ſhade;
When looſing from the ſhore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the ſpreading ſheet;
The ſlacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift, for awhile, they ſcud before the wind,
And leave Heſperia's leſſening ſhores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the maſt the flagging ſail:
The duller waves with ſlower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath conſtrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Boſphori their ſtreams maintain,
Nor ruſhing Iſter heaves the languid main;
Each keel incloſ'd, at once forgets its courſe,
While o'er the new-made champaign bounds the horſe:
Bold on the cryſtal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with ſounding keels the ſtable tide.
So ſtill a form th' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marſh and ſtanding lake:
No breezes o'er the curling ſurface paſs,
Nor ſun-beams tremble in the liquid glaſs;
No uſual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows;
But ſluggiſh ocean ſleeps in ſtupid peace,
And weary nature's motions ſeem to ceaſe.
With differing eyes the hoſtile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and uſeleſs watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain
To plow their paſſage through th' unyielding main;
While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæſar's legions here
The dire diſtreſs of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the ſkies,
That waves may daſh, and mounting billows riſe;
That ſtorms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itſelf again.
At length the ſtill, the ſluggiſh darkneſs fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to paſs upon the ſhore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæſar's anchors bite Palaſte's ſtrand.

In neighbouring camps the hoſtile chiefs ſit down,
Where Genuſus the ſwift, and Apſus run;
Among the ignobler croud of rivers, theſe
Soon loſe their waters in the mingling ſeas:
No mighty ſtreams nor diſtant ſprings they know,
But riſe from muddy lakes, and melting ſnow.
Here meet the rivals who the world divide,
Once by the tenderest bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a ſingle field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Where'er they come thus near, they muſt forgive.
Vain hopes! for ſoon they part to meet no more.
Till both ſhall reach the curſt Egyptian ſhore;
Till the proud father ſhall in arms ſucceed,
And ſee his vanquiſh'd ſon untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his aſhes on the ſtrand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate ſhall Cæſar's tears demand.
The latter yet his eager rage reſtrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæſar often chides his ſtay,
Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray.
Still ſhall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou ſtop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before, was done by me:
Now ready fortune only ſtays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy courſe withſtand,
Or Libyan Syrts oppoſe their faithleſs ſtrand?
Or doſt thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I paſſed before.
For all thoſe hours thou loſeſt, I complain,
And ſee to heaven for proſperous winds in vain.
My ſoldiers (often has their faith been try'd),
If not withheld, had haſten'd to my ſide.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What ſeas and ſhipwrecks ſcorn, for Cæſar's ſake?
Nor will I think the gods ſo partial are,
To give thee fair Auſonia for thy ſhare;
While Cæſar, and the ſenate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot.
In words like theſe, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the haſty miſſives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vaſt ſucceſs his raſher darings crown'd;
Who ſaw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious ſtay,
Reſolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
Bold, in a ſingle ſkiff, he means to go,
And tempt thoſe ſeas that navies dare not plow.
T'was now the time when cares and labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the rage of arms was huſh'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful day.
Through the ſtill camp the night's third hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky ſhade,
Secret the careful warriors footſteps tread.
His train, unknowing, ſlept within this tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The ſleepy centinels beſtrew the ground:
Yet, unreproving, now, he paſs'd them o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding ſhore.
There through the gloom, his ſearching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty maſter of this little boat
Securely ſlept within a neighbouring cot:
No maſſy beams ſupport his humble hall,
But reeds and marſhy ruſhes wove the wall;
Old ſhatter'd planking for a roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy ſhed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior ſtruck,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling ſhook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging ſeas, and ſtormy ſkies,
To my poor lowly roof for ſhelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering ſea-weed ſpread.
Then from the hearth the ſmoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drouſy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he ſupplies,
Till kindling ſparks and glittering flames ariſe.
Oh happy poverty! thou greateſt good,
Beſtow'd by heaven, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here nor the cruel ſpoiler ſeeks his prey,
Nor ruthleſs armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and ſound thy ſleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods and godlike princes chooſe their ſeat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor ſtarts, though Cæſar's call commands to riſe.
What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
How had your towers and ramparts ſhook with fear,
And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader ſaid)
Beyond thy hopes, or wiſhes, to be paid;
If in this inſtant hour thou waft me o'er,
With ſpeedy haſte, to yon Heſperian ſhore,
No more ſhall want thy weary hand conſtrain,
To work thy bark upon the boiſterous main;
Henceforth good days and plenty ſhall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low eſtate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
Be wiſe, and uſe the lucky hour of fate.
Thus he; and though in humble veſtments dreſs'd,
Spite of himſelf, his words his power expreſs'd,
And Cæſar in his bounty ſtood confeſs'd.
To him the wary pilot thus replies:
A thouſand omens threaten from the ſkies;
A thouſand boding ſigns my ſoul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the ſeas by night.
In clouds the ſetting ſun obſcur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy weſt with red:
Now north, now ſouth, he ſhot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the ſullen black with golden gleams:
Pale ſhone his middle orb with faintiſh rays,
And ſuffer'd mortal eyes at eaſe to gaze.

Nor roſe the ſilver queen of night ſerene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were ſeen,
With foggy ſtains and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful a while ſhe ſhone all fiery red,
Then ſicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor leſs I fear from that hoarſe hollow roar,
In leafy groves, and on the founding ſhore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run acroſs, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forſake,
And ſoaring herns avoid the plaſhy lake;
While, waddling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if ſome great enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My venturous bark the troubled deep ſhall try,
To thy wiſh'd port her plunging prow ſhall ply,
Unleſs the ſeas reſolve to beat us by.
He ſpoke; and ſpread his canvas to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the ſhore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they paſt,
Long trails of light the ſhooting meteors caſt;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion ſeem,
Shake through the blaſt, and dart a quivering beam;
Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds ariſe,
And growl from every quarter of the ſkies.
When thus the trembling maſter, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loſs; the various tide
Beats my unſtable bark on every ſide:
From the north-weſt the ſetting current ſwells,
While ſouthern ſtorms the driving rack foretels.
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is loſt,
Nor can one relick of our wreck be toſt
By winds, like theſe, on fair Heſperia's coaſt.
Our only means of ſafety is to yield,
And meaſure back with haſte the foamy field;
To give our unſucceſsful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring ſhore.
But Cæſar, ſtill ſuperior to diſtreſs,
Fearleſs, and confident of ſure ſucceſs,
Thus to the pilot loud—The ſeas deſpiſe,
And the vain threatening of the noiſy ſkies.
Though gods deny thee yon Auſonian ſtrand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cauſe thy fears,
Thou know'ſt not what a freight thy veſſel bears;
Thou know'ſt not I am he, to whom 't is given
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let winds, and ſeas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waſte upon themſelves their empty rage;
A ſtronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæſar's fate depend.
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful ſcene;
And wonder'ſt what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raiſe,
And from my dangers arrogate new praiſe;
Amidſt the fears of death they bid me live,
And ſtill enhance what they are ſure to give.
Then leave yon ſhore behind with all thy haſte,
Nor ſhall this idle fury longer laſt.
Thy keel auſpicious ſhall the ſtorm appeaſe,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer ſeas,
And reach Brunduſium's ſafer port with eaſe.
Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'T is what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.
Thus while in vaunting words the leader ſpoke;
Full on his bark the thundering tempeſt ſtruck;
Off rips the rending canvas from the maſt,
And whirling flits before the driving blaſt;
In every joint the groaning alder ſounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thouſand wounds.
Now, riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the ruſhing wind:
Firſt from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempeſtuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-eaſt encountering fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding tide.
The curling ſurges loud conflicting meet,
Daſh their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian ſtrand,
Plows up the waves, and ſcoops the loweſt ſand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor ſhowery Notus in th' Æoliaſt cell;
But each from every ſide, his power to boaſt,
Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coaſt.
Equal in might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
While in the midſt the ſeas unmov'd remain:
In leſſer wars they yield to ſtormy heaven,
And captive waves to other deeps are driven;
The Tyrrhene billows daſh Ægean ſhores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then muſt earth the ſwelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
And gave herſelf for loſt, the conquering water's prey.
What other worlds, what ſeas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten ſhore!
What diſtant deeps, their prodigies to boaſt,
Heav'd their huge monſters on the Auſonian coaſt!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new puniſhment diſplay'd,
And call'd his watery brother to his aid:
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer ſtand confin'd;
At once the ſurges o'er the nations riſe,
And ſeas are only bounded by the ſkies.
Such now the ſpreading deluge had been ſeen,
Had not the Almighty Ruler ſtood between;
Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd
Confeſs'd his hand ſuppreſſing, and were ſtay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common ſhade of night,
The friendly darkneſs that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling ſeas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the ſtruggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulſion ſtruck,
Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis ſhook:

Spear, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
And broke the sacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the blest abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only Hope, when every other fail'd,
With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd;
The storm that fought their ruin prov'd them strong.
Nor could they fall, who stood that shock so long.
High as Lucania's lessening cliffs arise,
On the tall billow's top the vessel flies:
While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
With giddy eyes surveys the depth below.
When straight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
And the low liquid vale the topmast hides,
The trembling shipman, all distraught with fear,
Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer;
No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow.
But, lo! the storm itself assistance lends,
While one assaults, another wave defends:
This lays the sidelong alder on the main,
And that restores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds she plies,
Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies;
There born aloft, she apprehends no more,
Or Ionian Sason, or Thessalia's shore;
High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
And learns to touch Ceraunia's airy brow.
At length the universal wreck appear'd,
To Cæsar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all these pains, this toil of fate he cries)
This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
All nature and the gods, at once alarm'd,
Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
Ah, ah ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to these rude seas;
Be warm, and in the fighting field to die,
Fortune, my first of wishes, you deny;
My soul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence assigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Tho' short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
My life, already, stands the noblest theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
The northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
Senior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a second place in Rome.
My country has my high behests obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
Sovereign my, all honours are my own,
Consul, dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
Cæsar thus poorly to the shades below.
Dispose, ye gods, my carcase as you please,
Only let it drown beneath these raging seas;
Ask no urn my ashes to infold,
No marble monuments, nor shrines of gold;
Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me still, and think I am to come;
So shall my name with terror still be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.
He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate, as before,
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.
Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors croud, their leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murmuring legions stand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
What means too-daring Cæsar (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky!
What a vile helpless herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life so many thousands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.
And could'st thou not one faithful soldier find,
One equal to his mighty master's mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous night?
While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys,
To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And scatter all the lavish gods have given?
Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high?
Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:
He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand.
In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
Till the gray east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid,
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails,
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
The pilots, and the wind, conspire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide:
Decent they move, like some well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's wintery banks the cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut the æthereal plains;
To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly.
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.
The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
And hard upon the straining canvas blows.

Scudding afore him ſwift the fleet he bore,
O'er-paſſing Lyſſus, to Nymphæum's ſhore;
There ſafe from northern winds, within the port they moor.
While thus united Cæſar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great deciſion near;
Sad Pompey's ſoul uneaſy thoughts infeſt,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breaſt.
To diſtant Leſbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war the partner of his love.
Oh, who can ſpeak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderneſs which pious lovers feel?
Who can their ſecret pangs and ſorrows tell,
With all the croud of cares that in their boſoms dwell?
See what new paſſions now the hero knows,
Now firſt he doubts ſucceſs, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the ſtriſe,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to ſpeak, but knows not how,
Knows they muſt part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting ſhades began to leave the ſky,
And ſlumber ſoft forſook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia preſt
Her lord, reluctant, to her ſnowy breaſt:
Wondering, ſhe found he ſhunn'd her juſt embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the ſudden woe, ſhe griev'd,
And ſcarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he: My trueſt wife,
To ſay how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expreſſes what my heart would ſhow,
Since life, alas! is grown my burthen now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæſar calls me to the fight.
Haſte then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Leſbian iſle attends thy peaceful ſeat:
Nor ſeek, oh! ſeek not to increaſe my cares,
Seek not to change my purpoſe with thy prayers;
Myſelf, in vain, the fruitleſs ſuit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy diſtance will increaſe thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will ſoon be near,
Too ſoon the fatal news ſhall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with juſt and equal fires,
Nor doſt thou love as virtue's law requires;
If thoſe ſoft eyes can ev'n thy huſband bear,
Red with the ſtains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets ſound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my ſorrows with thy charms,
And riſe to battle from theſe tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy abſence to the public woe.
But thou be hid, be ſafe from every fear,
While kings and nations in deſtruction ſhare:
Shun thou the cruſh of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better part,
To ſoothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with pleaſure to the dear retreat.
Stunn'd and aſtoniſh'd at the deadly ſtroke,
All ſenſe, at firſt, the matron ſad forſook.
Motion, and life, and ſpeech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heavieſt woe ſhe mourns:
No, Pompey! 't is not that my lord is dead,
'T is not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like ſome baſe plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel huſband ſtand divorc'd.
But Cæſar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we muſt yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith ſo poorly known,
That thou ſhould'ſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canſt thou, inhuman, drive me from thy ſide,
And bid my ſingle head the coming ſtorm abide!
Do I not read thy purpoſe in thy eye?
Doſt thou not hope, and wiſh, even now to die?
And can I then be ſafe? Yet death is free,
That laſt relief is not denied to me;
Though baniſh'd by thy harſh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
Thou bidſt me with the pangs of abſence ſtrive,
And, till I hear thy certain loſs, ſurvive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, ſhall bear;
But, oh! my heart 's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In diſtant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the laſt thy victory to know.
On ſome bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A conſtant watch thy weeping wife ſhall keep:
There from each fail misfortune ſhall I gueſs,
And dread the bark that brings me thy ſucceſs.
Nor ſhall thoſe happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquiſh'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceleſs I may ſtill be made a prize,
And Cæſar ſnatch me with him as he flies:
With eaſe my known retreat he ſhall explore,
While thy great name diſtinguiſhes the ſhore:
Soon ſhall the Leſbian exile ſtand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if the o'er-ruling powers thy cauſe forſake,
Grant me this only laſt requeſt I make;
When thou ſhalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy ſafety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But chooſe a refuge in ſome diſtant part.
Where-e'er thy unauſpicious bark ſhall ſteer,
Thy ſad Cornelia's fatal ſhore forbear,
Since Cæſar will be ſure to ſeek thee there.
So ſaying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with ſorrow, left her holy bed:
She ſees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And ruſhes headlong to poſſeſs the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One laſt embrace from her forſaken lord.
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whoſe lives had laſted long, and been ſo true,
To loſe the pleaſure of one laſt adieu.
In all the woful days that croſs'd their bliſs,
Sure never hour was known ſo ſad as this;
By what they ſuffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-ſorrows with diſdain,
And fortune ſhot her envious ſhafts in vain.

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train offic ous haſten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, ſlow-deſcending o'er the ſtrand.
There, while with eager arms ſhe graſp'd the ſhore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, theſe pangs, ſhe knew,
When from her native Italy ſhe flew:
Lonely, and comfortleſs, ſhe takes her flight,
Sad ſeems the day, and long the ſleepleſs night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her ſide.
When weary oft in heavineſs ſhe lies,
And dozy ſlumber ſteals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord ſhe would have preſt,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breaſt.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful ſhe lies, and reſtleſs oft ſhe turns.
She ſhuns his ſacred ſide with awful fear,
And would not be convinced he is not there.
But, oh! too ſoon the want ſhall be ſupply'd,
The gods ſo cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey ſhall be fatally reſtor'd.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after ſeveral marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vaſt line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after ſuffering for want of Proviſions, and a very gallant reſiſtance of Scævo, a centurion of Cæſar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæſar makes another unſucceſsful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Theſſaly: And Pompey againſt the perſuaſion and counſel of his friends follows him. After a deſcription of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Theſſaly, the poet takes occaſion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the ſorcereſs Erictho.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height.
The Latian chiefs prepare for ſudden fight.
The rival pair ſeem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman ſtate.
Cæſar, intent upon his hoſtile ſon,
Demands a conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what laurels captive towns muſt yield,
And ſcorns the harveſt of the Grecian field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that laſt, great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice, on the hills all drawn in dread array,
His threatening eagles wide their wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile arms he ſhew'd,
His ready rage, and thirſt of Latian blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
Through woody paths he bent his ſecret way,
And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his prey.
This Pompey ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy marches on the ſandy ſhore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's top he ſtay'd,
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boaſt,
The works of labour, and expenſive coſt.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs pain!
What walls, what towers ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to wars, or more deſtructive time;
While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortreſs made,
Where nature's hand the ſure foundation laid,
And with her ſtrength the naked town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the warrior's rage,
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded, around, by ſteepy rocks it lies,
And all acceſs from land, but one, denies.
No venturous veſſel there in ſafety rides,
But foaming ſurges break, and ſwelling tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craggy ſides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmaſt cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty domes, and daſh the town below.
Here Cæſar's daring heart vaſt hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the taſk to try,
And runs each diſtance over with his eye.
Vaſt heaps of ſod and verdant turf are brought,
And ſtones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work ſupplies,
And ſudden ramparts from their ruins riſe.
With wondrous ſtrength the ſtable mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear.
Through hills, reſiſtleſs, Cæſar plains his way,
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vaſt tracts of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and foreſts in the circle bind,
And hold as in a toil the ſavage kind.

Nor ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vast inclosure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground.
Here, from far fountains, streams their channels trace,
And, while they wander through the tedious space,
Run many a mile their long extended race:
While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are lost before they reach the sea:
Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he goes,
Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.
Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone can build, and gods destroy;
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen
The labours of the Babylonian queen:
Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground!
Like that, which Tigres or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majesty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eastern king;
Behold a Latian chief this land inclose,
Amidst the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls arise, and as he bade they rose
But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitless boast!
Ev'n these, these mighty labours are all lost!
A force like this what barriers could withstand?
Seas must have fled, and yielded to the land;
The lovers shores united might have stood,
Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood,
While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
This power might change unwilling nature's face,
Unfix each order, and remove each place.
Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Lybian and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labour's try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was deferry'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horid sound, the happy swain
Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
So, northern Britons never hear the roar
Of seas, that break on the far Cantian shore.
Soon as the rising ramparts hostile height,
And towers advancing, struck his anxious sight,
Sudden from Petra's safer camp he led,
And wide his legions on the hills dispread;
So, Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various strength defend.
His camp far o'er the large inclosure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were stretch'd;
Far as Rome's distance from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia which the chaste Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no signals for the sight prepare,
Unbidden, some the javelin dart from far,
And, skirmishing, provoke the lingering war.
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
And move, the soldiers ardour to repress.
Pompey, with secret anxious thought beheld,
How trampling hoofs the rising grass repell'd;
Waste lie the russet fields, the generous steed
Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns.
No more his limbs their dying load sustain,
Aiming a stride, he faulters in the strain,
And sinks a ruin on the withering plain:
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away.
Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds and hang malignant there.
From Nesis such, the Stygian vapours rise,
And with contagion taint the purer skies;
Such do Typhœus' steamy caves convey,
And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
Thence liquid streams the mingling plague receive,
And deadly potions to the thirsty give:
To man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize.
A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
Malignant flames his swelling eye-balls dart,
And seem with anguish from their seats to start;
Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray,
And mark, in crimson streaks, their burning way;
Low droops his head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
And scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies;
Now falling crowds at once resign their breath,
And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
Careless their putrid carcases are spread;
And on the earth their dank unwholesome bed,
The living rest in common with the dead.
Here none the last funeral rites receive;
To be cast forth the camp, is all their friends can give.
At length kind heaven their sorrows bade to cease,
And staid the pestilential foe's increase;
Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank polluted skies.
Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad:
Now sprightly strength, now cheerful health, returns,
And life's fair lamp, rekind'ed, brightly burns.
But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky:
On hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
And drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours there.
Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found;
Famine and meagre want besiege him round.

The fields, as yet, no hopes of harveſt wear,
Nor yellow ſtems diſcloſe the bearded ear.
The ſcattered vulgar ſearch around the fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
And with the cattle ſhare their graſſy food.
Whate'er the ſoftening flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws can break;
What fleſh, what roots, what herbs ſoe'er they get,
Though new, and ſtrange to human taſte as yet,
At once the greedy ſoldiers ſeize and eat.
What want, what pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in arms, and cloſe beſet the foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the bounds of one appointed field,
O'er every bar which might his paſſage ſtay,
Pompey reſolves to force his warlike way;
Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
And give his looſen'd legions room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Nor ſteals a paſſage, nor declines the fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the foe,
Through the proud towers and ramparts breach to go.
Where ſhining ſpears; and creſted helms are ſeen,
Embattled thick to guard the walls within;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a paſſage for his ſword.
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay,
Cloſe was the ſhade, nor did the greenſward-way
With ſmoky clouds of duſt the march betray.
Hence, ſudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide-extended ranks diſplay;
At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles riſe;
At once the warriors ſhouts and trumpet-ſounds ſurpriſe.
Scarce was the ſword's deſtruction needful here,
So ſwiftly ran before preventing fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where-e'er they ſtood, now ſcatter'd lie the ſlain,
Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here ſwift conſuming flames the victor's throw,
And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
Aloft the nodding turrets feel the ſtroke,
And the vaſt rampart groans beneath the ſhock.
And now propitious fortune ſeem'd to doom
Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome;
High o'er the vanquiſh'd works his eagles tower,
And vindicate the world from Cæſar's power.
But (what nor Cæſar, nor his fortune cou'd)
What not ten thouſand warlike hands withſtood,
Scæva reſiſts alone; repels the force,
And ſtops the rapid victor in his courſe.
Scæva! a name ever loſt to fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the Gallic plain;
There ſeen in hardy deeds of arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian line.
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawleſs tyrant's will;
Nor virtue's love, nor reaſon's laws he knew,
But, careleſs of the right, for hire his ſword he drew.
Thus courage by an impious cauſe is curſt,
And he that is the braveſt, is the worſt.
Soon as he ſaw his fellows ſhun the fight,
And ſeek their ſafety in ignoble flight,
Whence does, he ſaid, this coward's terror grow,
This ſhame, unknown to Cæſar's arms till now?
Can you, ye ſlaviſh herd, thus tame y yield?
Thus fly, ran ounded, from the bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in ſlaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the laſt, your brave companions lie;
Then bluſh to think what wretched lives you ſave,
From what renown you fly, from what a glorious grave.
Though ſacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
We! we the weakeſt, from the reſt are choſe,
To yield a paſſage to our ſcornful foes!
Yet, Pompey, yet, thou ſhalt be yet withſtood,
And ſtain thy victor's laurel deep in blood
With pride 'tis true, with joy I ſhould have dy'd
If haply I had fall'n by Cæſar's ſide;
But fortune has the noble death deny'd.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame ſhall wait,
Do thou be witneſs, and applaud my fate.
Now puſh we on, diſdain we now to fear,
A thouſand wounds let every boſom bear,
Till the keen ſword be blunt, and broke the pointed ſpear.
And ſee the clouds of duſty battle riſe!
Hark how the ſound runs rattling through the ſkies!
The diſtant legions catch the ſounds from far,
And Cæſar liſtens to the thundering war.
He comes, he comes, yet ere his ſoldier dies,
Like lightning ſwift the winged warrior flies:
Haſte then to death, to conqueſt haſte away;
Well do we fall, for Cæſar wins the day.
He ſpoke, and ſtraight, as at the trumpet's ſound,
Rekindled warmth in every breaſt was found;
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-ſoldier's fate,
To ſee if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With ſlaughter'd carcaſſes around him ſpread;
With nervous arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms ſupply.
Even his fierce ſelf he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a blow.

Now his tough ſtaff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold aſſailants back:
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcaſe falls,
Whilſt the clench'd fingers gripe the topmoſt wall's:
H re ſtones he heaves; the maſs deſcending full,
Cra ſhes the brain, and ſhivers th frail ſcull.
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the flames hiſs in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimſon drown'd.
An now the ſwelling heaps of ſlaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, ſo void of fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted pard, and ſcorns the hunter's ſpear.
The cloſing ranks the warrior ſtraight enfold,
And compaſs'd in their ſteely circle, hold.
Undaunted ſtill, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercomes;
Till clogg'd with blood, his ſword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful maſter's will;
Edgeleſs it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruiſes ſore.
Mean time, on him the crowding war is bent,
And darts from every hand, to him are ſent:
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel ſport ordain'd the fight;
A wondrous match of war ſhe ſeem'd to make,
Her thouſands here, and there her one to ſtake;
As if on nightly terms in liſts they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thouſand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thouſand javelins round his temples ſing;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His ſteely helm is inward taught to bow.
The miſſive arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his ſafety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of ſpears.
Ceaſe, ye Pompeian warriors! ceaſe the ſtrife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this ſingle life;
Your darts, your idle javelins caſt aſide,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide:
The forceful rams reſiſtleſs horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vaſt machines of war;
Let dreadful flames, let maſſy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæſar's ſoldier, like a town.
At length, his fame diſdaining to delay,
He hurls his ſhield's neglected aid away,
Reſolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But ſtands unguarded now on every ſide.
Incumber'd ſore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and ſtiff he treads the hoſtile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the croud ſurvey,
Mark where to fix, and ſingle out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unwieldy elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely ſhower from far.
Rouzing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war;
In vain the diſtant troops the fight renew,
And with freſh rage the ſtubborn foe purſue;
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty ſavage ſtands,
And ſcorns the malice of a thouſand hands.
Not all the wounds a thouſand darts can make,
Though all find place, a ſingle life can take.
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful vow,
A ſhaft, ſure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left orb of ſight.
But he (ſo rage inſpir'd, and mad diſdain)
Remorſeleſs fell, and ſenſeleſs of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With ſtringy nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Tranſfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's ſpear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with pain,
And catches at the flying ſhaft in vain.
Down from his eyeleſs hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled viſſage flow'd
Deform'd each awful, each ſeverer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face.
The victors raiſe their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph ſtrike the vaulted ſky;
Not Cæſar thus a general joy had ſpread,
Though Cæſar's ſelf like Scæva thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded ſoldier, in his breaſt,
The riſing indignation deep repreſt,
And thus, in humble vein his haughty foes addreſt:
Here let your rage, ye Romans, ceaſe, he ſaid,
And lend your fellow-citizens your aid;
No more your darts nor uſeleſs javelins try,
Theſe, which I bear, will deaths enow ſupply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious fate for you.
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit ev'n Cæſer, ſo I fly from death.
The wretched Aulus liſten'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future ſpoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedleſs caſe,
He thought the captive and his arms to ſeize,
When, ere he was aware, his thundering ſword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva goar'd.
Warm'd with the ſlaughter, with freſh rage he burns,
And vigour with the new ſucceſs returns.
So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt deceit,
Such be their fate, ſuch as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquiſh'd yet!
If you would ſtop the vengeance of my ſword,
From Cæſar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy me
Baſe, like yourſelves, and fond of life to be!

But know, not all the names which grace your cauſe,
Your reverend ſenate, and your boaſted laws,
Not Pompey's ſelf, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.
Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing duſt betray'd
Cæſarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence ſeem to yield,
And to encreaſing numbers quit the field;
Diſſembling ſhame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle arm retreat.
Then fell the warrior, for till then he ſtood; 420
His manly mind ſupply'd the want of blood.
It ſeem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppoſe, from oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell. 425
Straight with officious haſte his friends draw near,
And, raiſing, joy the noble load to bear:
To reverence and religious awe inclin'd
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breaſt inſhrin'd.
The wounding weapons, ſtain'd with Scæva's blood,
Like ſacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.
Oh! happy ſoldier had thy worth been try'd, 435
In pious daring, on thy country's ſide!
Oh! had thy ſword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with antabrian ſlaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathleſs annals ſhone!
But now no Roman Pæan ſhalt thou ſing, 440
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn pomp ſhalt move,
Through crowding ſtreets, to Capitolian Jove,
The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapleſs victor thou! oh, vainly brave! 445
How haſt thou fought, to make thyſelf a ſlave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor reſts encompaſs'd round by Cæſar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day. 450
So when fierce winds with angry ocean ſtrive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable a while the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud ſurge, and ſtay the ſwelling tide.
Yet reſtleſs ſtill the waves unweary'd roll, 455
Work underneath at length, and ſap the ſinking mole.
With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the ſhore the jutting wall extends:
There proves, by land and ſea, his various might,
And wins his paſſage by the double fight. 460
Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their cloſe camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting ſtreams of Alpine ſnow,
Beyond his utmoſt margin ſwells the Po,
And looſely lets the ſpreading deluge flow:
Where-e'er the weaker banks oppreſt retreat, 466
And ſink beneath the heapy waters weight,
Forth guſhing at the breach, they burſt their way,
And waſteful o'er the drowned country ſtray:
Far diſtant fields and meads they wander o'er, 470
And viſit lands they never knew before;
Here, from its ſeat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other maſters borne;
While gathering, there, it heaps the growing ſoil,
And loads the peaſant with his neighbour's ſpoil. 475
Soon as aſcending high a riſing flame,
To Cæſar's ſight, the combats ſignal came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruins ſcatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
Thence to the hoſtile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace and ſleep ſecure, he mourns,
With rancorous deſpite, and envious anguiſh, burns.
At length reſolv'd (ſo rage inſpir'd his breaſt) 485
He means to break the happy victor's reſt;
Once more to kindle up the fatal ſtrife,
And daſh their joys with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
(Torquatus near a neighbouring caſtle lay)
But he, by prudent caution taught to yield, 490
Truſts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There ſafe within himſelf, he ſtands his ground,
And lines the guarded ramparts ſtrongly round.
So when the ſeamen from afar deſcry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering ſky
Hear the winds roar, and mark the ſeas run high,
They furl the fluttering ſheet with timely care,
And wiſely for the coming ſtorm prepare.
But now the victor, with reſiſtleſs haſte,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had paſt; 500
When ſwift deſcending from the riſing grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe ſurrounds.
As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vaſt furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
Rouz'd in this baleful bower the giant roars, 505
And with a burſt the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror ſhrieks the ſhuddering ſwain,
To ſee the fiery ruin ſpread the plain.
Nor with leſs horror Cæſar's bands behold
Huge hoſtile duſty clouds their rear infold, 510
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to ſhun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fate they run.
Well, on that day, the world repoſe had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war reſtrain'd.
Oh, Rome, how free, how happy hadſt thou been!
Thy own great miſtreſs, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla, then, thy great avenger ſtood,
And dy'd his thirſt ſword in traitors blood.
But, oh! for ever ſhalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthleſs father, and too tender ſon.
With fatal pity, Pompey, haſt thou ſpar'd,
And given the blackeſt crime the beſt reward:
How had that one, one happy day, withheld 525
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!

The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
Than some vile Ptolmey's untimely fate;
Nor Afric, then, nor Juba, had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghosts aton'd;
Cato had, for his country's good, survive'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And fate had undecreed Pharsalia's plain.
But Cæsar, weary of th' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wise,
To quit the battle's foe's pursuit advise.
To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
Oh! never (he replies) shall Pompey come,
Like Cæsar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from those sacred walls have fled,
Could I have born our streets with slaughter red,
And seen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's frost;
Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
No clime, no distant region, is too far,
Where I can banish, with me, fatal war.
I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease;
And shall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain.
He spoke, and eastward sought the forest wide,
That rising clothes Candavia's shady side;
Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
Reserv'd by fate for the deciding day.
Where Eurus blows, and wintry suns arise,
Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves from shades supplies.
On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
When glittering Vesper leads the starry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle space, a valley low depress'd;
Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd;
While gr wing still the heapy waters flood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the gushing flood:
But when Alcides to the task apply'd,
And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
Gushing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' encreasing load.
Then rose (oh, that it still a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
Once subject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast;
Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the Muses' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa stood,
When Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd;
Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now
A plain, submitted to the labouring plow.
Here stood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Bœotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
Here fed Agave's wandering senses return'd,
Here for her murder'd son the mother mourn'd;
With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relick laid.
The gushing waters various soon divide,
And every river rules a separate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos blushes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian sea
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls.
Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbouring isles he laves;
While pure Amphrysus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain,
And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
And, sounding, to the Malian gulph descends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise.
Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
And strong Apidanus drives slow Enipeus on.
A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and lost in Peneus' nobler name.
Bold Titaresus scorns his rule, alone,
And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a superior tide.
'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.
When rising grounds uprear'd at length their heads,
And rivers shrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians first are said, with early care,
In furrows deep to sink the shining share.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes invade the mellow soil.
To these the bold Æolidæ succeed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery steed,
And Minyæ, to explore the deep, decreed.
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother Cloud disclos'd the Centaurs' race:
In Pelethronian caves she brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monstrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled storms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.
Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus try'd
To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
'Tis justly by the fatal shaft he dy'd.
This parent land the pious leach confest,
Chiron, of all the double race the best:
'Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
And threats the Scorpion with his bended bow.

Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the first Thessalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent stroke,
Omen of war, the neighing courser broke;
Here, taught by skilful riders to submit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.
From fair Thessalia's Pegasæan shore,
The first bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the sons of earthwide oceans to explore.
Here, when Itonus held the regal seat,
The stubborn steel he first subdu'd with heat,
And the tough bars on sounding anvils beat:
In furnaces he ran the liquid brass,
And cast in curious works the molten mass,
He taught the ruder artist to refine,
Explor'd the silver and the golden mine,
And stamp'd the costly metal into coin.
From that old æra avarice was known,
Then all the deadly seeds of war was sown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
And those curst pieces were the bane of man.
Huge Python, here, in many a scaly fold,
To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:
Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
Here proud Alæus durst the gods defy,
And taught his impious brood to scale the sky:
While mountains pil'd on mountains intefere
With heaven's bright orb, and stop the circling sphere.
To this curst land, by Fate's appointed doom,
With one consent the warring leaders come;
Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
To see the terrible event so near.
A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.
But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
And born to be his nobler sire's disgrace.
A day shall come, when this inglorious son
Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won:
A thief, the spoiler, shall he live confess'd,
And act those wrongs his father's arm redress'd.
Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
He pries into that fate he fears to know;
Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
The Delphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
No priestly Augur's arts employ his cares,
Nor Babylonian seers, who read the stars;
He nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
Nor any just, though secret, rites inquires;
But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
Dire mysteries of magic he explores,
Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors
He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
And seeks accurst assistance from below.
The place itself the impious means supplies,
While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by fablehood told,
Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
Their art can furnish, and their power makes true.
The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use:
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And listening rocks attend the charmer's song.
There potent and mysterious plants arise,
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the skies;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
Through the whole vast expanse, each power attends;
Ev'n all those sullen deities who know
No care of heaven above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Assyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian priests, their local gods detain;
From every altar loose at once they fly,
And with the stronger foreign call comply.
The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm;
With monstrous power they rouse perverse desire,
And kindle into lust the wintry fire:
Where noxious cups, and poisonous philtres fail,
More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.
No draughts so strong the knots of love prepare,
Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
Oft, sullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
Melt, as the thread runs on, and sighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud enchantress gives command,
Eternal motion stops her active hand;
No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But universal nature stands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to rise,
And everlasting night pollutes the skies.
Jove wonders, to behold her shake the pole,
And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,
And blots the wide æthereal azure space;
Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
And straight the stormy lowering heavens are fair:
At once, she calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizly rain.
In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high,
And smooths the deep, though Boreas shakes the sky;
When winds are hush'd, her potent breath prevails,
Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock suspended hung.
No more the Nile his wonted seasons knows,
And in a line the straight Meander flows.

Arar has rush'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.
Huge mountains have been level'd with the plain,
And far from heaven has tall Olympius lain.
Riphæan crystal has been known to melt,
And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.
No longer prest by Cynthia's moister beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But shun the margin of the guarded shore.
The ponderous earth, by magic number struck,
Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;
Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether day;
While wondering eyes, the dreadful cleft between,
Another starry firmament have seen.
Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
Lions, to them, their nobler rage submit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
For them, the snake foregoes her wintery hold,
And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,
And blasted vipers die by human breath.
What law the heavenly natures thus constrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
What wondrous pow'rs do charms and herbs imply,
And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror sway?
Do secret rites their deities atone,
Or mystic piety to man unknown?
Do strong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god their slave?
One, whose command obedient nature awes,
Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
Acts only as a servile second cause?
Magic the starry lamps from heaven can tear,
And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air;
Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene,
And poison with foul spells the silver queen:
Now pale the ghastly goddess shrinks with dread,
And now black smoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interposing shade
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid;
Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
And labours with the long pursuing pain;
Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam.
But these, as arts too gentle, and too good
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embrued,
With haughty scorn the fierce Erictho view'd.
New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hospitable roof she flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
And sits in black assemblies of the fiends.
Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome burden grow;
Ghastly and frightful-pale her face is seen.
Unknown to chearful day, and skies serene:
But when the stars are veil'd, when storms arise,
And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, she takes her wicked way,
And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play.
Where-e'er she breathes, blue poisons round her spread,
The withering grass avows her fatal tread,
And drooping Cares hangs her blasted head.
Not holy rites, nor suppliant prayer she knows
Nor seeks the gods with sacrifice, or vows:
What'e'e she offers is the spoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs she send a second voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling gods comply.
Oft in the grave the trembling has she laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile she seeks her prey,
And bears the smoking ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the sad father's hand,
Seizes the shroud's loose fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on every part she flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.
Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
And from the cross dead murderers unloose:
Her charms the use of sun-dry'd marrow find,
And husky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy sinews oft her jaws are strung,
And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where-e'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies;
Nor then content to seize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws she tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand,
When human gore her cursed rites demand.
Whether some tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's side is torn;
Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the first gushing of the flood;
All mischief is of use, and every murder good.

When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She ſtands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks ſhe tears,
Or cuts left-handed ſome ſelected hairs.
Oft when in death her gaſping kindred lay,
Some pious office would ſhe feign to pay;
And while cloſe hovering o'er the bed ſhe hung,
Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;
Then, in hoarſe murmurs, ere the ghoſt could go,
Mutter'd ſome meſſage to the ſhades below.
A fame like this around the region ſpread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her fable courſe the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy ſun;
When the vile youth in ſilence croſs'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthleſs train.
Through ruins waſte and old, long wandering round,
Lonely upon a rock the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in ſullen mood ſhe ſate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that ſame hour ſhe ran new numbers o'er,
And ſpells unheard by hell itſelf before;
Fearful, leſt wavering deſtiny might change,
And bid the war in diſtant regions range.
She charm'd Pharſalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the ſlaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reigu,
And riot in the plenty of the ſlain:
So, may a royal ghoſt ſhe may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthleſs hand,
And rob of many an urn Heſperia's mourning land.
Already ſhe enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what ſpoils the rival chiefs ſhall yield;
With what fell rage each corſe ſhe ſhall invade,
And fly rapacious on the proſtrate dead.
To her, a lowly ſuppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy ſon:
Hail! mighty miſtreſs of Hæmonian arts,
To whom ſtern Fate her dark decrees imparts;
At thy approving, bids her purpoſe ſtand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes preſume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou ſhalt know me for great Pompey's ſon;
With him all fortunes am I bound to ſhare,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.
Let not blind chance for ever wavering ſtand,
And awe us with her unreſolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.

Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herſelf her fatal purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike, and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy ſkill divine foreſee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magic flame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid ſmile, the hag replies.
Hadſt thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any leſs deciſion of the ſword,
The gods, unwilling, ſhould my power confeſs,
And crown thy wiſhes with a full ſucceſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle friend to ſave,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave;
Or would thy hate ſome foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.
But when effects are to their cauſes chain'd,
From everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:
Then far behind we own our arts are caſt,
And magic is by fortune's pow'r ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy ſoul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd event:
My potent charms o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand mouths extort the tale:
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, ſhall tell,
The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:
Though, ſtill, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
Of theſe a corſe our myſtic rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
So ſhall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the ſad ſhade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human ſound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double darkneſs ſpread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footſteps tread.
Wolves howl'd, and fled where'er ſhe took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey:
The ſavage race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And while ſhe culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcaſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping with her gory fingers, tries;
Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.
Of all the flitting ſhadows of the ſlain,
Fate doubts which ghoſt ſhall turn to life again.
At her ſtrong bidding (ſuch is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian ſtrand;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms.
And legion's of the dead had ris'n to arms
Among the dreadful carnage ſtrew'd around,
One, for her purpoſe fit, at length ſhe found;

In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,
And drag'd the wretched lifeless load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she staid,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
There evermore the wicked witch delights,
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practice hellish rites.
Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,
Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground; 990
A downward grove, that never knew to rise,
Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies,
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful shade;
Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell, 995
And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.
There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but such as magic flames disclose;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
An dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air. 1000
These meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vassals to resort;
Thence with like ease the sorceress could tell, 1005
As if descending down, the deeds of hell.
And now she for the solemn task prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads she wears,
And binds with twining snakes her wilder hairs.
All pale, for dread, the dastard youth she spy'd, 1010
Heartless his mates stood quivering by his side.
Be bold! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear;
Living and human shall the form appear,
And breathe no sounds but what even you may hear.
How had your vile, your coward souls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld; 1016
Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphurs roar,
And burst in thunder on the burning shore?
Had you survey'd yon prison-house of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below? 1020
Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell,
Heard screaming furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell?
This said, she rubs the mangled carcase o'er,
And wipes from every wound the crusty gore; 1025
Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,
And with strong lunar dew confirms her charms.
Anon she mingles every monstrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the spotted Lynx she lacks, 1030
Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her store the tardy Remora supplies,
With stones from eagles warm, and dragon's eyes;
Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way; 1036
And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey;
The viper bred in Erythræan streams,
To guard in costly shells the growing gems;
The slough by Lybia's horned serpent cast,
With ashes by the dying Phœnix plac'd
On odorous altars in the fragrant east.
To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
A thousand poisons never known to fame:
Herbs o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,
And wet with curs'd spittle as they sprung; 1046
With every other mischief most abhorr'd,
Which hell, or worse Erictho, could afford.
At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard,
Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian god's rever'd:
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful shrieching of the midnight owl; 1055
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the shore;
The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud: 1059
'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods bespeaks.
Ye Furies! and thou black accurs'd hell!
Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos, the world and form's eternal foe!
And thou sole arbiter of all below. 1065
Pluto! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain;
Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest;
Styx! and Persephone! compell'd to fly 1070
Thy fruitful mother, and the chearful sky!
Third Hecate! by whom my whispers breathe
My secret purpose to the shades beneath;
Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
In everlasting hunger, still dost wait! 1075
And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar!
For ever labouring back from shore to shore:
Who murmuring dost in weariness complain,
That I so oft demand thy dead again;
Hear, all ye powers! If e'er your hell rejoice 1080
In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
If still with human flesh I have been fed,
If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled;
If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
Infants, mature, and struggling to be born; 1085
Hear and obey! nor do I ask a ghost,
Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates: 1089
Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike form appear.

Here let him ſtand, before his leader's ſon,
And ſay what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight let this be done.
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: then rear'd her hateful head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending ſhade.
Too well the trembling ſprite the carcaſe knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew;
Fain from thoſe mangled limbs it would have run,
And, lothing, ſtrove that houſe of pain to ſhun.
Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
And wonder'd hell could dare to diſobey;
With curling ſnakes the ſenſeleſs trunk ſhe beats,
And curſes dire, at every laſh, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
And, thus, barks downward, to th' abyſs profound:
Ye fiends hell-born, ye ſiſters of deſpair!
Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care?
Still ſleep thoſe whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghoſt this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in Fate's deſpite,
Shall drag ye forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now ſecure you roam,
My vengeance ſhall purſue, and chace you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate! that dar'ſt to riſe,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more ſhalt veil thy horrors in diſguiſe;
Still in thy form accurſed ſhalt thou dwell,
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each myſtery beneath I will diſplay,
And Stygian loves ſhall ſtand confeſs'd to day.
Thee, Proſerpine! thy fatal feaſt I'll ſhow,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once-fond mother loaths thee now.
At my command earth's barrier ſhall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams ſhall beat,
And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy ſeat.
Yet, am I yet, ye ſullen fiends obey'd?
Or muſt I call your maſter to my aid?
At whoſe dread name the trembling Furies quake,
Hell ſtands abaſh'd, and earth's foundations ſhake?
Who views the gorgons with intrepid eyes,
And your unviolable flood deſies?
She ſaid; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels ſtole the purple tide,
And warmth and motion through the members glide;
The nerves are ſtretch'd, the turgid muſcles ſwell,
And the heart moves within its ſecret cell;
The haggard eyes their ſtupid lights diſcloſe,
And heavy by degrees the corps aroſe.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
And death, all-o'er, the livid viſage wears.
Pale, ſtiff, and mute, the ghaſtly figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread commands.
When thus the hag: Speak what I wiſh to know,
And endleſs reſt attends thy ſhade below;
Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
No charms ſhall drag thee back to life again;
Such hallowed wood ſhall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy laſt repoſe conſpire,
No ſiſter of our art thy ghoſt ſhall wrong,
Or force thee liſten to her potent ſong.
Since the dark gods in myſtic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the dead.
Do thou unfold what end theſe wars ſhall wait,
Perſons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the juſt interpreter of Fate.
She ſpoke, and, as ſhe ſpoke, a ſpell ſhe made,
That gave new preſcience to th' unknowing ſhade.
When thus the ſpectre, weeping all for woe;
Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
I ſaw not what the dreadful looms ordain,
Too ſoon recall'd to hated life again;
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghoſt had paſs'd
The ſilent ſtream that wafts us all to reſt.
All I could learn, was from the looſe report
Of wandering ſhades, that to the banks reſort.
Uproar, and diſcord, never known till now,
Diſtract the peaceful realms of death below;
From bliſsful plains of ſweet Elyſium ſome,
Others from doleful dens, and torments, come;
While in the face of every various ſhade,
The woes of Reme too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghoſts of patriots ſtood,
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii ſeen
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien,
On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
The Cenſor ſad foreſaw his Cato's doom,
Reſolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.
Of all the ſhades that haunt the happy field,
Thee only, Brutus! ſmiling I beheld;
Thee, thou firſt conſul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
From whoſe juſt wrath the conſcious tyrant fled,
When freedom firſt uprear'd her infant head.
Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidſt their pains,
And Cataline audacious breaks his chains.
There the Cethegan naked raged view'd,
The Marii fierce the ſtained gore imbrued,
The Gracchi, fond of miſchief-making laws,
And Druſi, popular in faction's cauſe;
All clapp'd their hands in horrible applauſe.

The crash of brazen fetters rung around,
And hell's wide caverns trembled with the sound.
No more the bounds of fate their guilt constrain,
But proudly they demand th' Elysian plain.
Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with busy cares,
New torments for the conquerors prepares;
New chains of adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep reserves of woe:
Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,
And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, O noble youth! in peace depart,
And sooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart;
Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,
That wait thy fire, and his illustrious race.
Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,
Nor envy the surviving victor's fate;
The hour draws near when all alike must yield,
And death shall mix the fame of every field.
Haste then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
And proudly from your humbler urns descend;
Bold in superior virtue shall you come,
And trample on the demigods of Rome.
Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,
Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid?
'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
Seek not to know what for thyself remains,
That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
Prophetic there thy father's shade shall rise,
In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:
He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
Where he may best advise thee to retreat.
In vain to various climates shall you run,
In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,
In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone.
Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
And all in distant regions shall you die.
Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
No safer refuge, than Emathia's field.
He said, and with a silent mournful look,
A last dismission from the hag bespoke.
Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold hand,
Again be subject to the same command;
But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
And render back to rest the troubled shade.
A pile of hollow'd wood Ericho builds,
The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields;
She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.
Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hides,
Homeward the youth all pale for fear, the guides;
And, for the light began to streak the east,
With potent spells the dawning she repress'd;
Commanded night's obedient queen to stay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the rising day.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Cæsar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective against him, and the very country of Thessaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful sun his cloudy head;
He sicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have sought the backward east again:
Full oft he turned him from the destin'd race,
And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his radiant face.
Pompey, meanwhile, in pleasing visions past
The night, of all his happy nights the last.
It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,
In his own theatre secure he sate:
About his sight unnumber'd Romans croud,
And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd name aloud:
The echoing benches seem to ring around,
And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
Such both himself, and such the people seem,
In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress't,
And Spain subdued, the conqueror confess't:
When rais'd with honours never known before,
The consul's purple, yet a youth, he wore;
When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.
Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:
Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
With contrarieties delude our sight;
And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
Pain they foretel, and sure ensuing woes.
Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain
Pompey should never see his Rome again,
One last good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?
Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!
Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;
With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
And the lost battle live before his eyes.
How blest his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams their Pompey to have seen!

Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long-try'd friends their deſtiny to know;
So each to each might their ſad thoughts convey,
And make the moſt of their laſt mournful day.
But now, unconſcious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die:
While her fond hopes with confidence preſume,
Nothing ſo terrible from fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the ſad city Fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, faſt falling, ſhould her loſs bemoan!
Then ſhould the luſty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpleſs train,
As once for godlike Brutus, ſhould complain;
Their treſſes ſhould they tear, their boſoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful ſtreet.
Nor ſhalt thou, Rome, thy guſhing ſorrows keep,
Though aw'd by Cæſar, and forbid to weep;
Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He ſhakes his threatening fauchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crowds the conqueror ſhall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
In ſad proceſſion, ſighing, ſtill they go,
And ſtain his laurels with the ſtreams of woe.
But now, the fainting ſtars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent the legions croud,
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waſte,
And hurry on thoſe hours that fly too faſt!
Too ſoon, for thouſands, ſhall the day be done,
Whoſe eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting ſun.
Tumultuous ſpeech th' impulſive rage conceſt,
And Rome's bad genius roſe in every breaſt.
With vile diſgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, ſlow, and tame,
And cry, He ſinks beneath his father's fame.
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views;
And think 'tis power, and empire, he purſues;
That, fearing peace, he practiſes delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eaſtern kings of lingering wars complain,
And wiſh to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own raſh hands are to the taſk aſſign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of fate to be,
We blindly act the miſchiefs they decree;
We call the battle, we the ſword prepare,
And Rome's deſtruction is the Roman prayer.
The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the reſt the ſweet perſuader ſpeaks;
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
With ev'ry Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whoſe rule and government rever'd,
Fierce Cataline the peaceful axe fear'd:
But now, detain'd amidſt an arm'd throng,
Where loſt his arts, and uſeleſs was his tongue,
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar ſide his pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble cauſe:
For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
This only boon her ſuppliant vows implore,
That thou would'ſt deign to uſe her aid once more:
In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
And, to chaſtiſe proud Cæſar, aſk the fight.
Shall he, one man againſt the world combin'd,
Protract deſtruction, and embroil mankind?
What will the vanquiſh'd nations murmuring ſay,
Where once thy conqueſts cut their winged way;
When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
And ſee thee move thus languiſhing and ſlow?
Where are thoſe fires that warm'd thee to be great?
That ſtable ſoul, and confidence in Fate?
Canſt thou the gods ungrateful ly miſtruſt?
Or think the ſenate's ſacred cauſe unjuſt?
Scarce are th' impatient enſigns yet withheld:
Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
Doſt thou Rome's chief, and in her cauſe, appear?
'Tis hers to chooſe the field, and ſhe appoints it here.
Why is this ardor of the world withſtood,
The injur'd world, that thirſts for Cæſar's blood?
See! where the troops with indignation ſtand,
Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the laſt command.
Reſolve the ſenate then, and let them know,
Are they thy ſervants, or their ſervant thou?
Sore ſigh'd the liſtening chief, who well could read
Some dire deluſion by the gods decreed;
He ſaw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his purpoſe and perplex his mind.
Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer ſhall your fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her way,
And waſte the world on one devoted day.
But, oh! be witneſs thou, my native home,
With what a ſad fore-boding heart I come;
To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy raſh ſons compel me to the field.
How eaſily had Cæſar been ſubdued,
And the beſt victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown diſdain,
They wiſh for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty ſwords to ſtain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe
At once the empire of the deep forego?
Here by neceſſity they ſeem to ſtand,
Coop'd up within a corner of the land.

By famine to the laſt extremes compell'd,
They ſnatch green harveſts from th' unripen'd field;
And wiſh we may this only grace afford,
To let them die like ſoldiers, by the ſword.
'Tis true, it ſeems an earneſt of ſucceſs,
That thus our bolder youth for action preſs:
But let them try their inmoſt hearts with care,
And judge betwixt true valour and raſh fear;
Let them be ſure this eagerneſs is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driven the headlong coward on.
Give me the man, whoſe cooler ſoul can wait,
With patience, for the proper hour of Fate.
See what a proſperous face our fortunes bear!
Why ſhould we truſt them to the chance of war?
Why muſt we riſk the world's uncertain doom,
And rather chooſe to fight, than overcome?
Thou goddeſs Chance! who to my careful hand
Haſt given this weariſome ſupreme command;
If I have, to the taſk of empire juſt,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my truſt;
Be kind, and to thyſelf the rule reſume,
And in the fight, defend the cauſe of Rome:
To thy own crowns, the wreath of conqueſt join;
Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
But ſee! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
We fight; the Cæſar's ſtronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a ſcene of guilt this day ſhall ſhow!
What crouds ſhall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red ſhall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin ſwell his foamy flood.
Oh! if our cauſe my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my boſom be the firſt to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremoſt ſtrike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day, with ruin ſhall my name be join'd,
Or ſtand the common curſe of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquiſh'd ſhall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown.
He ſpoke; and, yielding to the impetuous croud,
The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.
So, when long vex'd by ſtormy Corus' blaſt,
The weary pilot quits the helm at laſt;
He leaves his veſſel to the winds to guide,
And drive unſteady with the tumbling tide.
Loud through the camp the riſing murmurs ſound,
And one tumultuous hurry runs around;
Sudden their buſy hearts began to heat,
And each pale viſage wore the marks of Fate.
Anxious, they ſee the dreadful day is come,
That muſt decide the deſtiny of Rome.
This ſingle vaſt concern employs the hoſt,
And private fears are in the public loſt.
Should earth be rent, ſhould darkneſs quench the ſun,
Should ſwelling ſeas above the mountains run,
Should univerſal nature's end draw near,
Who could have leiſure for himſelf to fear?
With ſuch conſent his ſafety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
And now the warriors all, with buſy care,
Whet the dull ſword, and point the blunted ſpear;
With tougher nerves they ſtring the bended bow,
And in full quivers ſtegly ſhafts beſtow;
The horſeman ſees his furniture made fit;
Sharpens the ſpur, and burniſhes the bit,
Fixes the rein, to check or urge his ſpeed,
And animates to fight the ſnorting ſteed.
Such once the buſy gods employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold ſons began their impious war.
The Lemnian power, with many a ſtroke, reſtor'd
Blue Neptune's trident, and ſtern Mars's ſword;
In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
The horrors of her Gorgon ſhield diſplay'd;
Phœbus his once victorious ſhafts renew'd,
Diſus'd and ruſty with the Python's blood;
While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops ſtrove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.
Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
What curſt events Theſſalia's plains prepare;
Black ſtorms oppos'd againſt the warriors lay,
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
Fu rin their eyes the dazzling flaſhes broke,
And with amaze their troubled ſenſes ſtroke:
Tall fiery columns in the ſkies were ſeen,
With watery Typhons interwove between.
Glancing along the bands ſwift meteors ſhoot,
And from the helm the plumy honours cut;
Sudden the flame diſſolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the ſhining ſteely blade.
Strange to behold! their weapons diſappear,
While ſulphurous odour taints the ſmoking air.
The ſtandard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:
Anon, black ſwarms hang cluſtering on its height,
And preſs the bearer with unwonted weight.
Big drops of grief each ſweating marble weeps,
And Parian gods and heroes ſtand in tears.
No more th' auſpicious victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane,
And bellowing ſeeks Emathia's fatal plain:
But who, O Cæſar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didſt thou ſummon from their dark abodes?
The Furies liſten'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell aroſe.
Did then the monſters, fame records, appear?
Or were the only phanthoms form'd by fear?
Some ſaw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves diſcloſe.
Others beheld a ſanguine torrent take
Its purple courſe through fair Bœbeis's lake;
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud ſhouts of battle on Pharſalia's field.
While others thought they ſaw the light decay,
And ſudden ſhades oppreſs the fainting day;

Fancy'd wild horror in each other's face,
And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race;
Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
And stalk around them, in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cause, the croud, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the prodigies agreed;
And, while they thirst impatient for that blood,
Bless these nefarious omens all as good.
But wherefore should we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madness was foreto'd?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which last survive;
And these had not another day to live.
These shook for what they saw; while distant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes,
Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,
From the bright orient to the glowing west,
In every nation, every Roman breast
The terrors of that dreadful day confest.
Where Apsarus first springs in smoky steam;
And fall Timavus rolls his nobler stream;
Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur sat the skies to view:
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd),
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the seer observ'd Jove's forky flame,
And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,
The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the first birth of morning in the skies,
Sure never day like this was known to rise;
In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,
Plain might the Latian destiny be read.
Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods assign'd
To be the worthy masters of mankind!
On thee the heavens with all their signals wait,
And suffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great name's to latest times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verse immortal made,
In free-born nations justly shall prevail,
And rouze their passions with this noblest tale;
How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each past event were yet to come!
How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee shall join,
And every honest heart to Pompey's cause incline.
Descending, now, the bands in just array,
From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.
On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The first and fourth selected legions led:
Lackless Domitius, vainly brave in war,
Drew forth the right with unauspicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
Reserv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning sand.
Near the low marshes and Enipeus' flood,
The Pontic horse and Cappadocian blood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Liegemen and vassals to the Latian reign,
Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe.
Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd host,
Let the whole human race at once be lost.
Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,
And tyranny want subjects for its reign.
Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The spoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When, with a sudden, but a glad surprize,
The foe descending struck his wondering eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he struggled with protracting time,
That sav'd his country, and deserr'd his crime:
At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come:
To end the strife for liberty and Rome;
Fate's dark mysterious threatenings to explain,
And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.
But, when he saw the vast event so nigh,
Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast.
Though his past fortunes promise now success,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
While these forbid to hope, and those to fear.
At length his wonted confidence returns,
With his first fires his daring bosom burns;
As if secure of victory, he stands,
And fearless thus bespeaks the listening bands:
Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
And fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day shall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bad the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Sha'l the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;

Shall find my veteran out a ſafe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful ſeat.
The long diſpute of guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And conqueſt ſhall the juſter cauſe reward.
Have you, for me, with ſword and fire laid waſte
Your country's bleeding boſom, as you paſt?
Let the ſame ſwords as boldly ſtrike to-day,
And the laſt wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away,
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cauſe to which my vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and maſters of mankind.
I hope no hopes, no wiſhes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, ſo the world be yours.
Nor think the taſk too bloody ſhall be found,
With eaſy glory ſhall our arms be crown'd:
Yon hoſt come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of diſputants from Grecian ſchools.
To theſe, luxurious eaſtern crouds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a different kind:
Their own firſt ſhouts ſhall fill each ſoul with fears,
And their own trumpets ſhock their tender ears,
Unjuſtly this, a civil war, we call.
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.
On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay theſe ſoft, lazy, worthleſs nations low.
Shew Pompey, that ſubdu'd them, with what eaſe
Your valour gains ſuch victories as theſe:
Shew him, if juſtice ſtill the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From diſtant Tigris ſhall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waſte their blood,
To make the cauſe of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the ſame,
They hate alike the whole Auſonian name;
But moſt thoſe haughty maſters whom they know,
Who taught their ſervile vanquiſh'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd companions I behold;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnerſhip have trod.
Is there a ſoldier to your chief unknown?
A ſword, to whom I truſt not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the ſky,
And ſay from whom the fatal weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auſpicious furies riſe,
And rage redoubled flaſhes in your eyes.
With joy thoſe omens of ſucceſs I read,
And ſee the certain victory decreed;
I ſee the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the ſlain:
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I ſurvey,
And the pale ſenate crowns the glorious day.
But oh! forgive my tedious laviſh tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
My ſoul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can aſk, with full conſent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny?
The treaſures of the world before you lie.
Oh, Theſſaly! what ſtars, what powers divine,
To thy diſtinguiſh'd land this great event aſſign?
Btween extremes, to-day our fourtune lies,
The vileſt puniſhment, and nobleſt prize.
Conſider well the captive's loſt eſtate,
Chains, racks, and croſſes, for the vanquiſh'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Roſtrum's height ſhall grace:
But that's a thought unworthy Cæſar's care,
More for my friends than for myſelf I fear.
On my good ſword ſecurely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am ſure to die.
But, oh! for you my anxious ſoul foreſees,
Pompey ſhall copy Sylla's curſt decrees;
The Martian field ſhall bluſh with gore again,
And maſſacres once more the peaceful Septa ſtain.
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's ſtruggling ſhare,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
Who ſhall with mercy uſe the power you give.
Whoſe rage for ſlaughter with the war ſhall ceaſe,
And ſpare his vanquiſh'd enemies in peace.
Nor is Dyrrachium's fatal field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave companion's lot;
When, by advantage of the ſtraiter ground,
Succeſsful Pompey compaſs'd us around;
When quite diſarm'd your uſeleſs valour ſtood,
Till his fell ſword was ſatiated with blood,
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
Whatever Roman flies before you, ſpare.
But, while oppos'd and menacing they ſtand,
Let no regard withhold thy lifted hand:
Let friendſhip, kindred, all remorſe, give place,
And mangling wounds deform the reverend face;
Still let reſiſtance be repaid with blood,
And hoſtile force by hoſtile force ſubdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit ſtill, to Cæſar, is the ſame.
Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So ſhall no obſtacles our march delay,
Nor ſtop one moment our victorious way.
Nor ſpare your camp; this night I mean to lie
In that from whence the vanquiſh'd foe ſhall fly.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, ſudden at the word,
They ſeize the lance, and draw the ſhining ſword:
At once the turfy fences all lie waſte,
And through the breach the crouding legions haſte;

[illegible] all of order and array
[illegible] and trust to fate alone the day.
[illegible] an empire to be won,
[illegible] known a Pompey for his son;
[illegible] soul inform'd each private breast,
[illegible] could not be express'd.
[illegible]
Pompey, now, beheld
[illegible] o'er the neighbouring field:
[illegible] had fix'd the day of fate,
[illegible] heart hang heavy with new
weight.
[illegible] when the valiant fear,
[illegible] strove to hide with undissembled
cheer.
[illegible] warrior steed, the chief o'er-ran
The wide array, and thus at length began:
The time to ease your groaning country's
pain,
Which long your eager valour sought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last effort exert your power,
Strike home to-day and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your household-gods, and Rome, your souls can
move,
Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be
fought.
Let none the favouring gods' assistance fear;
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:
Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood.
Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure success,
With large advantage here, our arms possess:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain;
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Where-ever earth, or people, can be found;
To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings inclose,
Within our ample folds, our shrinking foes?
Thousands, and thousands, useless, may we spare;
Too handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they
sue,
And place their last, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
Each hoary reverend majestic head;
Imagine, Rome herself your aid implor'd,
To save her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the present age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:
On your success dependant all rely;
These to be born in freedom, those to die.
Think (if there be a thought can move you
more,
A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I, to exile born,
My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's
scorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
Nor let his hoary head descend to earth a slave.
Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions round,
With indignation caught the mournful sound;
Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.
What differing thoughts the various hosts incite,
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
And these their fears for liberty engage.
How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Though all the years to come should roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increase;
Though nature all her genial hours employ,
All shall not yield what these curst hands destroy.
Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name,
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
While yearly magistrates, in turfs compell'd
To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field,
Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rights
assign.
Ev'n now behold! where waste Hesperia lies,
Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes;
Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand,
The marks of civil discord's murderous hand.
How is the shock of human-kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
Our father's fertile fields by slaves are till'd,
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd:
Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain,
As 'twere the purpose of Emathia's plain,
That none for future mischiefs should remain.
Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,
Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field;
But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,
Be ras'd at once from ev'ry Roman thought.
'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, display'd,
The greatness her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome she drew,
And set her subject nations all to view;
As if she meant to shew the haughty queen,
Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh countless loss! that well might have supply'd
The desolation of all deaths beside.

Though famine with blue peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful earthquakes with deſtroying fire;
Pharſalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
And built again the ruins of mankind.
Immortal gods! with what reſiſtleſs force,
Our growing empire ran its rapid courſe!
Still every year with new ſucceſs was crown'd,
And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound;
Till Rome ſtood miſtreſs of the world confeſs'd,
From the gay orient to the ruddy weſt;
From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
Where-e'r the ſtars, or brighter Phœbus ſhone;
As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold, how fortune tears away
The gift of ages in one fatal day!
One day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd Indians chain,
And turns the wandering Dâæ looſe again:
No longer ſhall the victor conſul now
Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow:
Exulting Parthia ſhall her ſlaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the vengeance due to Craſſus' ghoſt.
Where liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barbarous climes;
Beyond the Rhine and Tanaïs ſhe flies,
To ſnowy mountains, and to frozen ſkies;
While Rome, who long purſu'd that chiefeſt good,
O'er fields of ſlaughter, and through ſeas of blood,
In ſlavery, her abject ſtate ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven
A ſhort-liv'd tranſitory bleſſing given?
Of thee, firſt Brutus, juſtly we complain!
Why didſt thou break thy groaning country's chain
And end the proud laſcivious tyrant's reign?
Why did thy patriot hand on Rome beſtow
Laws, and her conſuls righteous rule to know?
In ſervitude more happy had we been,
Since Romulus firſt wall'd his refuge in,
Ev'n ſince the twice ſix vultures bad him build,
To this curſt period of Pharſalia's field.
Medes and Arabians of the ſlaviſh Eaſt
Beneath eternal bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
From ſire to ſon accuſtom'd to be free,
Fell indignation riſing in our blood,
And bluſh to wear the chains that make them proud.
Can there be gods, who rule yon azure ſky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the buſineſs of a thundering Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs grove?
While Caſſius holds the balance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
The ſun ran back from Atreus' monſtrous feaſt,
And his fair beams in murky clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhincs he now? why lends his golden light
To theſe worſe parricides, this more accurſed ſight?
But chance guides all; the gods their taſk forego,
And providence no longer reigns below.
Yet are they juſt, and ſome revenge afford
While their own heavens are humbled by the ſword,
And the proud victors, like themſelves, ador'd;
With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they ſtand,
And incenſe, prayers, and ſacrifice demand;
While trembling, ſlaviſh, ſuperſtitious Rome,
Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.

Now either hoſt the middle plain had paſs'd,
And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd;
Then every well-known feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their brothers, ſons their fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the curſe of civil hate,
Mark where their miſchiefs are aſſign'd by fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves deſtruction wait.
Stupid a while, and at a gaze, they ſtood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood:
Some ſmall remains of piety withſtand,
And ſtop the javelin in the lifted hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort moment ſtepp'd between,
And motionleſs, as ſtatutes, all were ſeen.
And oh! what ſavage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæſar yet ſuſpends his rage?
For him, ye gods! for Craſtinus, whoſe ſpear
With impious eagerneſs began the war,
Some more than common puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the grave long-laſting plagues ordain,
Surviving ſenſe, and never ceaſing pain.
Straight, at the fatal ſignal, all around
A thouſand fifes, a thouſand clarions, ſound;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors ſtrike the vaulted ſky.
The joining battles ſhout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult ſpreads afar,
And the world trembles at the diſtant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various maſters bear:
Some ſeek the nobleſt Roman heart to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs ground;
While chance decrees the blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters innocence and guilt.
But random ſhafts too ſcanty death afford,
A civil war is buſineſs for the ſword:
Where face to face the parricides they meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers cloſ'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry diſpoſ'd;
So crouded was the ſpace, it ſcarce affords
The power to toſs their piles, or wield their ſwords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they ſtand,
With headlong wrath ruſh furious Cæſar's band;
In vain the lifted ſhield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted boſoms guards;
Through ſhields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each dead'ly blow;
Oh rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal war,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid piety diſarm'd;
Thoſe, by hot blood, and ſmoking ſlaughter warm'd.

Nor in ſuſpenſe uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermaſter'd by a power too ſtrong,
And borne by fate's impetuous ſtream along.
From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horſe
Wide o'er the plain extending take their courſe;
Wheeling around the hoſtile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the foot ſucceed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the miſſile rage:
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whiſtle through the ſky:
Of feather'd ſhafts, a cloud thick ſhading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the heaven, then ſtrew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring miſchief ſend,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.
But Cæſar, timely careful to ſupport
His wavering front againſt the firſt effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong rear with choſen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs foe the fight purſue,
A ſudden band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, oh ſhame! the looſe barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken ſquadrons o'er the field,
And here, too late, that ſlaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred cauſe of freedom to maintain.
The fiery ſteeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs foot are borne.
Hence foul confuſion and diſmay ſucceed,
The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed;
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die.
Oh, that Emathia's ruthleſs guilty plain
Had been contented with this only ſtain;
With theſe rude bones had ſtrewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her ſprings with none but Aſian gore!
But if ſo keen her thirſt for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the ſlaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, or rebellious Gaul:
Let thoſe alone ſurvive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
Did Cæſar's buſineſs, and like fate deſtroy'd.
Prevailing ſtill the victors held their courſe,
Till Pompey's main reſerve oppos'd their foree;
There, in his ſtrength, the chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
There in ſuſpenſe th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæſar's favouring goddeſs doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vaſſals on,
Nor eaſtern bands in gorgeous purple ſhone;
There the laſt force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots ſtruggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty ſcene affords!
Sires, ſons, and brothers, ruſh on mutual ſwords!
There every ſacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worſt rage, and Cæſar's blackeſt deeds.
But, oh! my Muſe, the mournful theme forbear,
And ſtay thy lamentable numbers here;
Let not my verſe to future times convey
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;
In ſhades and ſilence hide her crimes from fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable country's ſhame.
But Cæſar's rage ſhall with oblivion ſtrive,
And for eternal infamy ſurvive.
From rank to rank, unweary'd, ſtill he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath ſupplies.
His greedy eyes each ſign of guilt explore,
And mark whoſe ſword is deepeſt dy'd in gore;
Obſerve where pity and remorſe prevail,
What arm ſtrikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd heaps around,
And views ſome foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the guſhing blood reſtrain,
And ſtrive to keep the parting ſoul in pain:
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Tracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon ſhield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field,
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart;
The many ſhout, arms claſh, the wounded cry,
And one promiſcuous peal groans upwards to the ſky.
Nor furious Cæſar, on Emathia's plains,
Leſs terribly the mortal ſtrife ſuſtains:
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his geſture now, he ſtrives,
Now with his lance the lagging ſoldier drives:
The weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the ſtrong,
And hurries war's impetuous ſtream along,
Strike home, he cries, and let your ſwords eraſe
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waſte your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary doting ſenate ſtand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty ſhall bleed at every wound.
The curs'd deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the word,
The purple nobles ſunk beneath the ſword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illuſtrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Matelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the ſtate had ſo decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy ſinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's laſt hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidſt the croud,
Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd viſage ſhroud?
Where fought thy arm that day! But, ah! forbear!
Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed ſpear;
Seek not to haſten an untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait;

Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on his bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword;
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall demand,
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.
Among huge heaps of the Patrician slain,
And Latian chiefs, who strew'd that purple plain,
Recording story has distinguish'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell.
In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
And dy'd in liberty, the best reward;
Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar, ne'er enslav'd,
Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's power he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming wound,
In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground;
No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Must the war lose that still successful sword,
And my neglected province want a lord?
He spoke; when, lifting slow his closing eyes,
Fearless the dying Roman thus replies:
Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met;
Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
And leave my chief still equal to his foe;
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.
Dire punishments the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know,
And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below.
He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.
But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore!
What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
For fewer woes our sorrows may we keep;
No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
And horrors manifold the soul surprize.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
At once, a single blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk dismember'd stands.
Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethern prey;
One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While some detested son, with impious ire,
Lops by the shoulders close his hoary sire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,
And bastard-born the murderer aread.
No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away
And late posterity was lost that day:
A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborne were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
The sacred cause of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves.
'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight
And let them keep, or loose themselves their right.
But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome descry'd,
And saw the changing gods forsake her side.
Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
He view'd the universal ruin round,
In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
And in the fall of thousands felt his own.
Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
The world one common misery might share:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,
To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
Or if this head suffices not alone,
My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:
If blood the yet unsated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight:
Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er,
And spare the world since I can lose no more.
So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
And warn'd from battle his despairing host.
Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword;
Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
While his insulting father stood so nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
Or else, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:
Malicious Fortune to his wish agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's sight to bleed.
Borne by his winged steed at length away,
He quits the purple plain and yields the day.

Fearleſs of danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring ſoul ſupports his loſt eſtate;
Nor groans his breaſt, nor ſwell his eyes with tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtic form he wears.
An awful grief ſat decent in his face,
Such as became his loſs and Rome's diſgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant frame,
In greatneſs and misfortune ſtill the ſame;
While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging ſees him leave Pharſalia's field.
Now, diſentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er:
At leaſure now review thy glorious ſcene,
And call to mind how mighty thou haſt been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;
Let the juſt gods bear witneſs on my ſide,
Thy cauſe no more ſhall by the ſword be try'd.
Whether ſad Afric ſhall her loſs bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodſhed ſhall be all their own.
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name ſhall charm
The peaceful world, with one conſent, to arm;
Nor for thy ſake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themſelves, the fighting ſenate ſtand:
The war but one diſtinction ſhall afford,
And Liberty, or Cæſar, be the word.
Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquiſh'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleaſure from thoſe ſeas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltleſs thou,
And pity Cæſar, for whoſe ſake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph ſhall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though miſery thy baniſhment attends,
Though thou ſhalt die, by thy falſe Pharian friends;
Yet truſt ſecurely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loſs was for a bleſſing giv'n:
Though flight may ſeem the warrior's ſhame and curſe;
To conquer, in a cauſe like this, is worſe.
And, oh! let every mark of grief be ſpar'd.
May no tear fall, no groan, no ſigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power.
Meanwhile ſurvey th' attending world around,
Cities by thee poſſeſs'd, and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric, or on Aſia, caſt thy eye,
And mark the land where thou ſhalt chooſe to die.
Lariſſa firſt the conſtant chief beheld,
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
With loud acclaim her crouds his coming greet,
And, ſighing, pour their preſents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feaſt;
Would put on joy to chear her nobler gueſt;
But weeps, and begs to ſhare his woes at leaſt.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his loſt eſtate,
Such faith, ſuch friendſhip, on his ruins wait;
With eaſe Pharſalia's loſs might be ſupply'd,
While eager nations haſten to his ſide;
As if misfortune meant to bleſs him more,
Than all his long proſperity before.
In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquiſh'd aid;
Henceforth to Cæſar be your homage paid,
Cæſar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead.
With that, his courſer urging on to flight,
He vaniſh'd from the mournful city's ſight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curſe the cruel gods, in fierceneſs of deſpair.
Now in huge lakes Heſperian crimſon ſtood,
And Cæſar's ſelf grew ſatiated with blood.
The great patricians fall'n, his pity ſpar'd
The worthleſs, unreſiſting, vulgar herd.
Then while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And ſcattering terror ſpread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hoſtile camp his way he bent,
Careful to ſeize the haſty flier's tent,
The leiſure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary ſoldiers toil,
But led them prone, and greedy to the ſpoil.
Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
The glorious recompence attends you yet:
Much have you done to-day, for Cæſar's ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquiſh'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Aſia, and Heſperian gold;
For you the once-great Pompey's ſtore attends,
With regal ſpoils of his barbarian friends:
Haſte then, prevent the foe, and ſeize that good,
For which you paid ſo well with Roman blood.
He ſaid; and with the rage of rapine ſtung,
The multitude tumultuous ruſh along.
On ſwords, and ſpears, on fires and ſons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withſtand
The brutal ſoldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?
There, wealth collected from the world around,
The deſtin'd recompence of war they found.
But, oh! not golden Arimaſpus' ſtore,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victors griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other ſpoils they ſcorn, as worthleſs prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
Here, in patrician tents, plebeians reſt,
And regal couches are by ruffians preſs'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And ſleep where late their ſlaughter'd ſires were laid.
Meanwhile the battle ſtands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their ſlumbers brood.
Aſtoniſhment and dread their ſouls infeſt,
And guilt ſits painful on each heaving breaſt.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain,
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er again.
Aſcending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:

Hence dire affright diſtracts the warrior's ſouls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By ſome pale ſpectre flies all night purſued.
In various forms the ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, th father, and the ſon:
To every wretch his proper phantom ſell,
While Cæſar ſleeps the general care of hell.
Such were his pangs as mad Oreſtes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, ſuch Agave knew;
He when his rage firſt came, and ſhe when her's withdrew:
Preſent and future ſwords his boſom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends;
To wheels ſhe binds him, and with vultures rends,
With racks of conſcience, and with whips of fiends.
But ſoon the viſionary horrors paſs,
And his firſt rage with day reſumes its place:
Again his eyes rejoice to view the ſlain,
And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feaſts amidſt the heaps of death abhorr'd.
There each pale face at leiſure he may know,
And ſtill behold the purple current flow.
He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, thoſe gods he ſerves, his utmoſt wiſh have crown'd;
Still greedy to poſſeſs the curs'd delight,
To glut his ſoul, and gratify his ſight,
The laſt funereal honours he denies,
And poiſons with the ſtaunch Emathia's ſkies.
Not thus the ſworn inveterate foe of Rome,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd conſul's bones a tomb:
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires ſhone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæſar's rage from fiercer motives roſe;
Theſe were his countrymen, his worſt of foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred paſt,
And give the wandering ſhades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:
To feed the flame, let happy foreſts riſe,
Fir be it ſeen to fret the ruddy ſkies,
And grieve deſpairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unbury'd carcaſes the plain.
What is it to thy malice if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all diſſolving die,
And loſt in nature's blending boſom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
Theſe and the world one common lot ſhall have;
One laſt appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waſte yon azure heavens, this earth, and ſea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled maſs,
Where ſtars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.

And though thou ſcorn their fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar theſe ſouls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs Fortune's power,
And parent earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe Romans fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the ſky;
That ſtarry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler ſhelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does ſlaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy ſence?
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious ſtream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted ſteam.
But ſee, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæſar from the field!
Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Biſtonian plain;
From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forſake their darkſome homes:
With theſe, lean dogs in herds obſcene repair,
And every kind that ſnuffs the tainted air.
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erſt to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were ſuch flocks of vultures ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading plumes the crouded ſky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they ſat,
And drop'd raw morſels down, and gory fat:
Oft their tir'd talons, looſening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the ſlain ſupply'd too full a feaſt,
The plenty bred ſatiety at laſt;
The ravenous feeders riot at their eaſe,
And ſingle out what dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part borne away, the reſt neglected lie,
For noon-day ſuns, and parching winds, to dry;
Till length of time ſhall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.
Oh fatal Theſſaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd;
That thus the gods to thee deſtruction doom,
And load thee with the curſe of fallen Rome!
Still to new crimes, new horrors, doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.
What rolling years, what ages, can repay
The multitudes thy wars have ſwept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous ſtore ſhould ſpread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more ſlaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all thoſe tombs, and all thoſe urns, infold.
Hence bloody ſpots ſhall ſtain thy graſſy green,
And crimſon drops on bladed corn be ſeen:
Each plowſhare ſome dead patriot ſhall moleſt,
Diſturb his bones, and rob his ghoſt of reſt.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;

No mariner his labouring bark ſhould moor,
In hopes of ſafety, on thy dreadful ſhore;
No ſwain thy ſpectre-haunted plain ſhould know,
Nor turn thy blood-ſtain'd fallow with his plow:
No ſhepherd e'er ſhould drive his flock to feed,
Where Romans ſlain enrich the verdant mead:
All defolate ſhould lie the land in waſte,
As in ſome ſcorched or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Theſſaly's diſtinguiſh'd land to wait;
New blood, and other ſlaughters, they decree,
And others ſhall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina ſhall boaſt their ſlain,
Pachynus' waters ſhare the purple ſtain,
And Actium juſtify Pharſalia's plain.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharſalia, Pompey flies, firſt to Lariſſa, and after to the ſea-ſhore; where he embarks upon a ſmall veſſel for Leſbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refuſal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coaſt of Aſia. In the way thither he is joined by his ſon Sextus, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, who had fled likewiſe from the late battle; and among the reſt by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Grecia. To him he recommends the ſoliciting of ſupplies from the king of Parthia, and the reſt of his allies in Aſia. After coaſting Cilicia for ſome time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the ſenate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent circumſtances of the commonwealth, and propoſes either Mauritania, Egypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whoſe kings he may expect aſſiſtance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, oppoſes very warmly; and, in conſideration of young Ptolemy's perſonal obligations to Pompey, prefers Egypt. This advice is generally approved and followed and Pompey ſets ſail accordingly for Egypt. Upon his arrival on that coaſt, the king calls a council, where, at the inſtigation of Pothinus, a villanous miniſter, it is reſolved to take his life: and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegado Roman ſoldier, who had formerly ſerved under Pompey, upon ſome frivolous pretences, perſuades him to quit his ſhip, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the ſhore, he treacherouſly murders him, in the ſight of his wife, his ſon, and the reſt of his friends. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the ſea. The head is fixed upon a ſpear and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the ſucceeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the ſhore, brings it to land with ſome difficulty; and with a few planks that remained from a ſhipwrecked veſſel, burns it. The melancholy deſcription of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective againſt the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of ſo great a man, concludes this book.

NOW through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the ſweet maze of Tempe's pleaſing ſhade,
Chearleſs, the flying chief renew'd his ſpeed,
And urg'd, with gory ſpurs, his fainting ſteed.
Fall'n from the former greatneſs of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obſcurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increaſe his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horſmen tread:
He ſtarts at ev'ry ruſtling of the trees,
And fears the whiſpers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt eſtate;
And, though he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæſar's head.
Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
His well-known viſage ſtill his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whoſe gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze aſtoniſh'd, theſe their chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf was told.
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing eyes:
Still aggravates, ſtill urges his diſgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph ſadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret ſhame and anxious care he burns.
Thus age to ſorrows oft the great betrays.
When loſs of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment ſtill one end ſhall have,
Leſt early miſery prevent the grave.
The good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And eaſe once paſt becomes the preſent load
Then let the wiſe, in fortune's kindeſt hour,
Still keep one ſafe retreat within his power;
Let death be near, to guard him from ſurprize,
And free him, when the fickle goddeſs flies.
Now to thoſe ſhores the hapleſs Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient ſtream.
Red with Emathian ſlaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whoſe keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome river's ſmooth deſcending tide,
Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the main,
Whoſe ſpreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the wind and ſtormy ſea,
And to the Leſbian iſle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the midſt of danger, death, and war.

There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad viſions haunt her ſlumbers with affright,
And Theſſaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the ſkies,
Swift to the ſhore the penſive mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her ſight ſhe fixes on the ſeas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each ſail that riſes in the round:
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the ſwoln canvas labouring with her doom.
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's ſelf his own ſad ſtory brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou loſt Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain ſorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful veſſel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the ſtrand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the gods could do,
There ſoon her dear much-alter'd lord ſhe knew;
Though fearful all the ghaſtly was his hue
Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
And duſt was caſt upon his Roman gown.
She ſaw, and fainting, ſunk in ſudden night;
Grief ſtopp'd her breath, and ſhut out loathſome light;
The looſening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart;
Death kindly ſeem'd her wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the beach, a corſe ſhe lay.
But now the marriners the veſſel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely ſhore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverendly their ruder grief ſuppreſs'd.
Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched miſtreſs from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a ſtrict embrace,
And joins his cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs face;
At the known touch, her failing ſenſe returns,
And vital warmth in kindling bluſhes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he ſeeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief:
Canſt thou then ſink, thou daughter of the great,
Sprung from the nobleſt guardians of our ſtate;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt ſhock of fate?
Whatever dauntleſs monuments of praiſe
Thy ſex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of ſtate;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs fortune quits her huſband's ſide.
Arm then thy ſoul, the glorious taſk to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable lord to love.
Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left;
Oh make that loſs thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
This grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:
'Theſe tears a dying huſband ſhould deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the loſs of what they valued moſt.
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron roſe;
Yet, ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her woes:
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæſar's hated bed?
To thee unlucky, and a curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
My bleeding Craſſus, and his fire, ſtood by,
And fell Erynnis ſhook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juſter cauſe.
Ah! my once greateſt lord! ah! cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miſeries my baneful love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo?
But ſee, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my life I would have given;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.
Kill me, and ſcatter me upon the ſea,
So ſhall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
And thou, where-e'er thy ſullen phantom flies,
Oh! Julia! let thy rival's blood ſuffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey, ſpare.
She ſaid, and ſunk within his arms again;
In ſtreams of ſorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That ſaw, without a tear, Pharſalia's field.
Now to the ſtrand the Mitylenians preſs'd,
And humbly thus beſpoke their noble gueſt:
If to ſucceeding times, our iſle ſhall boaſt
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coaſt,
Diſdain not, if thy preſence now we claim,
And fain would conſecrate our walls to fame.
Make thou this place in future ſtory great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat.
This may we plead, in favour of the town;
That, while mankind the proſperous victor own,
Already, Cæſar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some ſafety too our ambient ſeas ſecure:
Cæſar wants ſhips, and we defy his power.
Here may Rome's ſcatter'd fathers well unite,
And arm againſt a ſecond happier fight.
Our Leſbian youth with ready courage ſtands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.
For gold, what'er to ſacred uſe is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendſhip we intreat,
Seek not to ſhun us in any low eſtate;
But let our Leſbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatneſs, worthy of thy love.
Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
Witneſs the pledge committed to your care:
Here in ſecurity I plac'd my houſe,
My houſhold-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome;

I know what ransom might your pardon buy,
And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you singly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may share.
Lesbos! for ever sacred be thy name;
May late posterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example spread around,
Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh! grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power so lost a cause to own,
Grant, like the Lesbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Cæsar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.
He ceas'd; and to the ship his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the sounding shore.
It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd,
And banishment had laid their island waste.
Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the just pretence;
The Lesbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face;
In such humility her life she led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
As if his fortune were already fled.
Half hid in seas descending Phœbus lay,
And upwards half, half downwards shot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes,
And those sad scenes his future views disclose,
In conversation for relief he sought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now sits he by the careful pilot's side,
And asks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his art attends to most,
Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coast.
To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
The heaven-instructed shipman thus replies:
Of all yon multitude of golden stars,
Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none.
But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
And from the topmast gleam its paly fires,
Then Bosphorous near-neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore:
But when Calisto's shining son descends,
And the low Cynosure tow'rds ocean bends,
For Syria straight we know the vessel bears,
Where first Canopo's southern sign appears.
If still upon the left those stars thou keep,
And, passing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
Then right a-head thy luckless bark shall reach
The Libyan shoals, and Syrtes unfaithful beach
But say, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What course dost thou assign? what seas, what land?
Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command.
To him the chief, by doubts uncertain tost;
Oh, fly the Latian and Thessalian coast:
Those only lands avoid. For all beside,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where she please, a port provide.
Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore,
That thought determin'd me to seek that shore:
All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.
Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master veer'd,
And right for Chios, and for Asia steer'd.
The working waves the course inverted feel,
And dash and foam beneath the winding keel.
With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column skilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther wide in distant circles roll.
Now day's bright beams the various earth disclose,
And o'er the fading stars the sun arose;
When Pompey gathering to his side beheld
The scatter'd relicks of Pharsalia's field.
First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near,
And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, disdain to wait
On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illustrious exile's train.
From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cause:
Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loss Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The eastern nations to support the war?
Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæsar's side,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede.
To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
And at his throne speak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now string the Getic and Armenian bow,
And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.
If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Persian field.
Beyond th' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
And ere the Persian, saw the rising day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ bush'd with Crassus' blood,

And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd;

When gorg'd with feaſting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can ſate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From ſiſters and from mothers to abſtain.
The Greek and Roman with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boaſt inceſtuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like theſe they can ſecurely brave,
What laws, what power, ſhall thy Cornelia ſave?
Think, how the helpleſs matron may be led,
The thouſandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant claſps his noble ſlave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand ſhe gave,
Her beauties oft in ſcorn he ſhall prefer,
And chooſe t' inſult the Roman name in her.
Theſe are the powers to whom thou would'ſt ſubmit,
And Rome's revenge and Craſſus' quite forget.
Thy cauſe, preferr'd to his, becomes thy ſhame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæſar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine!
How well your conquering legions might you lead,
'Gainſt the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
Level proud Babylon's aſpiring domes,
And with their ſpoils inrich our ſlaughter'd leaders' tombs?
No longer, Fortune! let our friendſhip laſt,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous Eaſt;
If civil ſtrife with Cæſar's conqueſt end,
To Aſia let his proſperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bleſs,
And Rome herſelf make vows for his ſucceſs.
Whene'er thou paſs the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged ſhade ſhall greet thee on the ſhore,
Tranſfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendſhip, to theſe foes of Rome?
Thou! from whoſe hand we hop'd revenge in vain,
Poor naked ghoſts, a thin unbury'd train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every ſide new objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful monuments of Roman woes;
On every wall freſh marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale Heſperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian ſlaughter dy'd.
If ſights like theſe thou canſt with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy ſoul would fear?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf with joy may be beheld,
Inthron'd on ſlaughter in Emathia's field
Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithleſs reign;
Abounding Egypt ſhall receive thee yet,
And yield, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure retreat
By nature ſtrengthen'd with a dangerous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largeneſs of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjuſt ſuſpicions brand his truth;
Candour and innocence ſtill dwell with youth.
Truſt not a power accuſtom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of ſtate.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By intereſt and by craft alone are ſway'd,
And violate with eaſe the leagues they made:
While new ones ſtill make conſcience of the truſt,
True to their friends, and to their ſubjects juſt.
He ſpoke; the liſtening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's ſuffrage, and his counſel fail'd.
And now Cilicia's coaſt the fleet forſake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus to love's ambroſial goddeſs dear,
For ever grateful ſmoke the altars there:
Indulgent ſtill ſhe hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite ſeas from whence ſhe roſe.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim
Unborn, and from eternity the ſame.
The craggy clifts of Cyprus quickly paſt,
The chief runs ſouthward o'er the ocean vaſt.
Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Caſian mountains far diſtinguiſh'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.
Haply at length the labouring canvas bore
Full on the fartheſt bounds of Ægypt's ſhore,
Where near Peluſium parting Nile deſcends,
And in her utmoſt eaſtern channel ends.
'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the ſky:
But, ah! not long ſuch juſt proportions laſt,
The righteous ſeaſon ſoon was chang'd and paſs'd;
And Spring's encroachment on the ſhortening ſhade,
Was fully to the wintery nights repaid:
When to the chief from ſhore they made report,
That, near high Caſium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready ſail,
The light yet laſting with the favouring gale.
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies ſwiftly round,
And their new gueſts the troubled court confound.
The time was ſhort; howe'er the council met,
Vile miniſters, a monſtrous motley ſet.
Of theſe, the chief in honour, and the beſt,
Was old Achoreus the Memphian prieſt:
In Iſis and Oſiris he believ'd,
And reverend tales, from ſire to ſon receiv'd;
Could mark the ſwell of Nile's increaſing tide,
And many an Apis in his time had dy'd;
Yet was his age with gentleſt manners fraught,
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.
With good intent the pious ſeer aroſe,
And told how much their ſtate to Pompey owes:
What large amends their monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his father's ſake.
But fate had plac'd a ſubtler ſpeaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,

Pothinus, deep in arts of miſchief read,
Who thus, with falſe perſuaſion, blindly led
The eaſy king, to doom his guardian dead:
To ſtricteſt juſtice many ills belong,
And honeſty is often in the wrong:
Chiefly when ſtubborn rules her zealots puſh,
To favour thoſe whom fortune means to cruſh.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy, be wiſe;
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
Not earth, from you high heavens which we admire,
Not from the watery element the fire,
Are ſever'd by diſtinction half ſo wide,
As intereſt and integrity divide.
The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When juſtice comes with her deciding ſcales.
Freedom for all things, and a lawleſs ſword,
Alone ſupport an arbitrary lord.
He that is cruel muſt be bold in ills,
And find his ſafety from the blood he ſpills.
For piety, and virtue's ſtarving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
There, may they ſtill ingloriouſly be good
None can be ſafe in courts, who bluſh at blood.
Nor let this fugitive deſpiſe thy years,
Or think a name, like his, can cauſe thy fears:
Exert thyſelf, and let him feel thy power,
And know, that we dare drive him from our ſhore.
But if thou wiſh to lay thy greatneſs down,
To ſome more juſt ſucceſſion yield thy crown;
Thy rival ſiſter willingly ſhall reign,
And ſave our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at firſt, in neutral peace we lay,
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæſar's prey.
Vanquiſh'd, where'er his fortune has been try'd,
And driven, with ſcorn, from all the world beſide,
By Cæſar chac'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining ſenate loath his ſight,
And ruin'd monarchs curſe his fatal flight:
While thouſand phantoms from th' unbury'd ſlain,
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Diſaſtrous ſtill purſue him in the rear,
And urge his ſoul with horror and deſpair.
To us for refuge now he ſeeks to run,
And would once more with Ægypt be undone.
Rouſe then, oh Ptolemy, repreſs the wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may ſhare
The crimes of ſlaughter, and the woes of war.
His friendſhip ſhewn to thee ſuſpicions draws,
And makes us ſeem too guilty of his cauſe:
Thy crown beſtow'd, the victor may impute;
The ſenate gave it, but at Pompey's ſuit.
Nay, Pompey! thou thyſelf ſhall think it hard,
If from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd
We follow where the gods, conſtraining, lead;
We ſtrike at thine, but wiſh 'twere Cæſar's head.
Our weakneſs this, this fate's compulſion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to ſpill;
Power awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
What hopes thy fond miſtaken ſoul betray'd,
To put thy truſt in Ægypt's feeble aid?
Our ſlothful nation, long diſus'd to toil,
With pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy ſoil;
Our idle force due modeſty ſhould teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach.
Shall we reſiſt where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharſalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal ſtrife before:
And ſhall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging victor's power?
Nor do we turn, unpitying, from diſtreſs;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but ſeek ſucceſs.
The prudent on the proſperous ſtill attends,
And none but fools chooſe wretches for their friends.
He ſaid; the vile aſſembly all aſſent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his ſlaves beſtow'd,
And by new power of wickedneſs made proud.
Where Caſium high o'erlooks the ſhoaly ſtrand,
A bark with arm'd ruffians ſtraight is mann'd,
And the taſk truſted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Ægyptian ſouls thus proudly dare!
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let ſuch bloody cowards hands be ſpilt?
Some kindred murderer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by Cæſar's worthy ſword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy hand in ſuch a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror dread
Jove's thunder grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd;
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd world his conqueſt own'd;
Had not the reverend ſenate call'd him head,
And Cæſar given fair Julia to his bed;
He was a Roman ſtill: a name ſhould be
For ever ſacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his ruin, who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er Egypt's realm to reign.
The ſeamen, now, advancing near to ſhore,
Strike the wide ſail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the falſe miſcreants the navy meet,
And with diſembled cheer the Roman greet.
They feign their hoſpitable land addreſs'd,
With ready friendſhip, to receive the gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient ſhore,
Where ſhoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ſhip, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to paſs.
Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed
A thouſand ſigns the danger near foretel,
Seen by his ſad preſaging friends too well.
Had their low fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himſelf with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.

But thus fate will'd; and Pompey choſe to bear
A certain death before uncertain fear.
While, now, aboard the hoſtile boat he goes,
To follow him the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnerſhip in all his woes.
But, oh! forbear (ſhe cries) my love, forbear;
Thou and my ſon remain in ſafety here.
Let this old head the danger firſt explore,
And prove the faith o' you' ſuſpected ſhore.
He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager hands:
Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy veſſel to my Leſbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful iſland borne?
Muſt I all lands, all ſhores, alike, forbear,
And only on the ſeas thy ſorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs tongue,
While eager from the deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild aſtoniſhment and fear,
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, ſolicitous, the dire event.
No danger aim'd againſt his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his name renown'd,
By mean ſubmiſſion to the boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile diſhonour muſt it bring)
The ruffian ſlave of an Egyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthleſs as the ſavage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld
This hand of miſchief from Pharſalia's field?
But, thus, thou ſcatter'ſt thy deſtroying ſwords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
Can Roman hands be to the taſk decreed!
Ev'n Cæſar, and his gods, abhor the deed.
Say you! who with the ſtain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monſtrous title, yet to ſpeech unknown,
To lateſt times ſhall mark Septimius down!
Now in the boat defenceleſs Pompey ſate,
Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthleſs ſword:
The chief perceiv'd their purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head:
And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breaſt,
His riſing indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No ſighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
No tears his ſtill unſully'd glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his ſeat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting ſoul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt trial, and my laſt,
As in ſome theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, ſhall be
A theme for preſent times, and late poſterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praiſe,
And honours waited on my early days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread period meet,
And force the world to own the ſcene complete.
Nor grieve, my heart! by ſuch baſe hands to bleed;
Whoever ſtrikes the blow, 'tis Cæſar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcaſe ſhall be torn,
Theſe limbs be toſt about for public ſcorn;
My long proſperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely, like a friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from fortune's power,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My wife and ſon behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate purſue!
My virtue rather let their praiſe approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.
Such conſtancy in that dread hour remain'd,
And, to the laſt, the ſtruggling ſoul ſuſtain'd.
Not ſo the matron's feebler powers repreſs'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breaſt:
With every ſtab her bleeding heart was torn,
With wounds much harder to be ſeen than borne.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My love the ſword and ruthleſs hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal iſle,
That cruel Cæſar firſt might reach the Nile;
For Cæſar ſure is there; no hand but his
Has right to ſuch a parricide as this.
But whether Cæſar, or who'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the way to Pompey's heart:
That ſacred pledge in my ſad boſom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and ſworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives I ſingly bore
The camp's fatigue, the ſea's tempeſtuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from Pharſalia's field.
Ah, Pompey! doſt thou thus my faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But Fate ſhall many means of death afford,
Nor want th' aſſiſtance of a tyrant's ſword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the ſtrangling cordage tie:
If there be any friend of Pompey nigh,
Tranſfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.
My lord! my huſband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting victor's chain.

She spoke; and stiffening sunk in cold despair;
Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every sail, and fly the faithless shore.
Nor agonies, nor livid death, disgrace
The sacred features of the hero's face;
In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
The same indignant majesty was seen;
There virtue still unchangeable abode,
And scorn'd the spite of every partial god.
The bloody business now complete and done,
New Furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead;
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd:
He drew the dragging body down with haste,
Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd;
There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headsman's art was then but rudely known),
Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meanest mischief poorly shares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow
In hoary ringlets on his generous brow,
To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the listening Forum oft has hung;
That tongue that could the world with ease restrain,
And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which success came smiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome:
Now pale, and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his detested deed.
His slaves straight drain the serous parts away,
And arm the wasting flesh against decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void vessels pass,
And for duration fix the stiffening mass.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and base!
Thou last and worst of the Lagæan race!
Whose feeble throne, ere long, shall be compell'd
To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield:
Canst thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The rash vain youth of Macedon inshrine;
Can Ægypt such stupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
The worthless Ptolemæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headless trunk is toss'd
In scorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coast?
Was it so much? Could not thy care suffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?
In this, his fortune ever held the same,
Still wholly kind, or wholly cross, she came.
Patient, his long prosperity she bore,
But kept his death, and this sad day, in store.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No sooner was he struck by fortune's hand,
But, see! he lies unbury'd on the sand;
Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down,
And Pompey by a headless trunk is known.
Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile;
In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His quæstor in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring shore betook his way:
Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade,
And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd,
The fearless youth the watery strand survey'd.
'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,
And waining Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet soon the glimmering goddess plainly shew'd
The paler corse, amidst the dusky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long strove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the sacred burden on with pain.
Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well,
To seize th' advantage of th' alternate swell:
Borne on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
And on the beach in safety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then, lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
Thus to the stars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:
See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, last little boon bestow.
He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise,
No eastern odours to perfume the skies;
No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
No reverend train of statutes to appear;
No pageant shows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering sword;
No instruments in plaintive notes to sound,
No legions sad to march in solemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With some poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, these wretched relicks now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loss suffice;
She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye gods! she is too near.
Thus while he spoke, he saw where through the shade
A slender flame its gleaming light display'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.
He seiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyself a better office shalt supply.
If there be sense in souls departed, thine
To my great leader shall her rights resign:
With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the flame.

He ſaid; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring ſhore.
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the flood, half reſting on the ground.
With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order he,
To lift the great patrician to the ſky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late ſhipwreck caſt upon the ſtrand;
Theſe pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the blaze began to riſe around,
The youth ſat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah! (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the ſtormy ſeas
Seem better to thy ghoſt, than rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd ſhade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit.
Fate ſeems itſelf, in my excuſe to plead,
And thy hard fortune juſtifies my deed.
I only wiſh'd, nor is that wiſh in vain,
To ſave thee from the monſters of the main;
From vulture claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæſar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withſtand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.
If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Heſperian land to ſee,
With me thy exil'd aſhes ſhall return,
And chaſte Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Mean-while, a ſignal ſhall thy care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to theſe thy limbs reſtore:
Then ſhall he mark the witneſs of my ſtone,
And, taught by me, thy ſacred ghoſt atone
He ſpoke; and ſtraight, with buſy, pious hands,
Heap'd on the ſmoking corſe the ſcatter'd brands:
Slow ſunk amidſt the fire the waſting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering ſtars to fade away,
Before the roſy promiſe of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfiniſh'd rites forſook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.
Ah! why thus raſhly would thy fears diſclaim
That only deed which muſt record thy name?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf ſhall juſt applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his ſon is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled head.
But ſoon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmouldering carcaſe burns;
Ere yet the cleanſing fire had melted down
The fleſhy muſcles from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, haſty, in a narrow grave:
Then with a ſtone the ſacred duſt he binds,
To guard it from the breath of ſcattering winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs mariner ſhould come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps.
"Beneath this ſtone the once great Pompey ſleeps."
Oh fortune! can thy malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with Cæſar's every wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire ſtretches, Pompey lies:
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyſa's hill, for Bacchus only, ſtand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome!
If fate decrees he muſt in Ægypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply.
Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead
But if one ſtone muſt bear the ſacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the paſſenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquiſh'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With theſe, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquiſh'd eaſt:
Tell with what loud applauſe of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greateſt, beſt renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown
But ah! what marbles to the taſk ſuffice!
Inſtead of theſe, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Faſti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.
Oh fatal land what curſe can I beſtow,
Equal to thoſe, we to thy miſchiefs owe?
Well did the wiſe Cumæan maid of yore
Warn thy Heſperian chiefs to ſhun thy ſhore.
Forbid, juſt heavens! your dews to bleſs the ſoil,
And thou, withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to ſandy deſerts turn.
Have we, with honours, dead Oſiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's ſound;
Receiv'd her Iſis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in deſpite of Pompey's injur'd ſhade,
Low in her duſt his ſacred bones are laid!
And thou, oh Rome! by whoſe forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, ſtand,
Canſt thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghoſt in baniſhment to roam?
What though the victor ſhown, and thy baſe fear,
Bad thee, at firſt, the pious taſk forbear;

Yet now, at leaſt, oh let him now return,
And reſt with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let miſtaken ſuperſtition dread,
On ſuch occaſions, to diſturb the dead;
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious taſk ſhould be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his aſhes in my boſom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth ſhall from the center ſhake;
When blaſting dews the riſing harveſt ſeize,
Or nations ſicken with ſome dire diſeaſe:
The gods, in mercy to us, ſhall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accurſed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long proceſſions ſhall the prieſts appear,
And their great chief the ſacred relics bear.
Or if thou ſtill poſſeſs the Pharian ſhore,
What traveller but ſhall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning ſoil,
Or viſit ſultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:
Or if the merchants, drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy ſhade ſhall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable ſtone.
For who but ſhall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raiſe
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praiſe;
Though his proud name on altars may preſide,
And thine be waſh'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave ſhall the vain pageantry deſpiſe,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.
Ev'n thoſe who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer ſacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worſhip where the bury'd thunder lies.
Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble ſhall record thy mighty name.
So may the duſt ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age ſhall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this ſtone;
When Ægypt's boaſt of Pompey's tomb ſhall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheoſis; from thence, after a ſhort account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharſalia, and tranſporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to deſcribe Cornelia's paſſion upon the death of her huſband. Amongſt other things, ſhe informs his ſon Sextus of his father's laſt commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus ſets ſail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occaſion the poet deſcribes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the diſorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeaſes. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he reſolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a deſcription of the Syrts, and their dangerous paſſage by them, follows Cato's ſpeech to encourage the ſoldiers to march through the deſerts of Lybia; then an account of Lybia, the deſerts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digreſſion concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's perſuaſion to Cato, to enquire of the oracle concerning the events of the war, and Cato's famous anſwer. From thence, after a warm elegy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of ſerpents in Africa; and this, with the deſcription of the various kinds, and the ſeveral deaths of the ſoldiers by them, is perhaps the moſt poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæſar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having ſhewn him the ruins of Troy, and from hence taken an occaſion to ſpeak well of poetry in general, and himſelf in particular. Cæſar, upon his arrival on the coaſt of Egypt, is met by an ambaſſador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the preſent (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a ſeeming grief for the misfortunes of ſo great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of the pile
Slept the great ſoul upon the banks of Nile.
Nor longer, by the earthly parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched relics was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling ſtarry ſphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her ſilver light;
Their happy ſeats the demi-gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliſs;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and ſtars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's ſoul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt abode, with wonder fill'd,
The ſtars and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our duſky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the ſhore forlorn
His headleſs trunk was caſt for public ſcorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, ſtill,
Took pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs carcaſe ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below.

Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy scatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæsar's tents; he fix'd at last
His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he sate,
The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might still her Pompey find,
There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though, by the senate's just command, they stood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharsalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.
His helpless country, like an orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the trade of war.
Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Passions and private interest he forgot;
Not for himself, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The swift advancing victor to prevent;
Who, marching sudden on to new success,
The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress.
There, with the ruins of Emathia's field,
The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had descry'd
The passing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled?
Malea o'erpast, and the Tenarian shore,
With swelling sails he for Cythera bore;
Then Crete he saw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Dictæan isle behind.
Urg'd by the bold Phycuntines churlish pride,
(Their shores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he pass'd,
Laid their unhospitable city waste
Thence wafted forward, to the coast he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name.
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boast, since Lybia's Palinure has shown
Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known.)
From hence they soon descry with doubtful pain,
Another navy on the distant main.
Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:
The victor's haste inclines them most to fear:
Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
And every sail they spy they fancy Cæsar there.
But oh, those ships a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they wafted to the shore:
Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.

When long the sad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relics of her murder'd lord;
The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge restore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore:
Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
Till she beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,
Till on the land she sees th' ignoble flame
Ascend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into just complaints at length she broke,
And thus with pious indignation spoke:
Oh fortune! dost thou then disdain t' afford
My love's last office to my dearest lord?
Am I one chaste, one last embrace deny'd?
Shall not I lay me by his clay-cold side,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear,
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne,
In this sad bosom to their peaceful urn?
Whate'er the last consuming flame shall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relics give?
Perhaps, this last respect, which I should show,
Some vile Ægyptian hand does not bestow,
Injurious to the Roman shade below.
Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey!
Here the last rites the cruel gods allow,
And for a curse my Pompey's pile bestow.
For ever will the same sad fate return?
Still an unburied husband must I mourn,
And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn?
But why should tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within my heart,
And fix'd in every dearest vital part?
O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve.
She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they rise,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;
And now they sink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the rising day.
Me too the winds demand, with fresh'ning gales;
Envious they call, and stretch the swelling sails.
No land on earth seems dear as Ægypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.
That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curst land;
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.

Then Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of war,
And through the world thy father's ensigns bear,
Then hear his last command, intrusted to my care.
"When-e'er my last, my fatal hour shall come,
"Arm you, my sons, for liberty and Rome;
"While one shall of our free-born race remain,
"Let him prevent the tyrant Cæsar's reign.
"From each free city round, from every land,
"Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
"These are the parties, these the friends he leaves,
"This legacy your dying father gives.
"If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear,
"A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
"Heirs of my fame, my sons, shall wage my war.
"Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
"And, like your father, still defend the right.
"To Cato, if for liberty he stand,
"Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand.
"Brave, just, and only worthy to command."
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,
I have survive'd, and well discharg'd my trust;
Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing shade I go:
If longer with a lingering fate I strive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive.
She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love, and fatal grief, shall give.
Nor need she fly for succour to the sword,
The sleepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herself shall find her own relief,
And scorn to die of any death but grief,
So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain:
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.
In vain the bearing surges rage aloud,
And swelling Eurus grumbles in the shroud;
Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noisy cries of fear can move;
In sullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;
Then hopes the seamen's vows shall all be croft,
Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost.
Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
And sought through foamy seas the Cyprian shore;
Soft eastern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
With mournful look from land as oft we know,
A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe),
Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries:
Do ye ye live? Stands yet the sovereign state?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid lo'?
He said; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and seas divide
From woes, which did to these sad eyes betide:
These eyes! which of their horror still complain
Since they beheld our godlike father slain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor suffer'd him to fall by Cæsar's sword.
Trusting in vain to hospitable gods,
He dy'd, oppress'd by vile Ægyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Ægyptian could so greatly dare;
But still I look'd and fancy'd Cæsar there.
But, oh! not all his wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a spear;
Through every town 'tis shown the vulgar's sport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.
'Tis said that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent, or borne away,
By foul Ægyptian dogs, and birds of prey:
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpunish'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.
Scarce had he ended thus when Pompey, warm
With noble fury calls aloud to arm;
Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
But thus in pious rage express'd his grief:
Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea,
Urge on against the winds our adverse way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relics ask your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Ægypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And sooth the ghost with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander shall his priests defend,
Forc'd from his golden shrine he shall descend:
In Mareotis deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcase drown.
From his proud pyramid Amasis torn,
With his long dynasties my rage shall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.
Each stately tomb and monumental stone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, shall atone.
Isis no more shall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor God Osiris in his linen shroud;
Stript of their shrines, with scorn they shall be cast,
To be by ignominious hands defac'd;

Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
To Pompey's duſt a ſacrifice ſhall bleed,
While burning deities the flame ſhall feed.
Waſte ſhall the land be laid, and never know
The tiller's care, not feel the crooked plow:
None ſhall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
Till, the gods baniſh'd, and the people gone,
Ægypt to Pompey ſhall be left alone.
He ſaid; then haſty to revenge he flew,
And ſeaward out the ready navy drew;
But cooler Cato did the youth aſſwage,
And praiſing much, compreſt his filial rage.
Meanwhile the ſhores, the ſeas, and ſkies around;
With mournful cries for Pompey's death reſound.
A rare example have their ſorrows ſhown,
Yet in no age beſide, nor people known,
How failing power did with compaſſion meet,
And croud's deplor'd the ruins of the great.
But when the ſad Cornelia firſt appear'd,
When on the deck her mournful head ſhe rear'd,
Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
With all the pomp of grief's diſorder'd grace;
When they beheld her, waſted quite with woe,
And ſpent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their loſs, again complain,
And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.
Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly ſtrand,
Her lord's laſt rites employ her pious hand;
To his dear ſhade ſhe builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble ſpoil.
There ſhone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which ſhe herſelf had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erſt diſplay'd:
The relics of his paſt victorious days,
Now this his lateſt trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping matron's pious care;
The ſoldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharſalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the ſhores, the flames extend.
And, grateful to the wandering ſhades, aſcend.
So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
The wintery paſtures on their verdant hue,
That flowers may riſe, and ſpringing graſs return,
With ſpreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the diſtant wandering ſwains to gaze;
Far are the glittering fires deſcry'd by night,
And gild the duſky ſkies around with light.
But, oh! not all the ſorrows of the crowd
That ſpoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's ſoul, like Cato's praiſe, could move;
Few were his words, but from an honeſt heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for paſſion and for art.

We've loſt a Roman citizen (he ſaid):
One of the nobleſt of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by the ſtricteſt rules of juſtice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, tranſgreſs'd her law,
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom ſtill, though he was great;
He ſway'd the ſenate, but they rul'd the ſtate.
When crouds were willing to have worn his chain,
He choſe his private ſtation to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundleſs power he never ſought to uſe,
Nor aſk'd, but what the people might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his ſtore,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the ſword, but knew its rage to charm;
And lov'd peace beſt, when he was forc'd to arm,
Unmov'd with all the glitttering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter houſhold and his frugal board,
Nor lewdneſs did, nor luxury afford,
Ev'n in the higheſt fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerably round the nations known,
And as Rome's faireſt light and brighteſt glory ſhone.
When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toſt,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom loſt,
Some ſhadow was yet left, ſome ſhew of power;
Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant bluſh to mount the throne.
Oh, happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling ſtate,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe Pharian ſwords to want.
Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy Julia's father reign;
Free death is man's firſt bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such mercy only from Juba crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me Juba's ſlave)
To Cæſar let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my carcaſe, ſo he takes my head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble ſhade below,
More than a thouſand orators could do;
Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
And Rome's full Forum with his praiſe had rung.
But diſcord now infects the ſullen croud,
And now they tell their diſcontents aloud:
When Tarchon firſt his flying enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the ſhore;
Him Cato thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd:
Oh, reſtleſs author of the roving war,
Doſt thou again piratic arms prepare?
Pompey, thy terror and thy ſcourge is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the ſeas alone.

He said, and bent his frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief addreſs'd,
And thus their wearineſs of war confeſs'd:
For Pompey's ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, theſe arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to peace: but, Cato, now,
That cauſe, that maſter of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our abſent country mourn,
But to our homes and houſhold gods return;
To the chaſte arms from whoſe embrace we fled
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For, oh! what period can the war attend,
Which not Pharſalia's field nor Pompey's death can end?
The better times of flying life are paſt,
Let death come gently on in peace at laſt.
Let age at length with providential care
The neceſſary pile and urn prepare,
All rites the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquiſh'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke;
The victor ſtill a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the ſovereign ſway;
Cæſar was next, and him we now obey;
With reverence be the ſacred ſhade ador'd,
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæſar and ſuperior chance we yield:
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
Nor ſhall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes moleſt the ſtate,
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow Fate.
What terms, what ſafety, can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy ſhall allow?
Once Pompey's preſence juſtify'd the cauſe,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
With him the honours of that cauſe lie dead,
And all the ſanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome theſe arms doſt bear,
If ſtill thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's enſigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high:
No matter who to Pompey's power ſucceeds,
We follow where a Roman conſul leads.
This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful ſort
Join in his flight, and haſte to leave the port;
The ſenſeleſs croud their liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæſar's chain.
Tyrannic power now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born ſtate,
Till Cato ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her fate:
Did then your vows and ſervile prayers conſpire
Nought but a haughty maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The ſlaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war to fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the ſhining ſword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.
Some mighty chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Your ſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourſelves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do at length afford
A cauſe moſt worthy of a Roman ſword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your ſucceſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign power invade,
Two by your fortune's Under doom lie dead;
And ſhall the Pharian ſword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?
Baſe as you are, in vile ſubjection go,
And ſcorn what Ptolemy did ill beſtow.
Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy hands in blood;
Feebly awhile you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire Pharſalia's field;
Go then ſecure, for Cæſar will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with eaſe ſubdu'd;
The pitying victor will in mercy ſpare
The wretch, who never durſt provoke his war.
Go, fordid ſlaves! one lordly maſter gone,
Like heirlooms go from father to the ſon.
Still to enhance your ſervile merit more,
Bear ſad Cornelia weeping from the ſhore;
Meanly for hire expoſe the matron's life,
Metellus' daughter fell, and Pompey's wife;
Take too his ſons: let Cæſar find in you
Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
But let not my devoted life be ſpar'd,
The tyrant greatly ſhall that deed reward;
Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
That all your former wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my blood do Cæſar right,
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.
He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying naval power;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the ſhore.
As when the bees their waxen town forſake,
Careleſs in air their wandering way they take;
No more in cluſtering ſwarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various ſky;
No more from flowers they ſuck the liquid ſweet,
But all their care and induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling braſs they hear,
With ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and ſip the balmy dew.
Meanwhile, ſecure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
With joy exults the happy ſhepherd ſwain;
Proud that his art had thus preſerv'd his ſtore,
He ſcorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient ſoldiers minds prepare,
To learn obedience, and endure the war.
And now their minds, unknowing of repoſe,
With buſy toil to exerciſe he choſe
Still with ſucceſſive labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary marches try'd.

Before Cyrene's walls they now ſit down;
And here the victor's mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no vengeance of the captive town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the vanquiſh'd live,
Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the ſwarthy Moor;
But Nature's boundaries the journey ſtay,
The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn oppoſition, and ſtill hope ſucceſs.
When nature's hand the firſt formation try'd,
When ſeas from lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The Syrts, not quite of ſea nor land bereft,
A mingled maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;
For not the land with ſeas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the waters deep their cozy bed,
Nor earth defends its ſhore, nor lifts aloft its head.
The ſite with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lies;
Or 'tis a ſea with ſhallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
Here ſhores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
And there an inland ocean lags behind.
Thus nature's purpoſe by herſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to herſelf and unemploy'd,
And part of her creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the world and time began,
Her ſwelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
But long confining on the burning zone,
The ſinking ſeas have felt the neighbouring ſun:
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant ages, 'twill be found,
When future ſuns have run the burning round,
Theſe Syrts ſhall all be dry and ſolid ground;
Sma'l are the depths their ſcanty waves retain,
And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
And now the loaden fleet with active oars
Divide the liquid plain, and leave the ſhores,
When cloudy ſkies a gathering ſtorm preſage,
And Auſter from the South began to rage.
Full from the land the ſounding tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling ſurge, and ſweeps the ſhores;
The wind purſues, drives on the rolling ſand,
And gives new limits to the growing land.
'Spite of the ſeaman's toil, the ſtorm prevails;
In vain with ſkilful ſtrength he hands the ſails,
In vain the cordy cables bind them faſt,
At once it rips and rends them from the maſt;
At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
Then whirl and whiſk it through the ſportive air.
Some, timely for the riſing rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe ſheet, and laſh it to the yard.
In vain their care; ſudden the furious blaſt
Snaps by the board, and bears away the maſt;
Of tackling, ſails, and maſt, at once bereft,
The ſhip a naked helpleſs hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpoſ'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling ſea.
But happier ſome a ſteady courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper main.
Their maſts they cut, and driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the ſurge beneath the tempeſt ride:
In vain did, from the ſouthern coaſt their foe,
All black with clouds, old ſtormy Auſter blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the waves they lay,
Old Ocean heav'd his back, and toil'd them on their way.
Some on the ſhallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the ſand.
Now pent amidſt the ſhoals the billows roar,
Daſh on the banks, and ſcorn the new-made ſhore:
Now by the wind driven on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt banks both winds and waves repel:
Still with united force they rage in vain,
The ſandy piles their ſtation fix'd maintain,
And lift their heads ſecure amidſt the watery plain.
There 'ſcaped from ſeas, upon the faithleſs ſtrand,
With weeping eyes the ſhipwreck'd ſeamen ſtand,
And, caſt on ſhore, look vainly out for land.
Thus ſome were loſt; but far the greater part,
Preſerv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
Keep on their courſe, a happier fate partake,
And reach in ſafety the Tritonian lake.
Theſe waters to the tuneful god are dear,
Whoſe vocal ſhell the ſea-green Nereids hear,
Theſe Pallas loves, ſo tells reporting fame,
Here firſt from heaven to earth the goddeſs came,
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And ſpeaks the nearer Sun's immediate rays)
Here her firſt footſteps on the brink ſhe ſtaid
Here in the watery glaſs her form ſurvey'd,
And call'd herſelf from hence the chaſte Tritonian maid.
Here Lethe's ſtreams, from ſecret ſprings below,
Riſe to the light; here heavily and ſlow,
The ſilent dull forgetful waters flow.
Here by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Heſperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long ſince, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their loſt honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tales receiv'd,
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to queſtion, now, the poet's ſacred ſong.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golden boughs low bending ſtood;
On ſome large tree his folds the ſerpent wound,
The fair Heſperiol virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Alcides came to end their care.
Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the Argive ſhore,
And the bright ſpoil to proud Euryſtheus bore.

These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpast,
They reach'd the Garamantian coast at last;
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.
But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
Safe and a dull inactive life disdain'd.
His daring virtue urges to go on.
Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown:
To march, and prove th' inhospitable ground,
To shun the Syrts, and lead the soldier round.
Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way;
He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air:
So haply may they journey on secure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure;
But while cool winds the winter's breath supplies,
With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise
And both may join and temper well the skies.
But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
The hero thus the listening host bespoke:
Fellows in arms! whose bliss, whose chiefest good,
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood.
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard.
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go:
No leafy shades the naked deserts know,
Nor silver streams through flowery meadows flow.
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And serpents guard th' unhospitable ground.
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;
Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.
Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,
Nor to return nor safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes.
Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's sake;
Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
And think it what they owe themselves and Rome.
If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
If life be, more than liberty, his care;
Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey,
And seek a master in some safer way.
Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil:
Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day,
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray;
Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.
In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be first, and teach you how to bear
Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.
If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky,
If while the weary soldier marches on,
Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,
Forsake my cause, and leave me there alone.
The sands, tho serpents, thirst, and burning heat,
Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet;
Virtue, that scorns on cowards terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease;
But then the joys, then smiles upon her state,
Then fairest to herself, then more complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.
So Libya's plain alone shall wipe away
The foul dishonours of Pharsalia's day;
So shall your courage now transcend that fear:
You fled with glory there, to conquer here.
He said; and hardy love of toil inspir'd;
And ev'ry breast with godlike ardour fir'd.
Straight careless of return, without delay
Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,
Receives the hero, fearless of his fate;
Here the good gods his last of labours doom,
Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,
And his great head be hid, within an humble tomb.
If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim:
But if we count, as suns descend and rise,
If we divide by east and west the skies,
Then, with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,
And both to make the western half shall join.
Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,
Of all from Tanais to Nile possest,
And reigns sole empress of the dawning east.
Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found
Part to the western seas extends its bound;
Where cooling gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,
And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'r the plain;
But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,
Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driven;
All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wings,
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring.
No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil:
Pure is the globe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
To guilty pride and avarice unknown;
There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
There cool retreats and fragrant shades bestow,
And hospitably screen their guests below.
Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
A sacred, old, unviolated wood,
Till Roman luxury to Afric past,
And foreign axes laid their honours waste.
Thus utmost lands are ransack'd to afford
The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board.
But rude and wasteful all the regions lie
That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
Their sultry summer sun and parching sky.

No harveſt, there, the ſcatter'd grain repays,
But withering dies, and ere it ſhoots decays:
There never loves to ſpring the mantling vine,
Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine:
The thirſty duſt prevents the ſwelling fruit,
Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root;
Through ſecret veins no tempering moiſtures paſs,
To bind with viſcous force the mouldering maſs:
But genial Jove, averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected ſoil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle head;
As every vegetable ſenſe were dead;
Thence, the wide dreary plains one viſage wear,
Alike in ſummer, winter, ſpring appear,
Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
Then herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The Naſamonian hinds collect around;
A naked race and barbarous of mind,
That live upon the loſſes of mankind:
The Syrts uppiy their wants and barren ſoil,
And ſtrew th' unhoſpitable ſhores with ſpoil.
Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy ſtrand,
And hold, a commerce, thus, with every diſtant land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
Here he purſu'd, while Virtue led the way.
Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
Fearleſs of ſtorms and raging winds, by land
Repeat the dangers of the ſwelling main,
And ſtrive with ſtorms and raging winds again.
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his force,
Impetuous Auſter runs his rapid courſe;
Nor mountains here, nor ſtedfaſt rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpecious liſt.
No ſtable groves of ancient oak ariſe,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling duſt, like leaves in eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid heaven is caught;
There hangs a ſullen cloud; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.
Gazing, the poor inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt poſſeſſions there,
From earth tranſported, and now fixed in air.
Not riſing flames attempt a bolder flight;
Like ſmoke by riſing flames uplifted, light
The ſands aſcend, and ſtain the heavens with night.

But now, his utmoſt power and rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy god invades the Roman hoſt;
The ſoldier yields, unequal to the ſhock,
And ſtaggers at the wind's tempeſtuous ſtroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
Oh Libya! where thy pliant ſurface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe-compacted ground;
Or hadſt thou rocks, whoſe hollows deep below;
Would draw thoſe raging winds that looſely blow;
Their fury, by thy firmer maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal caves inclos'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once complete,
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy ſeat:
But well thy ſlitting plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fixed, and flying keep'ſt the field.
Helms, ſpears, and ſhields, ſnatch'd from the warlike hoſt,
Through heaven's wide regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant nations, with religious fear,
Beheld them, as ſome prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
Such haply was the chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious tale, in prieſtly Numa's days;
Such were thoſe ſhields, and thus they came from heaven,
A ſacred charge to young patricians given;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence through long airy journeys ſafe did come,
To cheat the croud with miracles at Rome.
Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the ſtormy ſouth,
Thus every way aſſail'd the Latian youth:
Each ſeveral method for defence they try,
Now wrap their garments tight, now cloſe they lie:
Now ſinking to the earth, with weight they preſs
Now claſp it to them with a ſtrong embrace,
Scarce in that poſture ſafe; the driving blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves them off at laſt.
Meantime a ſandy flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling heaps the proſtrate legions drown;
New to the ſudden danger, and diſmay'd,
The frighted ſoldier haſty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and ſtruggling rears his head.
Soon ſhoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty ſummit to the ſky:
High ſandy walls, like forts, their paſſage ſtay,
And riſing mountains intercept their way:
The certain bounds which ſhould their journey guide,
The moving earth and duſky deluge hide:
So landmarks ſink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid ſeas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's ſacred lights above:
Part e'en of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern ſtars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known luſtre from their eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer ſkies they journey'd on.

The ſlackening ſtorms the neighbouring ſun confeſs,
The heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the winds grew leſs,
Whilſt parching thirſt and fainting ſweats encreaſe.
As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour ſpent,
Amidſt the deſert, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling ſpring to ſpy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the ſcanty ſtore,
And in his helmet to the chieftan bore.
Around, in crouds, the thirſty legions ſtood,
Their throats and clamy jaws with duſt beſtrew'd
And all with wiſhful eyes the liquid treaſure view'd.
Around the leader caſt his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took,
Held it, and thus the the giver fierce beſpoke;
And think'ſt thou then that I want virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt in the Roman hoſt!
Am I the firſt ſoft coward that complains!
That ſhrinks, unequal to thoſe glorious pains!
Am I in eaſe and infamy the firſt!
Rather be thou, baſe as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt drink, when all beſide thee thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the ſand
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the general want ſupply'd.
Now to the ſacred temple they draw near,
Whoſe only altars Libyan lands revere;
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, ſtands heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal enſigns grace his potent hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the lightning's flaming brand;
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There, though he reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Though ſwarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the bleſt, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his ſhrines with coſtly ſheen;
But plain and poor and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such, as to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temples ſafe from Roman gold.
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's ſpace,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace,
Here the looſe ſands by plenteous ſprings are bound,
Knit to a maſs, and moulded into ground:
Here ſmiling nature wears a fertile dreſs,
And all things here the preſent god confeſs
Yet here the ſun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly ſhelter yield,
Scarce their own trunk the leafy branches ſhield;

The rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the ſhadow chace.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:
Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the ſkies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the *fiſhy* ſign deſcend,
The Boys and Centaur juſtly time divide,
And equally their ſeveral ſeaſons guide:
Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return,
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and ſcorching zone;
Northward from them the ſun's bright courſe is made,
And to the ſouthward ſtrikes the leaning ſhade
There flow Boötes, with his lazy wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they ſee
No ſtar what-e'er from Neptune's waves is free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges in the ſea.
Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crouds of eaſtern pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His hoſt, (as crouds are ſuperſtitious ſtill)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's ſkill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common ſuit to Cato mov'd
Chance, and the fortune of the way, he ſaid,
Have brought Jove's ſacred counſels to our aid.
This greateſt of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each diſtreſs ſhall be a ſure relief;
Shall point the diſtant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war,
To thee, O Cato! pious! wiſe! and juſt!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their fore-determin'd will ſhall tell;
Their will has been thy law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance ſhall come
To impious Cæſar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at leaſt, thy country's doom.
Aſk if theſe arms our freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if laws and rights ſhall be no more
Be thy great breaſt with ſacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect rule to guide mankind.
Full of the God that dwelt within his breaſt,
The hero thus his ſecret mind expreſs'd,

And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.
Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret, would'st thou know?
Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or would'st thou know, if what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?
What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to len then out the sense of pain?
Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The universal malice of mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
If stable virtue can her ground maintain,
Whilst fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
And honesty consist in meaning well?
If right be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more or less?
Are these, my friend, the secrets thou would'st know,
Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold,
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our priests are mute, and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.
When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
And then the maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge, then.
Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd?
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truths in wilds and deserts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove?
Why seek we farther then? behold around,
How all thou seest does with the god abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds who live in doubt and fear.
To jug ling priests for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the croud at freedom to believe,
And take such answers as the priest should give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary neck to press,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease:
The panting soldier at his toil succeeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,
And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes;
Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,
He stands and sees the cooling draughts go round,
Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past,
And, till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.
If true good men deserve immortal fame;
If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same;
Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his due.
Whene'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honours bought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,
With death and desolation compass'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine war.
His country's father here, O Rome behold!
Worthy thy temples, priest, and shrines of gold!
If e'er thou break'st thy lordly master's chain,
If liberty be e'er restor'd again,
Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy gods.
Now to those sultry regions were they past,
Which love to stop inquiring mortals plac'd,
And as their utmost, southern, limits cast.
Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,
And only one, amidst the sands, they found.
Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd:
The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard:
Dry Aspics on the fatal margin stood,
And Dipsas thirsted in the middle flood.
Back from the stream the frighted soldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he dies:
The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,
Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain,
My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain.
When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix;
The pest infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.
Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed:
He said; and first the doubtful draught essay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their thirst,
Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.
Why plagues, like these, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various shapes appear;
Why, fruitful to destroy, the cursed land
Is temper'd thus, by nature's secret hand;
Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,
And still deludes the vain inquirer's pains;

Unleſs a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.
Where weſtern waves on fartheſt Libya beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting ſun's deſcending heat,
Dreadful Meduſa fix'd her horrid ſeat.
No leafy ſhade, with kind protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſqualid, unfrequented fields:
No mark of ſhepherds, or the plowman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow ſoil:
But, rude with rocks, the regions all around
Its miſtreſs, and her potent viſage, own'd.
'Twas from this monſter to afflict mankind,
That nature firſt produc'd the ſnaky kind:
On her, at firſt their forky tongues appear'd;
From her, their dreadful hiſſings firſt were heard.
Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waiſt depended long;
Some with their riſing creſts her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtil around, and drops of livid foam.
None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
So ſwift their fate, preventing death and pain:
Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
And motion, ſenſe, and life, were loſt in ſtone.
The ſoul itſelf, from ſudden flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune ſhar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inſpire,
But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did ſoon aſſuage,
Lull'd him to reſt, and ſooth'd his triple rage;
Hydra's ſeven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he ſaw, and what he ſaw, ſubdu'd:
Of theſe in various terrors each exce l'd;
But all to this ſuperior fury yield.
Phorcus and Cœto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the ſea.
This monſter's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her ſight her ſiſter Gorgons fled.
Old Ocean's waters and the liquid air,
The univerſal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works ſhe could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbneſs ſhed,
And over all a ſtony ſurface ſpread.
Birds in their flight were ſtopt, and ponderous grown,
Forget their pinions, and fell ſenſeleſs down.
Beaſts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of ſtone and marble nations found.
No living eyes ſo fell a ſight could bear;
Her ſnakes themſelves, all deadly though they were,
Shot backward from her face, and ſhrunk away for fear.
By her, a rock Titanian Atlas grew,
And heaven by her the giants did ſubdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half diſmay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aſide their fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monſter race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.

To ſeek this monſter, and her fate to prove,
The ſon of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above.
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd;
The god aſſiſted with his wings the ſword,
His ſword which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And lo from her cruel keeper freed.
Unwedded Pallas lent a ſiſter's aid;
But aſk'd, for recompence, Meduſa's head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his ſight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent ſhield,
And ſhews how there the foe might be beheld
Deep ſlumbers had the drowſy fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem, her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her ſnakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid miſtreſs, wakes;
The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her head,
And o'er her drouſy lids and face were ſpread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a ſtroke:
His faultering hand the virgin goddeſs guides,
And from the monſter's neck her ſnaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers, can expreſs
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poiſon from her lips ariſe,
What death, what vaſt deſtruction, threaten'd in her eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herſelf could bear.
The victor Perſeus ſtill had been ſubdu'd,
Though, wary ſtill, with eyes averſe he ſtood:
Had not his heavenly ſiſter's timely care
Veil'd the dread viſage with the hiſſing hair.
Seis'd of his prey, heavenwards, upliftedlight,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his courſe, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to ſteer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their ſight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wondrous flight?
Therefore, by gales of gentle Zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coaſt the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the ſultry line, expos'd it lies
To deadly planets, and malignant ſkies.
Still, with his fiery ſteeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burning way
No land more high erects its lofty head,
The ſilver moon in dim eclipſe to ſhade;
If through the ſummer ſigns direct ſhe run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or ſouth to ſhun
The envious earth that hides her from the ſun.
Yet could this ſoil accurſt, this barren field
Increaſe of deaths, and poiſonous harveſts yield.
Where-e'er ſublime in air the victor flew,
The monſter's head diſtill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the ſeed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore dropt on the ſand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;

The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.
First of those plagues the drousy Asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell,
None with so many deaths such plenteous venom swell;
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun; 1195
But Nile no more confines them now: What bound
Can for insatiate avarice be found!
Freighted with Lybian deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous asps are things of price at Rome.
Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhois unbends, 1200
And her vast length along the sand extends;
Where e'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.
Amphibious some do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found. 1205
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.
The spotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:
Not Theban marbles are so gayly dress'd, 1210
Nor with such party-colour'd beauties grac'd.
Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
Th' Ammodites lurks in the sands unseen:
The Swimmer there the crystal stream pollutes;
And swift, through air, the flying Javelin shoots.
The Scytale, ere yet the spring returns,
There casts her coat; and there the Dipsas burns;
The Amphisbæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head she rears.
Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas stands, 1220
And, as he passes, furrows up the sands.
The Prester by his forming jaws is known;
The Seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,
Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric down.
The Basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard, 1225
And from afar by every serpent fear'd,
To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the desert plains.
And you, ye dragons of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
This guardian Genii and protectors own'd;
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some matter of the herd, some mighty bull:
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
Not elephants are by their larger size 1240
Secure, but, with the rest, become your prize.
Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid.
Thus, though a thousand plagues around them spread,
A weary march the hardy soldiers tread,
Through thirst, through toil and death, by Cato led,
Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate.
Wondering, he sees some small, some trivial wound
Extend a valiant Roman on the ground. 1250
Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the standard, on a Dipsas trode;
Backward the wrathful serpent bent her head,
And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
Scarce did some little mark of hurt remain. 1255
And scarce he found some little sense of pain;
Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unseen, the secret venom spreads,
And every nobler part at once invades; 1260
Swift flames consume the marrow and the brain,
And the scorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;
Upon his heart the thirsty poisons prey,
And drain the sacred juice of life away. 1264
No kindly floods of moisture bathe his tongue,
But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
No trickling drops distil, no dewy sweat,
To ease his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not supply
Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
The never-failing source of tears was dry.
Frantic he flies, and with a careless hand
Hurls the neglected eagle on the sand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
For springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
For springs, in vain, explores the desert round, 1276
For cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
And quench the burning venom in his heart.
Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhone, or Po,
Or Nile, whose wandering streams o'er Ægypt flow,
Still would he rage, still with the fever glow.
The scorching climate to his fate conspires,
And Libya's sun assists the Dipsas' fires. 1285
Now every where for drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the Syrts and briny seas he flies;
The briny seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
Nor yet he knows what secret plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the poison, but believ'd it thirst.
Of thirst, and thirst alone, he still complains,
Raving for thirst, he tears his swelling veins; 1290
From every vessel drains a crimson flood,
And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.
This Cato saw, and straight, without delay,
Commands his legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' inquiring soldier time to know 1295
What deadly deeds a fatal thirst could do.
But soon a fate more sad, with new surprize,
From the first object turns their wondering eyes.
Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was stung;
Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung: 1300
Sudden the soldier shook it from the wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.

Of all the dire deſtructive ſerpent race,
Nor have ſo much of death, though none are leſs.
Faſtra ght, around the part, the ſkin withdrew,
The fleſh and ſhrinking ſinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view
The ſpread ing poiſons all the diets confound,
And the whole body ſinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muſcles boaſt,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are loſt;
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mix in one putrid ſtream, together flow;
The firm Peritonæum, rent in twain,
No more the preſſing entrails could ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small relics of the mouldering maſs were left,
At once of ſubſtance, as of form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid poiſon ran,
And to a naſeous puddle ſhrunk the man.
Then burſt the rigid nerves, the manly breaſt,
And all the texture of the heaving cheſt:
Reſiſtleſs way the conquering venom made,
And ſecret nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred privacies all open lie
To each profane, inquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad ſhoulders did the peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the mind's imperial ſeat, the head.
So ſoons diſſolv'd by ſouthern breezes run,
So melts the wax before the noon-day ſun.
Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are known
To waſte the fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the bone:
Hair nose were left, no leaſt remains were ſeen;
No mark to ſhew, that once the man had been.
Of all the plagues which curſe the Libyan land,
(If death and miſchief may a crown demand.)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boaſt of their power to force the ſoul away,
Yet ſoul and body both become thy prey.
A fate of different kind Naſidius found,
A burning Preſter gave the deadly wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden flame began to ſpread,
And paint his viſage with a glowing red.
With ſwift expanſion ſwells the bloated ſkin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human form lies loſt within.
The puffy poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monſter drown'd.
No more the ſcaly plate his breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting poiſon way.
Nor waters ſo, when fire the rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons riſe:
Nor ſwells the ſtretching canvas half ſo faſt,
When the ſails gather all the driving blaſt,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty maſt.
The various parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry beaſt;
With horror ſeiz'd, his ſad companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd carcaſe flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the monſter grew.

But fertile Libya ſtill new plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid monſters turns their eyes.
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhois impreſt
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breaſt:
The noble youth, with virtue's love inſpir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to ſhare,
With him, each chance of that diſaſtrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's ſpectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious ſeat,
At once, by ſecret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures guſh from every antique head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the croud below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray:
His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd.
And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound.
Lævus, a colder Aſpic bit, and ſtraight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
Thick ſhades upon his eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in everlaſting ſleep:
No ſenſe of pain, no torment did he know,
But ſunk in ſlumbers to the ſhades below.
Not ſwifter death attends the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce
Well may their craſty prieſts divine, and well
The fate which they themſelves cauſe, foretel.
Fierce from afar a darting Javelin ſhot,
(For ſuch, the ſerpent's name has Afric taught.)
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
Nor poiſon, but a wound, the ſoldier ſlew.
No flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid none we know,
Stones for the ſounding ſling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
A baſiliſk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the ſandy plain;
Along the ſpear the gliding venom ran,
And ſudden, from the weapon, ſeiz'd the man:
His hand firſt touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining blade.
The ſerpent's force by ſad example taught,
With his loſt hand, his ranſom'd life he bought.
Who that the ſcorpion's inſect form ſurveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vaſt Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the ſky.
Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal threads of life commands,
And quickens oft the Stygian ſiſter's hands.
Purſu'd by dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs night, and thus the cheerleſs day;

Ev'n earth itſelf they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary head:
There no kind trees their leafy couches ſtrow,
The ſands no turf nor moſſy beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal ſoil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breaſt his ſnaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful gueſts, a ſhelter there.
Thence freſh ſupplies of poiſonous rage return,
And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.
Reſtore, thus ſadly oft the ſoldier ſaid,
Reſtore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
This grace, at leaſt, ye cruel gods afford,
That we may fal beneath the hoſtile ſword.
The Dipſa's here in Cæſar's triumph ſhare,
And fell Ceraſtæ wage his civil war.
Or let us haſte away, preſs farther on,
Urge our bold paſſage to the burning zone,
And die by thoſe æthereal flames alone.
Afric, thy deſerts we accuſe no more,
Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
From man thou wiſely didſt theſe wilds divide,
And for the monſters here alone provide;
A region waſte and void of all beſide.
Thy prudent care forbad the barren field
The yellow harveſt's ripe increaſe to yield;
Man and his labours well thou didſt deny,
And bad'ſt him from the land of poiſons fly.
We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
We, this the ſerpent's world, did firſt invade;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed clime:
What god ſo'er, that only lov'ſt to reign,
And doſt the commerce of mankind diſdain:
Who, to ſecure thy horrid empire's bound,
Haſt fix'd the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
Here the wild waves, there the flames ſcorching breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle ſpace with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt ſeats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the limits of the world to know.
Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
New deaths, new monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to thoſe far ſeas our journey bends.
Where to the waves the burning ſun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down heaven's azure ſteep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing deep.
Now ſinks the pole, declining from its height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid weight.
Nor farther lands from fame herſelf are known,
But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful place;
Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe ſerpents, and theſe lands again.
One joy at leaſt do theſe ſad regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to live:
That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.
Nor aſk we now for Aſia's gentler day,
Nor now for European ſuns we pray;
Thee, Afric, now, thy abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
Say, in what part, what climate are they loſt?
Where have we left Cyrene's happy froſt?
Cold ſkies we felt, and froſty winter there,
While more than ſummer ſuns are raging here,
And break the laws of the well order'd year.
Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we paſs'd,
And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye gods, one pleaſure ere we die,
Add to our harder fate this only joy,
That Cæſar may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the ſoldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
But moſt the virtues of their matchleſs chief
Inſpire new ſtrength, to bear with every grief;
All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
On the bare ſands expos'd the hero lies;
In every place alike, in every hour,
Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.
Unweary'd ſtill, his common care attends
On every ſate, and chears his dying friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad call he flies,
And more than health, or life itſelf, ſupplies;
With virtue's nobleſt precepts arms their ſouls,
And ev'n their ſorrows, like his own controls
Where-e'er he comes, no ſigns of grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting groan.
Still urging on his pious cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward evils to remove;
And, by his preſence, taught them to diſdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain.
But now, ſo many toils and dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at laſt.
Of all who ſcorching Afric's ſun endure,
None like the ſwarthy Pſyllians are ſecure.
Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
Them, not the ſerpent's tooth, nor poiſon harms;
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
And taught with vital force the venom to repel.
With healing gifts, and privileges grac'd,
Well in the land of ſerpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they have,
And border ſafely on his realm, the grave.
Such confidence is in their true-born blood,
That oft with aſps they prove their doubtful brood:
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;
If ſubject to the wrathful ſerpent's wound,
The mother's ſhame is by the danger found;
But if unhurt the fearleſs infant laugh;
The wife is honeſt, and the huſband ſafe.

So when Jove's bird, on ſome tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the neſt they lie,
Wary ſhe turns them to the eaſtern ſky;
Then if, unequal to the god of day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away;
But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender ſhe broods them with a parent's love,
The future ſervants of her maſter Jove.
Nor ſafe themſelves, alone, the Pſyllians are,
But to their gueſts extend their friendly care.
Firſt, when the Roman camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then chanting, charm the ground,
And chace the ſerpents with the myſtic ſound.
Beyond the fartheſt tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield;
There foreign Galbanum diſſolving fries,
And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort riſe;
There Tamariſk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy Syrian Coſtos burns.
There Centory ſupplies the wholeſome flame,
That from Theſſalian Chiron takes its name;
The gummy Larch tree, and the Thapſos there,
Wound-wort and Maiden-weed perfume the air.
There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
With Southern-wood, their odours ſtrong impart.
The monſters of the land, he ſerpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the hoſtile ſmell.
Securely thus they paſs the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
The Pſyllian artiſts ſtraight their ſkill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the Leach the power of charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly foe;
With ſpittle firſt, he marks the part around,
And keeps the poiſon priſoner in the wound;
Then ſudden he begins the magic ſong,
And rolls the numbers haſty o'er his tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for breath,
To ſtop the progreſs of approaching death:
He fears the cure might ſuffer by delay,
And life be loſt but for a moment's ſtay,
Thus oft, though deep within the vein it lies,
By magic numbers chac'd, the miſchief flies;
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorns the potent charmer to obey;
With forceful lips he faſtens on the wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the venom to the ground.
Thus, by long uſe and of experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poiſon paſt,
And knows each various ſerpent by the taſte.
The warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their pains,
Held on their paſſage thro' gh the deſert plains:
And now the ſilver empreſs of the night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd, her borrow'd light,
While Cato, wandering o'er the waſteful field,
Patient in all his labours ſhe beheld.
At length condens'd in clods the ſands appear,
And ſhew a better ſoil and country near;
Now from afar thin tufts of trees ariſe,
And ſcattering cottages delight their eyes.
But when the ſoldier once beheld again
The raging lion ſhakes his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his ſoul poſſeſt?
What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beaſt!
Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from ſtorms, and the ſun's parching ray,
At eaſe they paſs'd the wintery year away.
When fated with the joys which ſlaughters yield,
Retiring Cæſar left Emathia's field;
His other cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the footſteps of his flying ſon.
Led by the guidance of reporting fame,
Firſt to the Thracian Helleſpont he came.
Here young Leander periſh'd in the flood,
And here the tower of mournful Hero ſtood:
Here, with a narrow ſtream, the flowing tide,
Europe, from wealthy Aſia, does divide.
From hence the curious victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring ſought the fam'd Sigæan ſhore.
There might the tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,
Renown'd in ſacred verſe by bards of old.
There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,
Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:
There ſtood old Troy, a venerable name;
For ever conſecrate to deathleſs fame.
Now blaſted moſſy trunks with branches ſear,
Brambles and weeds, a loathſome foreſt rear
Where once, in palaces of regal ſtate,
Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, ſat.
Where temples once, on lofty columns born,
Majeſtic did the wealthy town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
Here Cæſar did each ſtory'd place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
Heſione was bound the monſter's prey.
Here, in the covert of a ſecret grove,
The bleſt Anchiſes claſp'd the queen of love:
Here fair Oenone play'd, here ſtood the cave
Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;
Here lovely Ganymede to Heaven was born,
Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.
Here all that does of Xanthus' ſtream remain,
Creeps a ſmall brook along the duſty plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The Phrygian guide forbids to pre's the graſs;
This place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred bones of Hector ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Diſjointed ſtones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt fate, he cries, did Priam prove;
Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.
O poeſy divine! O ſacred ſong!
To thee, bright fame and length of days belong,
Thou, goddeſs! thou eternity canſt give,
And bid ſecure the mortal hero live.

Nor, Cæsar, thou disdain, that I rehearse
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muse excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours shall reward,
And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers shall to latest times convey
The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.
When long the chief his wondering eyes had cast
On ancient monuments of ages past;
Of living turf an altar straight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid,
And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd.
Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place,
And thou, Æneas! author of my race,
Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domestic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who still preserve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd;
Pallas, who dost thy sacred privilege confide
To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide;
Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greatest of the Julian line:
Prosper my future ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient state and honours to bestow;
Ausonian hands shall Phrygian walls restore,
And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
He said; and hasted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loss of this delay.
Up sprung the wind, and with a freshening gale,
The kind north-west fill'd ev'ry swelling sail;
Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
Till Asia's shores and Rhodes no more they view.
Six times the night her sable round had made,
The seventh now passing on the chief survey'd
High Pharos shining through the gloomy shade;
The coast descry'd, he waits the rising day,
Then safely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crouds o'erspread he sees the shore,
And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
Distrustful of his fate, he gives command
To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land;
When lo! a messenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king:
Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore.
An impious orator the tyrant sends,
Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift commends.
Hail! first and greatest of the Roman name;
In power most mighty, most renown'd in fame:
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord!
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king bestows the prize thy arms have fought,
For which Pharsalia's field in vain was fought.
No task remains for future labours now;
The civil wars are finish'd at a blow.
To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled
To us for succour, and by us lies dead.
Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy,
Thee, to our friendship, with this victim tie.
Ægypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give!
Accept the treasures which this deed has spar'd;
Accept the benefit, without reward.
Deign, Cæsar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword.
In the first rank of greatness shall he stand;
He, who could Pompey's destiny command.
Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil,
Because not dearly bought with blood and toil:
But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,
How friendship pleaded and how nature spoke:
That Pompey, who restor'd Auletes' crown,
The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the son.
Then judge thyself, and ask the world and fame,
If services like these deserve a name.
If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more;
This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee* was spilt,
Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt.
He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And stedfast to the gazing victor held
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,
Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæsar knew before.
He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon,
Awhile his eyes the dreadful scene endure,
Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure.
At length he stood convinc'd, the deed was done;
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son:
And straight the ready tears, that staid till now,
Swift at command with pious semblance flow:
As if detesting, from the sight he turns,
And groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought should be descry'd,
And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.
Thus the curst Pharian tyrant's hopes were crost,
Thus all the merit of his gift was lost;
Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd;
He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentless, through Pharsalia rode,
And on the senate's mangled fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld,
The blood and slaughter of that woeful field;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthless see,
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh mystery of fortune, and of fate!
Oh ill-conforted piety and hate!
And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford
To the dire object of thy vengeful sword?
Didst thou, for this, devote his hostile head,
Pursue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle tie of kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's love?
And weep'st thou now? dost thou those tears provide
To win the friends of Pompey to thy side?

Perhaps with ſecret rage thou doſt repine,
That he ſhould die by any hand but thine:
Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder due to Cæſar's hand alone.
What ſecret ſprings ſoe'er theſe currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Purſue him flying, only to defend?
Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune witheld this glory from thy name,
Forbad thy power to ſave, and ſpar'd the Roman ſhame.
Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſy croud.
Hence from my ſight, nor let me ſee thee more,
Haſte, to thy king his fatal gift reſtore.
At Cæſar you have aim'd the deadly blow,
And wounded Cæſar worſe than Pompey now;
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my ſword had won,
That nobleſt prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquiſh'd live.
Then tell your king, his gift ſhall be repay'd;
I would have ſent him Cleopatra's head;
But that he wiſhes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman ſword?
Did I, for this, in heat of war, diſtain
With noble blood Emathia's purple plain,
To licenſe Ptolomy's pernicious reign?
Did I with Pompey ſcorn the world to ſhare?
And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?
In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful ſound
Has rous'd the univerſe to arms around;
Vain was the ſhock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious ſhores I came,
'Twas to aſſert at once my power and fame;
Leſt the pale fury Envy ſhould have ſaid,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;
I know the welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's field preſerves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
What ruin, Gods! attended on my arms,
What dangers unforeſeen! what waiting harms!
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
See yet a fourth, ſee Ptolomy appear!
The boy-king's vengeance lowers in the rear.
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the moſt we can beſtow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine,
And pious cares, the warriors head inſhrine:
Atone with penitence the injur'd ſhade,
And let his aſhes in their urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his ghoſt lamenting Cæſar know,
And feel my preſence here, ev'n in the realms below.
Oh, what a day of joy was loſt to Rome,
When hapleſs Pompey did to Ægypt come!
When, to a father and a friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the Pharian boy to truſt.
The wretched world that loſs of peace ſhall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendſhip might enſue.
But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain, for peace, and for repoſe, I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,
That, ſuppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their juſt reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories ſhar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all paſt and gone,
In pleaſure had the peaceful years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou ſhouldſt thy harder fate, and Rome my wars forget.
Faſt falling ſtill the tears, thus ſpoke the chief,
But found no partner in the ſpecious grief.
Oh! glorious liberty! when all ſhall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord to wear!
Each in his breaſt the riſing ſorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, though Cæſar wept.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar, upon his arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his ſiſter Cleopatra; whom, at the inſtigation of Photinus, and his other evil counſellors, he had deprived of her ſhare in the kingdom, and impriſoned: ſhe finds means to eſcape, comes privately to Cæſar, and puts herſelf under his protection. Cæſar interpoſes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this feaſt Cæſar, who at his firſt arrival had viſited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever elſe was curious in that city, enquires of the chief prieſt Acheoreus, and is by him informed of the courſe of the Nile, its ſtated increaſe and decreaſe, with the ſeveral cauſes that had been till that time aſſigned for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achillas, to draw the army to Alexandria, and ſurprize Cæſar; this he immediately performs, and beſieges the palace. But Cæſar, having ſet the city and many of the Ægyptian ſhips on fire, eſcapes to the iſland of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he ſtill kept in his power, with him; there having diſcovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the ſame time Arſinoe, Ptolemy's younger ſiſter, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganimedes, aſſumed the regal authority, orders Achillas to be kill'd likewiſe, and renews the war againſt Cæſar. Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompaſſed by the enemy, and very near being ſlain, but

at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beset.
The strife was now, if this detested land
Should own imperial Rome's supreme command,
Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner shade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly sword withstood,
Nor suffer'd Nile, again to blush with Roman blood.
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
Proud Cæsar enters Alexandria's gate;
Ensigns on high the long procession lead;
The warrior and his armed train succeed.
Meanwhile, loud murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Fasces borne in state along;
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And scornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon saw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his sake.
Wisely, howe'er, he did his secret fear,
And held his way with well-dissembled chear.
Careless, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power;
But neither god, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight:
Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
To search the gloomy mansions of the dead:
Thither with secret pleasure he descends,
And to the guide's recording tale attends.
There the vain youth who made the world his prize,
That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies.
When pitying death, at length, had freed mankind,
To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd:
His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
But fortune spar'd the dead; and partial Fate,
For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
If e'er our long lost liberty return,
That carcase is reserv'd for public scorn:
Now, it remains a monument confest,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth:
There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with disdain,
Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless force,
Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful course:
His ruthless sword laid Human Nature waste,
And desolation follow'd where he past.
Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys:
Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And seeks the boundless empire of the sea;
Ev'n to the utmost west he would have gone,
Where Thetys' lap receives the setting sun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head,
When nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd.
With him, that power his pride had lov'd well,
His monstrous universal power fell:
No heir, no just successor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
To tear the world, and scramble for mankind.
Yet still he dy'd the master of his fame,
And Parthia to the last rever'd his name:
The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than she pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the southern sun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where-e'er soft Zephyrs fan the western sky;
Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield,
And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field:
Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift those heads aloft which Pella taught to bow.
From Casium now the beardless monarch came,
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.
Th' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
When, veil'd in secrecy, and dark disguise,
To mighty Cæsar Cleopatra flies.
Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her prison gates unbarr'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.
Oh, fatal form! thy native Ægypt shame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an host, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;
When thy shrill timbrel's sound was heard from far,
And Rome herself shook at the coming war;
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's strand,
Suspended long the world's supreme command,
And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Glowing alike with greatness and delight,
She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapless Anthony, no more,
Lost and undone by beauty's fatal power;
If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms,
Submits his stubborn heart to those soft charms;

If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place:
If Julia's chastest name he can forget,
And raise her, brethren of a bastard set;
Indolently he permits, from far,
Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
If he can give away the fruits of blood,
And fight to make a strumpet's title good.
To him disdaining, or to feign a tear,
Or spread her artfully dishevell'd hair,
In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,
And trusting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like these began the Pharian maid:
If royal birth and the Lagæan name,
Thy favouring pity, greatest Cæsar, claim,
Redress my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her state an injur'd queen restore.
Here shed thy juster influence, and rise
A star auspicious to Ægyptian skies.
Nor is it strange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
No laws our softer sex's powers restrain,
But undistinguish'd equally we reign.
Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:
My just pretensions stand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to share.
Nor would the gentle boy his love refuse,
Did cursed Photinus leave him free to choose;
But now in vassalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and passions not his own.
Nor is my soul on empire fondly set,
But could with ease my royal rights forget;
So thou the throne from vile dishonour save,
Restore the master, and depose the slave
What scorn, what pride, his haughty bosom swell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell!
Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods avert,
His sword is levell'd at thy noble heart.
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare,
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to share.
In vain her words the warrior's ears assail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
From thence resistless eloquence she draws,
And with the sweet persuasion gains her cause.
His stubborn heart dissolves in loose delight,
And grants her suit, for one lascivious night.
Ægypt and Cæsar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feasting to the war succeed:
The wanton queen displays her wealthy store,
Excess unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich, as some fane by lavish zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, stood the hall prepar'd:
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:
Of solid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd;
While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In massy columns, rose a proud support.
Of solid ebony each post was wrought,
From swarthy Meroë profusely brought:
With ivory was the entrance crusted o'er,
And polish'd tortoise hid each shining door;
While on the cloudy spots enchas'd was seen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches shone,
Beamy and bright with many a costly stone.
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drunk the noblest Tyrian dye;
Others as Pharian artists have the skill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,
With winding trails of various silks were made,
Where branching gold set off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crouds, whole nations of attendants swarm:
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquish'd Rhine shew'd Cæsar none so fair:
Others were seen with swarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging shades.
Here squealing eunuchs, a dismember'd train,
Lament the loss of genial joys in vain:
There nature's noblest work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood stand.
All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The Princes round the board recline in state,
With mighty Cæsar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,
Richer than those with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown she scorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the mischiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper roses dyes;
Amidst the braidings of her flowing hair,
The spoils of orient rocks and shells appear;
Like midnight stars, ten thousand diamonds deck
The comely rising of her graceful neck:
Of wondrous work, a thin trasparent lawn
O'er each soft breast in decency was drawn;
Where still by turns the parting threads withdrew,
And all the panting bosom rose to view.
Her robe, her every part, her air, confess
The power of female skill exhausted in dress.
Fantastic madness of unthinking pride,
To boast that wealth, which prudence strives to hide!
In Civil Wars such treasures to display,
And tempt a soldier with the hopes of prey!
Had Cæsar not been Cæsar, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waste the world for gold,
But just as all our frugal names of old;
This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plow,
As Cæsar, they had seiz'd the mighty spoil,
And to inrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of slaves, the various feast
In massy gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever earth, or air, or seas afford,
In vast profusion crowns their labouring board.
For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
Nor spares those very gods her zeal adores
The Nile's sweet wave capacious cystus pour,
And gems of price the guests delicious taste;

No growth of Mareotis' marshy fields,
But such as Meroë maturer yields;
Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
And mellows into age the infant wines.
With wreaths of Nard the guests their temples bind,
And blooming roses of immortal kind;
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous spices breathe their strong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the spacious room.
Here Cæsar Pompey' poverty disdain'd,
And learn'd to waste that world his arms had gain'd.
H saw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And wish'd some fair pretence to seize the prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious feast,
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
In conversation sought to wear the night:
Then gently thus address'd the good old priest,
Reclining decent in his linen vest.
O wise Achoreus! venerable seer!
Whose age bespeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say from what origin thy nation sprung,
What boundaries to Ægypt's land belong?
What are thy people's customs, and their modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
Each ancient sacred mystery explain,
Which monumental sculptures yet retain,
Divinity disdains to be confin'd,
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
'Tis said, thy holy predecessors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:
And sure the sages of your schools have known
No soul more form'd for science than my own.
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian shore my journey drew;
Yet know the love of learning led me too.
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The stars, the gods, and heavens, were still my care.
Nor shall my skill to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear
Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth:
Yet still no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Shew me that head from whence, since time begun,
The long succession of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheath'd, and earth be blest with peace.
The warrior spoke; and thus the seer reply'd:
Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, he deny'd.
Our fires forbad all, but themselves, to know,
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My soul, I own, more generously inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind
Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain,
But make the gods, their power, and precepts plain;
Would teach their miracles, would spread their praise,
And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.
Know then, to all those stars, by nature driven
In opposition to revolving heaven,
Some one peculiar influence was given.
The sun the seasons of the year supplies,
And bids the evening and the morning rise;
Commands the planets with superior force,
And keeps each wandering light to his appointed course.
The silver moon o'er briny seas presides,
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling hail;
Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
While every limpid spring, and falling stream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
When in the Crab the humid ruler shines,
And to the sultry Lion near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source,
He strikes the watery stores with ponderous force;
Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
But heaves, like ocean, at the moon's command;
His waves ascend, obedient as the seas,
And reach their destin'd height by just degrees.
Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian snows believ'd:
From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
When the first swelling of the flood began.
But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
In icy bonds constrains the wintery year,
But sultry southern winds eternal reign,
And scorching suns the swarthy natives slain,
Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
Melts as the genial spring's return he feels;
While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
Till the hot Dog inflame the summer skies;
Nor to his bank his shrinking stream confines,
Till high in heaven th' autumnal Balance shines.
Unlike his watery brethren he presides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy showers of melting snows
His river swells not idly, ere the land
The time'ly office of his waves demand;
But knows his lot, by Providence assign'd,
To cool the season, and refresh mankind.
Where'er the Lion sheds his fires around,
And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering soil.
Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the skies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroë projects her lengthening shades.

Nor 'et inquiring ſceptics aſk the cauſe,
'Tis Jove's command, and theſe are Nature's laws.
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By weſtern winds the ſpreading deluge brought;
While at ſix'd times, for many a day, they laſt,
Poſſeſs the ſkies, and drive a conſtant blaſt:
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
And ſhed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
To heave the flood, and ſwell th' abounding ſpring.
Or when the airy brethren's ſtedfaſt force
Reſiſts the ruſhing current's downward courſe,
Backward he rolls indignant to his head:
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are ſpread.
Some have believ'd, that ſpacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through theſe, by turns, revolving rivers paſs,
And ſecretly pervade the mighty maſs;
Through theſe the ſun, when from the north he flies,
And cuts the glowing Ethiopic ſkies,
From diſtant ſtreams attract their liquid ſtores,
And through Nile's ſpring th' aſſembled waters pours:
Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, diſembogues the load,
And ſpews the foamy deluge all abroad.
Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their ſaltneſs they no longer keep,
By ſlow degrees ſtill freſhening as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all,
And pours them looſely ſpreading as they fall.
The ſtars, and ſun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery ſign purſues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the ſea;
The refuſe of his draughts the night return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.
Were I the dictates of my ſoul to tell,
And ſpeak the reaſons of the watery ſwell,
To Providence the taſk I ſhould aſſign,
And find the cauſe in workmanſhip divine.
Leſs ſtreams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent Earth which brought them forth:
While this, as early as the world begun,
Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
And ſtill, unfathom'd by our ſearch, ſhall own
No cauſe, but Jove's commanding will alone.
Nor, Cæſar, is thy ſearch of knowledge ſtrange;
Well may thy boundleſs ſoul deſire to range,
Well may ſhe ſtrive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have ſought the ſame before;
Each for the firſt diſcoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the ſecret down;
But ſtill their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitleſs pain.
Philip's great ſon, whom Memphis ſtill records,
The chief of her illuſtrious ſceptered lords,
Sent, of his own, a choſen number forth,
To trace the wondrous ſtream's myſterious birth.
Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot ſun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god's reſiſtleſs beams repell'd,
An unbeginning ſtream they ſtill beheld.
Fierce came Seſoſtris from the eaſtern dawn;
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawleſs will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But ſooner much the tyrant might have known
Thy ſam'd Heſperian Po, or Gallic Rhone.
Cambyſes too, his daring Perſians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;
Till ſore diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of food,
He ſtain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his hoſt the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden head, thou ſacred ſtream,
Nor fiction dares to ſpeak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many ſeen, though ſtill by all unknown;
No land preſumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble tale no more ſhall tell;
Than what our juſt records demonſtrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus myſterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.
Far in the ſouth the daring waters riſe,
As in diſdain of Cancer's burning ſkies;
Thence, with a downward courſe they ſeek the main,
Direct againſt the lazy northern wain;
Unleſs when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Lybian or Arabian ſide.
The diſtant Seres firſt beheld thee flow;
Nor yet thy ſpring the diſtant Seres know.
'Midſt ſooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The ſooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes;
Nature conceals thy infant ſtream with care,
Nor lets thee, but in majeſty, appear.
Upon thy bank aſtoniſh'd nations ſtand,
Nor dare aſſign thy riſe, to one peculiar land.
Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various ſeaſons from the ſun:
Though high in heaven the fiery ſolſtice ſtand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.
From pole to pole thy boundleſs waves extend;
One never knows thy riſe, nor one thy end.
By Meroë thy ſtream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
Of ſable hue the coſtly timbers ſtand,
Dark as the ſwarthy natives of the land:
Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance ſpread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly ſhade;
So vertically ſhine the ſolar rays,
And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.
From thence, through deſerts dry, thou journey'ſt on,
Nor ſhrink'ſt, diminiſh'd by the Torrid Zone,
Strong in thyſelf, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy ſtreams are parcel'd o'er the plain,
Anon the ſcatter'd currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's ſide;
Thence, with a peaceful, ſoft deſcent, they creep,
And ſeek, inſenſibly, the diſtant deep;

Till through seven months the famous flood is lost.
On the last limits of our Pharian coast;
Where Gaza's isthmus rifts, to restrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,
Can guess thy rage, when rocks resist thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward course;
When spouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation rise,
And dash their foamy fury to the skies?
These wonders ready Abatos can tell,
And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious river's sides;
As in a vale thy current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis, first, free liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields.
In unsuspected peace securely laid,
Thus waste the silent night's declining shade.
Meanwhile accustom'd Furies still infest,
With usual rage, Photinus' horrid breast,
Nor can the ruffian's hand from slaughter rest.
Well may the wretch, distain'd with Pompey's blood,
Think every other dreadful action good,
Within him still the snaky sisters dwell,
And urge his soul with all the powers of hell
Can fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to stand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, Gods! that Cæsar's hallow'd blood,
To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd.
Should on a less occasion e'er be spilt,
And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpose with a daring brow;
Scorns the mean aids of false hood and surprize,
And openly the victor chief defies.
Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to succeed
He trusts that Cæsar must, like Pompey, bleed.
The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked sympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus, by a trusty slave, Photinus sends:
While stretch'd at ease the great Achillas lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his fleshful eyes,
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Usurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her state,
Nor on the bridals of thy mistress wait?
To-night at large she lavishes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæsar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed;
Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers employ.
Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæsar, ruthless, hard, and old:
Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
But for a night, on her incestuous breast;
His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliss,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiss;
On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore
Her beauty's terrible resistless power.
On both, her sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us dead, because we kept her chaste.
What potent hand shall then assistance bring?
Cæsar's her lover, and her husband king.
Haste, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace thy hostile charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the luscious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian lord
Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword;
In the same glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we seek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.
Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?
This Cæsar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boast nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
Conscious of Fate's decree, such aid we scorn,
And know we were for mighty mischief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this proffer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all past offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed approve,
And this last crime the first offence remove.
Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Cæsar's a single soldier and no more.
Think then how easily the task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd world atone;
Finish all wars, appease each Roman shade,
By sacrificing one devoted head.
Fearless, ye dread united legions, go;
Rush, all undaunted, on your common foe;
This right, ye Romans! to your country do
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achillas! may the praise be thine;
Haste thou, and find him on his bed supine,
Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine.
Then strike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods shall give to thy more favour'd hand.
Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.

No noisy trumpets sound the dread alarm,
But silently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And bustle through the night with busy care.
The mingled bands who form'd the mongrel host,
To th disgrace of Rome, were Romans most;
A herd, who had they not been lost to shame,
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolomy their head;
Yet now were by his meaner vassel led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
How is thy faithless courage bought and sold!
For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away.
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domestic wars;
The fury, that from pale Thessalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
Had she receiv'd the haughty victor's son?
But thus the gods our sinking state confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around;
In every land fit instruments employ,
And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides presume
To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome;
Thus, had not Fate those hands of murder ty'd,
Success had crown'd the vile Achillas' side.
Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
While in security the careless guest,
Lingering as yet, his couch supinely prest:
No gates, no guards, forbad their open way,
But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay;
With ease the victor at the board had bled,
And lost in riot his defenceless head;
But pious caution now their rage withstands,
And care for Ptolomy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorse, unknown before,
They dread to spill their royal master's gore;
Left, in the tumult of the murderous night,
Some erring mischief on his youth may light.
Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to succeed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that such wretches should so proudly dare!
Can such a life be theirs to take, or spare?
Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd,
And Cæsar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.
Now o'er aspiring Casium's eastern head
The rosy light by Lucifer was led;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were borne,
And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn:
When from proud Alexandria's walls afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions shine in just array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conscious, mean-while, of his unequal force,
Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course:
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit stretching far too wide:
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom tears;
He fears, but still with indignation fears.
His daring soul, restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if some power could Mulciber inslave,
And bind him down in Ætna's smoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' imprison'd god would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below.
He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd,
With justice and the senate on his side;
Who, with a cause which gods and men must hate,
Stood up, and struggled for success with fate;
Now abject foes and slaves insulting fears,
And shrinks beneath a shower of Parthian spears.
The warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades, or the eastern Inde,
Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
From which the fiercest Scythians once had fled,
And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.
From room to room irresolute he flies,
And on some guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpless maids, when towns are won,
To secret corners for protection run.
Still by his side the beardless king he bears,
Ordain'd to share in every ill he fears:
If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the shades below;
Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æetes fierce Medea fled,
His sword still arm'd at young Absyrtes' head;
Whene'er she sees her vengeful fire draw nigh,
Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die.
Yet ere the cruel last extreme he proves,
By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves;
He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war disclaim:
But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor universal law by all rever'd;
No right of sacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the messenger of peace pursue,
And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.
Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians claim,
Such prodigies exalt their nation's name.
Nor purple Thessaly's destructive shore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a foul Ægyptian eunuch's rage.
Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
While the wild host the royal pile assails.
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief sling;

Bellowing around they run with fruitleſs pain,
Heave at the doors, and thruſt and ſtrive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæſar's fortune ſtands,
And mocks the madneſs of their feeble hands.
On one proud ſide the lofty fabric ſtood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw near.
But find the ſame defending Cæſar there;
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight ſupplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor ſeems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Againſt the ſhips Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid ſulphur flames.
The ſpreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous ſides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top maſt rides:
Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning veſſel hiſſes in the ſeas;
While floating arms and men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Hide the whole ſurface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells deſtruction on their fleet alone,
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring town;
On rapid wings the ſheety flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
Not much unlike, the ſhooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight ſky.
Soon as the croud behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the ſiege they turn.
But Cæſar, prone to vigilance and haſte,
To ſnatch the juſt occaſion ere it paſs'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving ſhade,
A ſafe retreat to Pharos timely made.
In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An iſle it ſtood, incompaſs'd by the main;
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide ſeas the ſafer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to he foe denies:
In cloſe reſtraint the captive town is held,
While free behind he views the watery field.
There ſafe, with curs'd Photinus in his power,
Cæſar defers the villain's doom no more.
Yet, ah! by means too gentle he expires;
No gnaſhing knives he feels, no ſcorching fires:
Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendant on the horrid croſs is borne:
Beneath the ſword the wretch reſigns his breath,
And dies too gloriouſly by Pompey's death.
Mean-while, by wily Ganymede convey'd,
Arſinöe, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
Aſſumes the ſceptre of ſupreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herſelf the ſole Lagæan heir.
Then, ſince he dares diſpute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achillas to be ſlain.
With juſt remorſe, repenting fortune paid
This ſecond victim to her Pompey's ſhade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolomy, nor all
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hecatombs of tyrants ſhall ſuffice,
Till Brutus ſtrikes, and haughty Cæſar dies.
Nor yet the rage of war was huſh'd in peace,
No ſhould that ſtorm, with him who rais'd it, ceaſe.
A ſecond eunuch to the taſk ſucceeds,
And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
He cheers the drooping Pharians with ſucceſs,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new diſtreſs.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford.
As annals might to lateſt times record,
And conſecrate to fame the warrior's ſword.
While to their barks his faithful bands deſcends,
Cæſar the mole's contracted ſpace defends.
Part from the crouded key aboard were paſs'd,
The careful chief remain'd among the laſt;
When ſudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone the unequal fight.
By land the numerous foot, by ſea the fleet,
At once ſurround him and prevent retreat.
No means for ſafety or eſcape remain,
To fight, or fly, were equally in vain:
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obſcurely ends.
No ſeas of gore, no mountains of the ſlain,
Renown the fight on ſome diſtinguiſh'd plain:
But meanly in a tumult muſt he die,
And, over-borne by crouds, inglorious lie:
No room was left to fall as Cæſar ſhould,
So little were the hopes his foes and fate allow'd.
At once the place and danger he ſurveys,
The riſing mound, and the near neighbouring ſeas:
Some fainting ſtruggling douhts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps his navy ſtill regain?
Or ſhall he die, and end the uncertain pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva to his thought returns;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted ſtood,
And ſingly made the dreadful battle good;
Whoſe arm advancing Pompey's hoſt repell'd,
And, coop'd within a wall the captive leader held.
Strong in his ſoul the glorious image roſe,
And taught him, ſudden, to diſdain his foes;
The force oppos'd in equal ſcales to weigh,
Himſelf was Cæſar, and Ægyptians they;
To truſt that fortune, and thoſe gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he ſhook,
And through the throng his courſe reſiſtleſs took:
Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly,
While mingling ſcreams and groans aſcend the ſky.
So winds, impriſon'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy ſea.
Juſt on the margin of the mount he ſtay'd,
And for a moment, thence, the flood ſurvey'd;
Fortune divine! he preſent now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the land;

Her ſervile waves officious Tethys ſpread,
To raiſe with proud ſupport his awful head.
And, for he ſcorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themſelves in aught of Cæſar's ſpoil,
In his left hand, above the water's power,
Papers and ſcrolls of high import he bore;
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthleſs ſword:
Safe in his right, the deadly ſteel he held,
And plough'd, with many a ſtroke, the liquid field;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciouſly retain
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train;
Th' incumber'd folds the curling ſurface ſweep,
Come ſlow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thouſand hands a thouſand javelins throw;
The thrilling points dip bloodleſs in the waves,
While he their idle wrath ſecurely braves.
So when ſome mighty ſerpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
Whether he range voracious for the prey,
Or to the ſunny ſhore directs his way,
Him if by chance the fiſhers view from far,
With flying darts they wage a diſtant war:
But the fell monſter, unappall'd with dread,
Above the ſeas exerts his poiſonous head;
He rears his livid creſt and kindling eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
His ſwelling breaſt a foamy path divides,
And, careleſs, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
Some looſer Muſe, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of love,
Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
Imploring, ſad, th' almighty father's grace,
For the dear offſpring of her Julian race.
While to the juſt recording Romans eyes,
Far other forms, and other gods ariſe;
The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemeſis the ſhield of ſafety ſpreads;
Juſtice and fate the floating chief convey,
And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withſtand,
And ſave him for avenging Brutus' hand.
His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
With joy receive him from the ſwelling ſea;
In peals on peals their ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Roll o'er the diſtant flood, and thunder to the ſkies.

POEMS

BY

MR. ADDISON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wiſh that any of my writings ſhould laſt longer than the memory of our friendſhip; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable inſtances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little diſadvantage as poſſible, I have left the care of them to one*, whom, by the experience of ſome years, I know well qualified to anſwer my intentions. He has already the honour and happineſs of being under your protection; and, as he will very much ſtand in need of it, I cannot wiſh him better, than that he may continue to deſerve the favour and countenance of ſuch a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming ſuch compliments, as would but ill ſuit that familiarity between us, which was once my greateſt pleaſure, and will be my greateſt honour hereafter. Inſtead of them, accept my hearty wiſhes, that the great reputation you have acquired ſo early, may increaſe more and more: and that you may long ſerve your

* Mr. Tickell.

country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate friend,
and faithful obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

June 4, 1719.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought:
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teacheſt Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
The copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.
O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How in some feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2. 1693.
The Author's age 22.

A POEM TO HIS MAJESTY[a].

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,

1695.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares:
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the present of a Muse unknown:
A Muse that, in adventurous numbers, sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But, since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

[a] *King William.*

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When every diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auſpicious prince; and let the Muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muſe expecting on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the duſty plain.
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day ſweats, and mid-night cares!
But ſtill the God-like man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and ſung the man
Who, driven by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas, and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world his birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' luſt,
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,
Before the towering Muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or ſlaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
The race of Naſſau was by Heaven deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cauſe,
The world's great patriots; they for juſtice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms riſe or fal.
Our Britiſh youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careleſs of fame and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inſpir'd by thee, with freſh delight,
Their ſwords they brandiſh, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conqueſts on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was ſtrow'd
With Gallic corps, and Creſſi ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage moſt, and loudeſt engines play.
Namur's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow,
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Oppreſt Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his arms;
His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.
Thus when the forming Muſe would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the haughty Eaſt;
Algiers and Tunis from their ſultry ſhore
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And with themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that periſh'd on our coaſt,
Could ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt;

The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the waves in reſtleſs errors roll,
The ſea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we ſafely uſe the northern gales,
And in the polar circle ſpread our ſails:
Or deep in ſouthern climes, ſecure from wars,
New lands explore, and ſail by other ſtars:
Fetch uncontroul'd each labour of the ſun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives entruſted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Naſſau through the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtol'n, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to every blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd, and the treaty ſeal'd)
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole power of France ſtood looking on.
But ſtop not here: behold where Berkeley ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round them where they break,
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with aſhes, and the earth with ſmoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.
Now does the ſailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondering mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood.

Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my Muſe require;
And, would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſperſt on every ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's God-like acts refuſe,
Ormond, the theme of every Oxford Muſe?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight,
Obſerve each blow and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's loſs more light.
But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear:
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of Britain, come!
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtruck
Through Gallic hoſts; but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL's FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs;
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the ſwallow harbour near.
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.
Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills, run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt them from the heat,
And ſhady covers yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones,
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind,
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſavory ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoke the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop:
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell,
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſtreams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd———
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees through woods and foreſts take their flight.
They riſe every flower, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream:
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While ſhady coverts and freſh ſtreams they chooſe,
Milfoil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round:
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpet's harſh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At laſt, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different: one of better note,
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt———
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why roſy Pæſtum bluſhes twice a year:
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſavory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tendereſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingering weſtern breeze:
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees conferr;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurſt kindly under-ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Through fields, and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte every bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, labouring in their cells at home
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.

With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion every part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On lavender and ſaffron-buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed:
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt.
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their different taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of every blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe them in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chooſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,
Though ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race their children's children reign.
No proſtrate vaſſal of the Eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his mighty Prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught,
"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
"The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vaſt unbounded frame was given,
"And ran through earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep of heaven;
"That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
"Life that again flows into this at laſt.
"That no compounded animal could die,
"But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
"Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky."
Whene'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathſome cloud of ſmoke amidſt their hive.
Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies:
And once when haſtening from the watery ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound;
Their venom'd ſting produces aching pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.
When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp the hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.
When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin.
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive.

Like winds that ſoftly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and centaury join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.
Beſides there grows a flower in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flower itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp, in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive;
To raiſe new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That ſpread th' Arcadian ſhepherd's name ſo far.
How bees from blood of ſlaughter'd bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and fail about their grounds,
Where Perſia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy Indians' ſoil,
Till into ſeven it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful ſlime:
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.
Firſt then a cloſe contracted ſpace of ground,
With ſtraiten'd walls and low-built roofs they found;
A narrow ſhelving light is next aſſign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through theſe the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly ſhews,
And ſhakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death,
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every ſide,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and caſſia, ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas;
Before the chattering ſwallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in ſpring's embroidery are dreſt.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are ſeen
A wondrous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſe crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals:
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learn to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſe pours
Its ſwarming brood, as thick as ſummer ſhowers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot them on the foes.
Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee;
While Cæſar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe:
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

A SONG,

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I

CECILIA, whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the ſkies,
In choirs of warbling ſeraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:
Tune every ſtring and every tongue,
Be thou the Muſe and ſubject of our ſong.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praiſe proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raiſe,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praiſe,
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of every ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of every trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To Muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſtening ſavages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward meaſure ſkeap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
The Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its power,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day
To muſic and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on every tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO

MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, deareſt Harry, you will needs requeſt
A ſhort account of all the Muſe-poſſeſt,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have ſpent their noble rage in Britiſh rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To ſpeak the undertaker's want of ſtrength.
I'll try to make their ſeveral beauties known,
And ſhow their verſes worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers ſlept ſupine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer firſt, a merry bard, aroſe,
And many a ſtory told in rhyme and proſe.
But age has ruſted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obſcur'd his wit:
In vain he jeſts in his unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenſer next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where e'er the poet's fancy led, purſued
Through pathleſs fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the myſtic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſkip fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us leſs.
One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe.
As in the milky-way a ſhining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs:
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre;
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.
Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe;
Bleſt man! who now ſhall be for ever known,
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe engage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upwards ſprings, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,

Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To vanish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs the lovely dame inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward, strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence
Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry!
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
And all his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length: and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and Muse, farewel.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

"*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,*
"*Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis*
"*Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*"

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wherefo'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields incompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And every ſtream in heavenly numbers flows
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource,
To ſee the Mincio draw his watery ſtore,
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe,
Oh could the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wandering Muſe retires;
And the dumb ſhew of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſued,
Still ſhew the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhades repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh Liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may thy sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the north in world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours, should please.

MILTON's STILE IMITATED.

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Opposed itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth: in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd; "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every God that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear him hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurst.
"'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;

A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke them on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſhatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A ſorky ſtaff we dextrouſly apply'd,
Which, in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft ſeen them as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er in her obſcure ſojourn,
The tea'ms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean; whilſt the topmaſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſtood
Amaz'd, be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, uſing all the force of winds and oars,
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he raiſ'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In diſtant echoes anſwer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work every one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM,

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

1705.

" ——*Rheni paſator et Iſtri.*
" *Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit*
" *Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque ſenator,*
" *Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.*"
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

" *Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſua impenſa, ſuo*
" *labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate alio-*
" *rum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicini-*
" *tatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet.*
" *Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum in-*
" *juſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, po-*
" *tentiſſima ſint.*" LIV. Hiſt. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
Accept, great leader, what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
Ten thouſand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bound enlarg'd on every ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdued,

And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor round themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd round, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy tyes:
Their ſovereign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By ſhowers of bleſſings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud them moſt.
Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,
Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream, had nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long labor ous march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
He with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues!
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds,
Our Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully his labours paſt forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs,)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire every breaſt, and boil in every vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand all ance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze in blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares intruſt the cauſe of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harraſs'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed, they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight
So the ſtaunch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal paſs,
Threatening deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,

Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavaria's ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides:
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangor animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,

Europe's loud cries, that Providence affail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to
show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders
stands.
But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou
find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repus'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty houshold-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a General's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven
around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd
fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd.
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd States his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;

If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils compleat?
Where the ſwoln Rhine ruſhing with all its force
Divides the hoſtile nation in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's ſword, and Hochſtet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely fluſht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlborough's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's ſight.
The Britiſh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſt by reſcued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While Marlborough preſſes to the bold attack;
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannons roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The works of ages ſunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind
By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhowers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make every ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint them trueſt praiſe them moſt.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

FROM life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil diſcharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this ſhed,
To every worldly intereſt dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent;
To fortune's goods a foe profeſt,
And hating wealth by all careſt.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how ſmall
A ſpot of earth is now his all:

Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

POEMATA.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI*, 1689.

Tityrus. HIC inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina, densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, & nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine sumes.
Mopsus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera laudum,
Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas.
T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique cicutæ;
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse;
Ipse tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo sejungere debet.
M. Tunc mihi Phœbe save, Musæque savete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.
T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti
M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.
T. Si Rex est, regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!
M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat ille armis, formâ sed vulnerat illa.
T. Quando vias Pelagi tenârunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.
M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Pani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.
T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine campus,
Miscent pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.
M. Lætus gramineis lusit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hœdi insiluere petulci.
T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum!
M. Participat sponsi virtutem & regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, & tanto digna Marito.
T. Primus hic imperio, nulli est virtute secundus,
Sic sol, quam stellæ, majori luce refulget.
M. Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est sociis, Regina videtur.
T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris?
M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, quietem!
T. Et sero cœlos exornet sidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, Commensalis è *Coll. Reg.*

* *These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elected into Magdalen College.*

ON THE RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

CUM Domini impatiens excussit Ierna catenas,
Tota ruens in Martem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves vidêre tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba dolis instat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.
Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi senserat iras.
Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excutit, et longum sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te duce quas fecit strages! quæ prælia movit!
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assiduæ sudant peragendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis,
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partim sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminùs illa
Glande cadit, frustraque evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobil ora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.
Gens nimium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Britanni
Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus

* *From the "Academiæ Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano, Anno Dom. 1690."*

Frænâsset dolor, et Ducis * haud ignobile fatum
Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æ us.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dîs ille, ille aris fidus avitis
Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei mihi! quale jaces venerandâ mole cadaver!
Qualis honor vultûs! et frontis læta senectus!
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem!
Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene, taceas; non hoc sine numine Divûm
Evenisse puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxére Tui, victor Gulielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.
I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dextram
Victricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas, nimio ne marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.
Insano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ult a Lodöici inuitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc luges frontis honores;
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, serò
Nunc quereris, quanquam, nisi mens tibi læva fuisset,
Et nisi credideras fallaci uxorius arti,
Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

JOS. ADDISON, è *Coll. Magd.*

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMIGERO,

SCACCARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO, REGI À SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipse pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipso cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon. 1697.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virûm, strepitusque turbarûm,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter queis, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic ubi saxa jacent dispersa infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, & fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore

* *The great duke of Schomberg, whose death has been lamented by many of our poets.*

* *Honorabilissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c*

Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque trrus, lamataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat aer in æthere turbo.
Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbraſque requiſrunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germaneſque ferox, et junćto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cælo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortiſſime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populique encomia ſera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedicyna furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non juba Arctoûm, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, terriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immedicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arctos,
Brumamque æternam frigûſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuvis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
Eu! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum † qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa peretrat
Lumine tabentis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, tunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boiria, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis eblanditur vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmula ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Naſſovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, ſubitiſque albeſcere velis.
Anglia ſolve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Naſſovi ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
Proſpicere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, truceſque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Conſilia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olla grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætoſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Luctonum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, dûri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum
Navita territicis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigiliſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quamvis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata ſerenas
Ridet Hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Unpatrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem amborum, mixtoſque parentes

* *Inſtr. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.*

† *Auſtriacæ Imperatori.*

* *Chriſtophorus Princeps Dux Glocestrenſis.*

Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat tures, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo ſervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruct, in lucos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque inſectas purpura ordes?
Quis lapſas referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam ideo clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Fragranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidere paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Ludit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ladit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat ore.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perſundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Naſſovo abducite veſtro
Fida fatelitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO

QUA penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibuſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas gazas, nummoſque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu,
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſque rotundam.
Servat, et in teretes lapſans ſe colligit orbes.
Incertum qua ſit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile tennat;
An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiaſque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno te jactat nobili uſu;
Nec Deus effuſi magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia inpendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et minium oppreſſus, contendit ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, rurſuque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuenſque procellam,
Agri olæ cavecant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penitusque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmædum refero. parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, vertiuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intacta s ac es, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigriique ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa virecta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossib s albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia par a ttupescit.
Des lata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat grus improba nido:
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque ferocilus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisus mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Dirripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Inmeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Intlit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (v su miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cāystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita pal.de,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila transant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus,
Nec minor in terris motus; dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animotus hominicio telis:
Donec turma duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiscus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, pictamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus strictus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum æra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete te.ras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem

Imbelle; et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtellat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commiſtique roſtra lacertis.
Pygmæadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora ſuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno;
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alitum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, ſolioque tonantem
Præcipitem executeret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta gigantum
Corpora ſuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmæia tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Inmites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura gruum, et veteras oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO
DELINEATA
AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios ſuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, langoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenaces
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat litnos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum rep et clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulaque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus det ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animatique gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque e virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem ruſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque itreum cœuntia membra.
Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice mu-
rum,

Qua fidet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque insperius acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Flurimaque effulget majestas numine tota.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transfacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita cerpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
Heis amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Lunditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei flumulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulto, altoque sate lite tutam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Heu quendo animi pars invenietur imago!
Quondo alium similem virtus habitura!—
Iusti innocuus securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commuxtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuisque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Intendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante sceleslos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? Quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria dubit
Nequicquam, et fero in lacrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimuse vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O suci nitor, O pulchri dum se colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

* *Coll. Magd. Fundator.*

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum se explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Defecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors, quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamem init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leviter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete sesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant facilem aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram

Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Interdit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt et fugientia tecta.
Sed tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Felici re luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperique
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus medori
Ipse tuam minuas salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.
Mmes videbis tu quoque fabulas
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua:
Summque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum:
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus, Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omina turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneriscue vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros.

Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.
Mane patent greſſus; hic ſuccos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneriſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi turgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra tragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et fibila miſcent
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro prifci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ipecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſenectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem tentim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu tamulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Offendit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri;
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

Non uſitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poſcis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Relpuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, ſollicitus patum
Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.
Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbæ
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaique miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis ſævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, Book III. Ode III.

Auguſtus had a deſign to rebuild Troy and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having aſſiſted ſeveral ſenators on the project: Horace is ſuppoſed to have written the following ode on this occaſion.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Auguſtus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe:
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the laſh, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
Troy, ſays the goddeſs, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and ſoft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my reſentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The ſoft adulterer ſhines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans ſhield,
That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.
My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line;
Advanc'd to godhead let him riſe,
And take his ſtation in the ſkies;
There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
With ſcenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations croud his ſhrine.
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt,
In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt;
But far be Rome from Troy diſjoin'd,
Remov'd by ſeas, from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curſt deteſted place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty ruins play,
And friſk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
Sad lolitary haunts and ſilent deſerts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
Or, couch't, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol ſhall riſe;
Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the ſea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd world in two:
Through Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long train of victories purſue
To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
Riches the hardy ſoldiers ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
Nor the diſbowel'd earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
Thoſe glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt bounds that nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the line.
This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a ſecond Troy,
If none the raſh deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That ſhall the new foundations raſe;
Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their armies head myſelf will ſhow
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground:
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands mourn.
But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

THE VESTAL,

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. I.

"Blanda quies victis furtim ſubrepit ocellis &c."

As the fair Veſtal to the fountain came,
(Let none be ſtartled at a Veſtal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, ſhe laid her down to reſt,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breaſt,

To take the freſhneſs of the morning-air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus ſhe reſted, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the ſhade,
And purling ſtreams that through the meadow ſtray'd,
In drowſy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The God of War beheld the virgin lie,
The God beheld her with a lover's eye;
And, by ſo tempting an occaſion preſs'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, poſſeſs'd:
Conceiving as ſhe ſlept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with *the Founder of immortal* Rome.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving God,)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in every face.
On earth a different landſkip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious God:
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aching ſight.
The God ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, ſtand.
Here ſpring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here ſummer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my ſon? For know
"My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The parent's name, ſome certain token give,
"That I may Clymene's proud boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve."
The tender Sire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My ſon (ſaid he)
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I owe,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon.
"As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
"By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing ſight."
The youth, tranſported, aſks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
"My ſon (ſays he) ſome other proof require;
"Rath was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
"I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
"Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
"Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:
"There is not one of all the Gods that dares
"(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
"The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain;
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
"And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.
"A mighty downfall ſteeps the evening ſtage,
"And ſteddy reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.
"Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driven
"Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
"Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
"Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe;
"I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
"Borne back by all the current of the ſky.
"But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roll
"In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
"But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
"And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;
"While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
"Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
"For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
"The Bull with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
"Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is ſtrung;
"And next, the Lion's grinning viſage hung;
"The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
"And here the Crab's in leſſer claſps are bent.
"Nor would you find it eaſy to compoſe
"The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
"The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.

" Ev'n I their headſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
" Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time, recal your rath deſire;
" You aſk a gift that may your parent tell,
" Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a father from a father's care;
" Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you'd read the father there.
" Chooſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
" For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal taſk,
" For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk;
" You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton:
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
" I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
" Chooſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice."
Thus did the God th' unwary youth adviſe;
But he ſtill longs to travel through the ſkies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys;
When now the morn diſcloſ'd her purple rays;
The ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The ſtars away, and fled him: laſt at laſt.
Soon as the father ſaw the rofy morn,
And the moon ſhining with a bluiter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the ſteeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the generous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his ſon, the God of day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſovereign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And ſetch'd a deep ſore-boding ſigh, and ſaid,
" Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon;
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
" Drive them not on directly through the ſkies,
" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
" Along the midmoſt Zone; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
" The horſes' hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid way, the middle way is beſt.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
" Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thyſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my chariot, but my counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may lately view."
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.
Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before them lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th' unballaſt veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the *Seven Stars* firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes too, that fain
Thou wouldſt have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt;
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the Gods and prayer.
What could he do? His eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden weſt.
The horſes' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he looſe the reins, nor could he hold them tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt them looſe upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast:
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The *earth* at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
"And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
"If I must perish by the force of fire,
"Let me tran-fix'd with thunderbolts expire.
"See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
"See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
"And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
"And does the plough for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
"Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincense for you?
"But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
"If I nor he your pity can provoke,
"See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
"Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
"Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
"Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
"And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
"If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
"All must again into their chaos turn.
"Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
"And succour nature, ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for, choak'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the God, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.

Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus th' Almighty ſire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.
The breathleſs Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
That in a ſummer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO STAGS.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, tranſfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilſt yet ſmoking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe,
"Here he who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;
"His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
"But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a ſun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that ſtill did nature's face diſcloſe:
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inſpires, her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevel'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where-e'er his body might be caſt;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn;)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldeſt, Phaethuſa, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move.
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One ſees her thighs tranſform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies, ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid,
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to ſay,
"Forbear, miſtaken parent, oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mix'd in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs tranſform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd
Through pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſued through a long-extended neck;
His hair tranſforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a ſwan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembering how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſun-ſhine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and overcaſt his eyes.
As when ſome duſky orb obſcures his ray,
And ſullies in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now secretly with inward grief he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now some other manage, if he dare,
"The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car,
"Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
"And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
"Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
"My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloath'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracts of heaven's destructive fire remain;
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring it birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was these one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd,
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries," from Juno's eye;
"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chace?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chace,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd):
With all her might against his force she strove:
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress rising from the grass,
With down-cast eye, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph: The nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in th' look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash;" she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.

The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain he hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone!" the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain;"
She fled, for-ever baniſh'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
'It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!
'This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
'My huſband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
"But vengeance ſhall awake; thoſe guilty charms
"That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
"Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground;
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice through a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hound the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, though now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her ſire!
But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chace, and in the foreſt bold;
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouſe his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt;
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbad, and ſnatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.
When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there. "Ne'er aſk," ſays ſhe,
"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
"You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
"Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee them proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
"When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
"Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
"But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
"And, as he acted after lo's rape,
"Reſtore th' adultereſs to her former ſhape;
"Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
"And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
"Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the ſwan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Conſeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The falſe-one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teazing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, though deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
"Stay, ſilly bird, th' ill-natur'd taſk refuſe,
"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
"Be warn'd by my example: you diſcern
"What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.
"My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
"Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time,

" The two-ſhap'd Ericthonius had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
" The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
" To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
" The ſiſters Pandroſos and Herſe keep
" The ſtrict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
" And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight:
" A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
" But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
" I told the ſtern Minerva all that paſs'd,
" But, for my pains, diſcarded and diſgrac'd,
" The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
" And for her favourite choſe the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
" But I was lov'd; aſk Pallas if I lie;
" Though Pallas hate me now, ſhe won't deny;
" For I, whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
" Was once a maid (by heaven the ſtory's true),
" A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;
" Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
" Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he purſu'd: I ran along the ſtrand,
" Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
" I ſhriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
" To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
" A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
" For, as my arms I liſted to the ſkies,
" I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground,
" My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore;
" Till, riſing on my wings, I was preferr'd
" To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
" Preferr'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
" Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell
" (In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
" The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curſt the harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look.
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook;
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt
Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel god! though I have juſtly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
" That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?"
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heavenly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offſpring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore,
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
" Hail, great phyſician of the world, all hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shall hail the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.

"Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
"Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
"Rise up victorious, and be twice a god
"And thou, my sire, was destin'd by thy birth
"To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
"How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
"And quit thy claim to immortality;
"When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
"The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
"The gods in pity shall contract thy date;
"And give thee over to the powers of fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails;
"Through every limb my kindred shape prevails,
"Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
"And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
"What new desires are these? I long to pace
"O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
"I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
"But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
"My sire does half a human shape retain,
"And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and misshapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees, accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in her flowing tails she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how cou'd Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive, to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove that separate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
"That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cried out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
"Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
"In the recovery of my cattle join,
"A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You'll find them there
"In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
"And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
"Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew upon high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye:
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
So much did Herse all the rest outvy,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung,
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Ba'istic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.

He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the ſleep-procuring wand:
The glittering ſanda's to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
The walls, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd,
Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
The midmoſt by the beauteous Herſe grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven to woo
"Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
"My name is Mercury, my buſineſs love;
"Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart."
She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd,
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucceed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-twoln ſighs her inward rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing Ægis on her breaſt;
Then fought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood;
Shut from the winds, and from the wholeſome ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poiſonous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep.
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
"On curſt Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart."
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And, mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew:
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights: the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She ſtrok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.
To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her ſiſter's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in ſtate;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant ſun;
Or like unwholeſome weeds, that ſet on fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe."
"Then keep thy ſeat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;

Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till, hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She fits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA's RAPE.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mixt among the croud of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will expreſt:
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
"Thy Sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
"Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
"And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
"There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
"The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the King's daughter with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dew-lap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she preſt the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more.
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give:
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
"Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
"Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
"There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
"And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
"In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic God,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn.
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes:
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he belches him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongue, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with care,
Search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
Iour'd to blood; the fur-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date:
"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and, rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crust'd all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writhed his blood to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast.
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in the maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till, spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
"Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be!"

Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plough up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.
He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows:
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts:
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees; till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.
Cadmus, ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friend and partner takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

IN a fair chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen till the heat of day
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the reſt:
"My friends," ſays he, "our ſport is at the beſt.
"The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
"And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chace."
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt; there ſtood
Full in the center of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone:
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſt;
While Crocalè, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undreſt the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize
The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.
Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd them in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
"Tell, if thou canſt, the wondrous ſight diſcloſ'd;
"A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd."
This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'ergrown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.

Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watery glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſculk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart aſſails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.
He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grovelling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord Actæon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name;
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker-on.
But, to his grief he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

ACTÆON's ſufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault;
Others again eſteemed Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddeſs to impoſe.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reaſons are produc'd on either ſide.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddeſs, nor excuſe:
She heeded not the juſtice of the deed,
But joy'd to ſee the race of Cadmus bleed;
For ſtill ſhe kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her ſake, deteſted all her kind.
Beſides, to aggravate her hate, ſhe heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddeſs broke
To ſudden fury, and abruptly ſpoke:
"Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
"'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:
"It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
"If I'm indeed the miſtreſs of the ſky;
"If rightly ſtyl'd among the powers above
"The wife and ſiſter of the thundering Jove
"(And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny);
"It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
"She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
"Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
"While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
"And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love:
"But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
"By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele ſhe ſtood.
Old Beroe's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſter-child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
"'Tis well," ſays ſhe, "if all be true that's ſaid.
"But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
"Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
"Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid
"Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd.
"But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
"Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
"Deſcend triumphant from th' ethereal ſky,
"In all the pomp of his divinity;
"Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms,
"With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he ſought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chooſe;
"Fear not," replied the God, "that I'll refuſe
"Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm my voice,
"Chooſe what you will, and you ſhall have your choice."
"Then," ſays the nymph, "when next you ſeek my arms
"May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms,
"With which your Juno's boſom you inflame.
"And fill with tranſport heaven's immortal dame."
The God ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopp'd her voice;
But he had ſworn and ſhe had made her choice.

To keep his promiſe, he aſcends, and ſhrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt lightning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by wh ch the giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a leſſer mold, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a ſecond rate,
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious God, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Incloſ'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſter-child;
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving God.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'TWAS now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead, than what you females ſhare."
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke.
But, after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
"And if," ſays he, "ſuch virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your ſlimy folds untye
"Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try."
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But Jove (for ſo it is in heaven decreed,
That no one God repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This nymph the God Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſolicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once, in the woods, as he purſu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The Goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
"Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little uſe."
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This love-ſick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,

Liv'd in the ſhad, covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, harraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left,
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every ſound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

THUS did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy:
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.
There ſtan's a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies:
But whilſt within the cryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe.
For, as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade;
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead, and the ſparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the watery glaſs.
By his own flames conſum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the fraii charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he raiſ'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees," ſays he, "and thou ſurrounding grove,
"Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
"Tell me, if ever within your ſhades did lie
"A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I!
"I who before me ſee the charming fair,
"Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
"In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
"And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
"Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
"No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
"A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
"And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
"That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
"Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
"My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
"O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
"But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
"With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
"Whene'er I ſtoop, he offers at a kiſs:
"And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
"His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
"He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.
"Whene'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
"To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
"To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
"It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
"The gay deluſion is a part of me.
"I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
"And my own beauties from the well return.
"Whom ſhould I court? How utter my complaint?
"Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
"And too much plenty makes me die for want.
"How gladly would I from myſelf remove!
"And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
"My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
"I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
"And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
"In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
"Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
"O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
"I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
"But, oh! I ſee his fate inv lv'd in mine."
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
"Ah whither," cries Narciſſus, "doſt thou fly?
"Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
"Let me ſtill ſee, though I'm no further bleſt."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,

Fre yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
The sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewel," says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, "Farewel."
Then on th' unwholsome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
"If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
"For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
"When the young god's solemnities appear;
"Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
"Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
"Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
"Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
"And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
"What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?
"Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
"And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
"Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
"Of women's yell those stubborn souls disarm,
"Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
"Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
"And you our sires, who left your old abodes,
"And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
"Will you without a stroke your city yield,
"And poorly quit an undisputed field?
"Bus you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
"Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
"Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
"Not flower garlands and a painted face;
"Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
"The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
"He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
"And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
"If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
"A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or sword!
"Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
"But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
"Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,
"Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
"But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
"The purple vests, and flowery garland please.
"Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
"Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
"Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
"This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
"Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
"I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
"Vile slave, whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
"And terrify thy base seditious crew:

" Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies
tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
" From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
" Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
" My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
" His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny
prey;
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers, take thy
chance;
" There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native ſky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek: aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighbouring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighbouring fields
he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And ſaw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who, ſaid I, this god ſhould be;
" But that he is a god I plainly ſee:
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuſe the force
" Theſe men have us'd, and oh befriend our
courſe!
" Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
" Dictys, that could the main top-maſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide.
" To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the
ſtroke;
" The ſame the pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt.
" Nay, heaven forbid that I ſhould beat away
" Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
" Said I; and ſtood to hinder their intent:
" When Lycabas a wretch for murder ſent
" From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me over-
board,
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.
" His baſe confederates the fact approve;
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they
rais'd;
" And ſhook his drowſy limbs and round him
gaz'd:
" What means this noiſe? he cries; am I be-
tray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
" Fear not, ſaid Proteus, child, but tell us
where
" You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care.
" To Naxos then direct your courſe, ſays he;
" Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God that rules the ſea or ſky,
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand.
" And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and ſteer another way.
" Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
" Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
" What, ſays Ethalion, muſt the ſhip's whole
crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?
" And ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
" The beauteous youth now found himſelf
betray'd,
" And from the deck the riſing waves ſur-
vey'd,
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he
ſaid;
" And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
" Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
" Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?
" In vain did I the Godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the
more.
" And now, by all the Gods in heaven that
hear
" This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf, I ſwear,
" The mighty miracle that did enſue,
" Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
" The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in
vain:
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in
leaves:
" The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvas ſeen.
" Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.
" The god we now behold with open eyes;
" A herd of ſpotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.

" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transfo m'd thy look?
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
" And now himself he views with like surprize.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
" But as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over board,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd, around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen sailors did the sh p convey,
" A shole of nineteen dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more
" With him I landed on the Cnian shore.
" And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail,
" O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale;
" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Citharon echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
And cries, " The boar that lays our country waste!
" The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
" And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
Hsees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
" Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other lno lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
" And this," she cried, " shall be Agave's share."
When from the neck his struggling hea! she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter d by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE

STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOw Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
The stream produc'd nor slimsy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown d,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
" Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
" And mi the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.

But oft would bathe her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſs'd her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long for what ſhe view'd.
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well-deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," ſhe cries, "whom all thy features prove
"A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
"But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt:
"Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt;
"But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy bride,
"Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
"If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
"If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myſelf alone,
"You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."
"Fair ſtranger then," ſays ſhe, "it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threat, ſhe feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him full in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naïad cries;
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe clapt, and kiſt the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wriggling ſnake is ſnatch'd on high
In eagles claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy full obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
"And why, coy youth," ſhe cries, "why thus unkind?
"Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
"Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, no did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and graſted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſoftер tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent gods, whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with fierce and ſurprize
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhews,
His care of friends and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to ſee the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sovereign, through his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!

Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal prac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And ſtamp'd on Britiſh coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily ſince his courſe begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And ouch'd th canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was diſgrac'd:
O may ſam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Though heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!
Wiſe Phidias thus, his ſkill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the poliſht rocks to ſhine,
With airs and lineaments divine:
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chace the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with upcaſt eyes
Beheld the abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder flew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO

SMITH's PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage:
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire:
While, lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit,
And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpeare to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte the poet of this day
Was by a friend adviſ'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy:
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolytus reply in Greek!
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

PROLOGUE

TO

STEELE's TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had ever been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhews
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every ſhire;
Of every faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool.
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the Park,
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;

As love of pleaſure or of place invites;
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
  Howe er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull foreſathers trod,
And won t be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
——Here, ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
  Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks wit) variety of fools his play;
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies errant has expos d to view;
The firſt a damſel, travell d in romance;
The t'other more refin'd ſhe comes from France:
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men; the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE
TO
LANSDOWNE's BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſtening foreſts cover d, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter d ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand;
The deſert ſmiles; the woods begin to grow.
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
  The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſkip mixt,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix d,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continued ſhow:
But, as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, though the place ſtands ſtill;
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
  But howſoe er to pleaſe your wandering eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe:
There s none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert your ſight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA's DAY.
SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL.
PERFORMED AT OXFORD, 1799.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd ſtrain, my Muſe,
Thy ſofteſt ſounds and ſweeteſt number chooſe;
The bright Cecilia's praiſe rehearſe.
In warbling words and gliding verſe,
That ſmoothly run into a ong.
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II

Firſt let the ſprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
  And none of all her ſtrings be mute,
While the ſharp ſound and ſhriller lay
In ſweet harmonious notes decay,
  Soften d and mellow d by the flute.
* " Th flute that ſweetly can complain,
  " Diſſolve the frozen nymph s diſdain;
  " Panting ſympa hy impart,
  " Till ſhe partake her lover s ſmart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the ſolemn organ join
Religious air. and ſtrains divine,
Such as may lift us to the ſkies,
And ſet all heaven before our eyes:
  " Such as may lift us to the ſkies;
  " So far at leaſt till they
  " Deſcend with kind ſurprize,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing ſound
Our raviſh'd ears with pleaſure wound:
  The ſoul o er-powering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A ſtreak of lightning clears the day,
  And flaſhes on the ſight.
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
  And in a low expiring ſtrain
  Play all the concert o er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia s charming tongue:
Notes that ſacred heats inſpir d,
And with religious ardour fir d:
The love-ſick youth tha long ſuppreſs'd
His ſmot ering paſſion in his breaſt,
No ſooner heard the warbling dame,
  But, by the ſecret i flue ce turn d,
He felt a new diviner flame,
  And with devotion burn d.
With raviſh'd ſoul and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz d;
  Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes diſarm'd,
  And chang'd the lover to a ſaint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir compleat rejoices,
With trembling ſtrings and melting voices,
  The tuneful ferment rises high,
    And works with mingled melody:
Quick diviſions run their rounds.
A thouſand trills and quivering ſounds

* *The four laſt lines of the ſecond and third ſtanza were added by Mr. Tate.*

In airy circle o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

AN ODE.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale:
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radient orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter such a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

VIII.

Though all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes

Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy Only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE*.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprize,
And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres grac'd
Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.
But enter in, my Muse; the Stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around:
On either side maim'd Temples fill our eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-houses rise:
Disjointed Palaces in order stand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'ershade the Stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees unite;
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd

* *See Selby's Miscellanies, 8 vo. p. 202.*

But next the tiring-room ſurvey, and ſee
False titles, and promiſcuous quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm, from heroes and from queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they chooſe with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and ſwaggering belly make an hoſt,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghoſt;
From careful brows and heavy down-caſt eyes,
Dull cits and thick-ſcull'd aldermen ariſe:
The comic tone, inſpir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applauſe;
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.
Above the reſt, the prince with haughty ſtalks
Magnificent in purple buſkins walks.
The Royal robes his awful ſhoulders grace,
Profuſe of ſpangles and of copper-lace;
Oſtrims raſcals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltleſs of blood, th' unpointed weapon tye.
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Pondrous with braſs, and ſtarr'd with Briſtol ſtone.
His royal conſort next conſults her glaſs,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening firſt her ghaſtly looks beſmears,
All pale and wan th' unfiniſh'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the bluſhing purple glows,
And a falſe virgin-modeſty beſtows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermillion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art ſupplies,
And with black bending arches ſhades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance compleat, the beaux ſhe warms
With looks not hers; and, ſpight of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt flouriſh bids the curtain riſe.
The prince then enters on the Stage in ſtate;
Behind, a guard of candle-ſnuffers wait:
There, ſwoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verſe:
His ſubjects tremble; the ſubmiſſive pit,
Wrapt up in ſilence and attention, ſit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aſide the weight
Of public buſineſs and affairs of ſtate:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to ſome peaceful brandy-ſhop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princeſs next her painted charms diſplays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow 'ſquire at diſtance feeds his eyes,
And ſilently for paints and waſhes dies:
But if the youth behind the ſcenes retreat,
He ſees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in ſweat.
The borrow'd viſage he admires no more,
And nauſeates every charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd ſpear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the Stage;
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important poſt,
And riſes every other night a ghoſt;
Through the cleft Stage, his mealy face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others, with ſwords and ſhields, the ſoldier's pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide.
And in a thouſand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus ſeveral perſons ſeveral parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and bluſtering heroes ſtorm.
The ſtern exaſperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poiſon clears the Stage.
Then honours vaniſh, and diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undreſs.
Heroes no more their fading laurels boaſt,
And mighty kings in private men are loſt.
He, whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquiſh'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters ſtinks again.

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER.

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-KAT CLUB.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks, an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confuſion in their looks they ſhow'd;
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

And

THE POEMS OF JOHN HUGHES.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. JOHN HUGHES, ON HIS POEM ENTITLED, THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'd by what melodious HUGHES has sung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unstrung:
Awak'd from drowsy sloth, and soothing rest,
Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast!
What pleasure must retiring DRYDEN find,
To see that art his skilful muse refin'd,
So much improv'd by those he leaves behind!
So when a father sees a careful son
Enlarge those coffers which were first his own,
With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
Blesses his prosperous heir, and calmly dies.
May all your fortune, like your numbers, shine,
And smoothly flow, without one rugged line!
Till we confess the genius is the same,
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.
So when of old some sportive amorous god
Vouchsaf'd awhile to leave his blest abode,
In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
His heavenly lustre shone, and was rever'd.

Feb. 1697.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER.*

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though distinguish'd urn,
The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress mourn;
In every face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the scene, when, by the gods required,
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beflow'd;
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.
Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praise,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys;
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle spirit roves
Through realms refulgent, and celestial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.
O may the spot that holds thy blest remains
(The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains)
Its tribute pay; may richest flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground;
There may thy bays its shady honours spread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed;
Immortal as thy fame, and verse, still grow,
Till those shall cease to live, and Thames to flow.
Nature subdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death in years of pain:
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Loose to the world, of every grace possest,
Greatly resign'd, thou fought'st the stranger, REST;
Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see:
The practic part, too soon! behold in thee.
Who now shall strike the lyre with skill divine,
Who to harmonious sounds * harmonious numbers join!
Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the souse, reform the soul!

* *Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of the Progress of Poetry, &c. and still living, an ornament to her sex and age. Another of her compositions is prefixed to the Poems of Mr. Pope.* M

* *Opera of Calypso and Telemachus.*

In whom the lovely ſiſter arts unite,
With virtue, ſolid ſenſe, and boundleſs wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd gems, as pureſt gold refin'd.
Great ruler of our paſſions! who with art
Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breaſts with temper beat,
And valour, ſeparate from ſeveriſh hate,
Love, in its true, its genuine luſtre riſe,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue diſtreſt, thy happy lines diſcloſe,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows:
Touch'd by thy hand, our ſtubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought ſcene attend,
That ſilent eloquence thy power approv'd;
The cauſe ſo great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What pleaſure can the burſting heart poſſeſs,
In the laſt parting and ſevere diſtreſs?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy beſtow,
And make the labouring breaſt with tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, ticles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the ſtruggling ſoul a joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt applauſe that conſcious virtue gives:
This blameleſs pride the dying HUGHES poſſeſt,
Soften'd his pain, ſat lightly on his breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending ſoul to reſt
Free from the bigot's fears, or ſtoic's pride,
Calm as our Chriſtian hero liv'd, he dy'd.
As on the utmoſt verge of life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge, and ſeize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His * laſt great work with heighten'd luſtre ſhone;
There his juſt ſentiments, tranſferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the ſhining path purſu'd,
And ſteep aſcent his ſteady judgment gain'd,
The ſhining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
So when the ſun to worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong, how boldly ſhoot his parting fires!
Larger his ſetting orb our eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bleſs;
As o'er the heavens, ſublime, his courſe extends,
Wit equal ſtate, the radiant globe deſcends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

IF for ourſelves the tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes waſt richly dreſt,
And of fine arts abundantly poſſeſt!
But if we rather ſhould congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted ſtate;
Reſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
Than cheerful hail thy long'd-for happineſs,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Doſt in the realms of light triumphant reign!

W. DUNCOMBE.†

February, 1719-20.

* *Siege of Damaſcus.*

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to eaſe, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful plains:
If there, regardful of the ways of men,
Thou ſeeſt with pity what thou once haſt been,
O gentle ſhade! accept this humble verſe,
Amidſt the meaner honours of thy hearſe.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the Muſe of future aught preſage,
Theſe ſeeds ſhall ripen in the coming age,
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict laws ſhall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O! yet be this the loweſt of thy fame,
To form the hero, and inſtruct the dame;
I ſee the Chriſtian, friend, relation, ſon,
Burn for the glorious courſe that thou haſt run.
If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly ſtrokes, or of ſuperior fire,
How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd divine,
And in the ſacred liſt unrival'd ſhine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft receſs;
Worn with diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing pain,
How firmly did thy ſoul her ſeat maintain!
Early thy ſide the mortal ſhaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, ſaw and griev'd.
No ſenſe of ſmart, no anguiſh could controul,
Or turn the generous purpoſe of his ſoul.
Witneſs ye nobler arts, by Heaven deſign'd
To charm the ſenſes and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with inceſſant toil,
He urg'd his way, to reap th' immortal ſpoil!
So bled Orpheus tun'd his potent ſong
Death's circling ſhades and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the laſt † and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief;

* *Of which ſee Dr. Johnſon's encomium on the Life of Hughes.*

† *The Siege of Damaſcus.*

Thy ſoul in clouded majeſty till now
Its finiſh'd beauties did but partly ſhow;
Wondering we ſaw diſcloſ'd the ample ſtore,
Griev'd in that inſtant to expect no more.
So in the evening of ſome doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden ſun unveils his light,
And his whole glories ſpreads at once to ſight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladſome cheer,
Bleſs the gay ſcene, nor heed the night ſo near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops ſwiftly down,
Through weſtern ſkies, to ſhine in worlds unknown.

March 28, 1720. WM. COWPER.

FROM thy long languiſhing, and painful ſtrife,
Of breath and labour drawn, and waſting life,
Accompliſh'd ſpirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliſs and immortality!
Thy ſtruggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER'S woe!
Yet would I linger on a little ſpace,
Before I cloſe my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy Works, thy dear unperiſhing remains;
An undecaying MONUMENT to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own ſkilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy ſoul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the ſkies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

March 30, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.
Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMORTAL Bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, ſtill honour'd, and admir'd!
While fill'd with joy, in happier realms you ſtray,
And dwell in manſions of eternal day;
While you, conſpicuous through the heavenly choir,
With ſwelling rapture tune the choſen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive ſilence crown your ſong;
Forgive the Muſe, that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praiſe.
Loſt in thy works, how oft I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm;
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.
Through every poliſh'd piece correctneſs flows,
Yet each bright page with ſprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A ſolid judgment, and a wit refin'd!
Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A laſting pity, and a laſting fame:
Thy heroine's ſofter virtues charm the ſight,
And fill our ſouls with raviſhing delight.
Exalted love and dauntleſs courage meet,
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finiſh'd piece the nobleſt pens commend,
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.
Led on by thee, thoſe * flowery paths I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the Graces with joint force engage
To ſtem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs rays of beauty warms,
That Vice, abaſh'd, confounded, ſkulks away,
As night retires at dawn of roſy day.
Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquiſh'd by reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveneſs he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.
Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
As thoughtleſs through their wanton rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder ſpy.
The cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their faults, and ſicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceaſes to be vain;
And Chloe ſcorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Cœlia bids him love, but not adore.
Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of fame;
Yet ſtill the traces of thy hand we ſee,
Some of the brighteſt thoughts are due to thee.
While then for thoſe illuſtrious bards we mourn,
The Muſe ſhall viſit thy DISTINGUISH'D URN;
With copious tears bedew the ſacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.
Here through the gloom, aſpiring bards, explore
Theſe awful relics, and be vain no more:
Learning and wit, and fame itſelf muſt die;
VIRTUE alone can towering reach the ſky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in view,
He to the glorious prize with tranſport flew.
A fate ſo bleſt ſhould check our ſtreaming woe,
He reigns above, his works ſurvive below.

J. BUNCE,
Late of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

* *Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.*

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus ille dolorque sororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit fors aspera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! nostras nunquam rediturus in oras!
Eu! tibi ferali crinem cinxere cupresso,
Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.
Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:
Te patria exposcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre sepulchro! 10
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam invlderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dirœusque volet superas suus ales in auras.
* Spernis trita sonans plectrum, tenuisque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis 15
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes 20
Auctori Domineque; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut rait ore profundo 25
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!
Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno.
Dum tanis Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammas
Concipit, & simili laudis ferveseit amore! 30
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non 35
Iors tua sæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infaustos quis non deploret amores?
Semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!
Et tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam, 40
Futurus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in hostem!
Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ 45
Errois, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!

* *Hæc, & proxima allatant ad sublimia illa auctoris nostri Poemata, quibus Tituli,* HYMNUS AD CREATOREM MUNDI, & ECSTASIS.

Sed quid ego plura hic laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchrò tota ordine fabrica surgit,
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.
E Coll. Mert.
Oxon. L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,
Obiit 26 Decem. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.
" Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra."
VIRGIL.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.,

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, *on the Revival of the* SIEGE *of* DAMASCUS, *at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1734-5.*

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.
Our author shows, in Eastern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero, and the constant maid.
None better knew such noble heights to soar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato, charm'd before.
While in the lustre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits, supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants, you'll own that a resistless fire
Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.
At first a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muse adorn,
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive some tribute too from British hands!

THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK, 1697.

HEAR Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the Muse inspires the song,

The heaven-born Muſe; ev'n now ſhe ſprings her flight,
And bears my rapture'd ſoul through untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and, in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath ſurvey
Amid the reſt a ſpacious tract appears,
Obſcure in view, and on its viſage wears
Black hovering miſts, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a low'ring ſtorm o'er earth and ſeas.
But, lo! an Eaſtern light, ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous wreck along the ſky!
Then thus the Muſe—look down, my ſon! and ſee
The bright proceſſion of a deity!
She ſpoke; the ſtorm diſpers'd, vaniſh'd the night;
And well-known Europe ſtands diſclos'd to ſight.
Of various ſtates, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hiſpania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moiſt ſoil, conſpicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a deſtructive war.
Germania too, with cluſter'd vines o'erſpread;
And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs, ſea-nymphs reſort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich preſents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverſes the land;
And ſeems a mighty ſnake, whoſe ſhining pride
Does through the meads in ſinuous volumes glide.
Ah, charming iſle! faireſt of all the main!
Too long thou doſt my willing eye detain,
For ſee a hero on the adverſe ſtrand!
And lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celeſtial pair!—a goddeſs ſhe,
Of heavenly birth conſeſt, a more than mortal, He!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her ſhape, in ſilver bands confin'd;
Her ſnowy garments looſely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd ſtars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once ſuch differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And Mars ſubmit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himſelf, imperial Jove can ſhow
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his ſtrong arm, through heav'n's æthereal plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they ſeek the Britiſh Iſles,
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean ſmiles.
Before, old Neptune ſmooths the liquid way;
Obſequious Tritons on the ſurface play:
And ſportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright ſun their glittering ſcales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows ſleep,
No clamorous winds awake the ſilent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whiſper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is univerſal peace.
Proceed, my Muſe! The following pomp declare;
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
Firſt Ceres, in her chariot ſeated high,
By harneſs'd dragon drawn along the ſky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a ſickle bare;
A yellow wreath of twiſted wheat ſhe wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The ſhow, and, ſqueezing cluſters as he paſs'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, I ſt ſucceed the tuneful Nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His uſeleſs quiver, and his bow unſtrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he ſung.
"Lead on great WILLIAM! in thy happy reign
"Peace and the Muſes are reſtor'd again.
"War, that fierce lion, long diſdaining law,
"Rang'd uncontroul'd, and kept the world in awe,
"While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw.
"At laſt the reeling monſter, drunk with gore,
"Falls at thy feet ſubdued, and quells his roar;
"Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy mane,
"And on his neck admits the long rejected chain.
"At thy protecting court, for this bleſt day,
"Attending nations their glad thanks ſhall pay:
"Not Belgia, and the reſcued iſle alone,
"But Europe ſhall her great deliverer own.
"Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confeſt,
"When great Antonius travell'd through the Eaſt,
"And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
"With early homage at his palace gate.
"Haſte then, bright prince! thy Britain's tranſport meet;
"Haſte to her arms, and make her bliſs complete!
"Whate'er glad news has reach'd her liſtening ear,
"While her long abſent lord provokes her fear,
"Her joys are in ſuſpenſe, her pleaſures unſincere.
"He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous iſle!
"Revive thy genius with a chearful ſmile!
"Let thy rejoicing ſons freſh palms prepare,
"To grace the trophies of the finiſh'd war;
"On high be hung the martial ſword unſheath'd,
"The ſhield with ribbons dreſs'd, and ſpear with ivy wreath'd

"Let ſpeaking paint in various tablets ſhow
"Paſt ſcenes of battle to the crowd below!
"Round this triumphant pile in ruſtic dance,
"The ſhouting ſwains ſhall hand in hand advance;
"The wealthy farmer from his toil ſhall ceaſe;
"The ploughman from the yoke his ſmoking ſteers releaſe,
"And join to ſolemnize the feſtival of peace.
"No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
"Choak'd with rank weeds, a ſickly crop ſhall yield:
"Calm peace returns; behold her ſhining train!
"And fruitful plenty is reſtor'd again',—
Apollo ceas'd.——The Muſes take the ſound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres tranſmit the volant fugue around!
Meanwhile the ſteady bark, with proſperous gales,
Fills the large ſheets of her expanded ſails,
And gains th' intended port; thick on the ſtrand,
Like ſwarming bees, th' aſſembled Britons ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome ſovereign land.
At his approach, unruly tranſport reigns
In every breaſt, and rapture fires their veins.
A general ſhout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted ſky.
A ſhort convulſion ſhakes the ſolid ſhore,
And rock, th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Auguſta's wall the crowd attend their king.
And now behold a * finiſh'd temple riſe,
On lofty pillars climbing to the ſkies!
Of bulk ſtupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of ſucceſſive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd ſpectator's entering ſteps receives,
Where curious works in twiſted ſtems are ſeen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, ſtrikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two ſenſes with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and ſplendid to the ſight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native ſtains
Of various dye, and ſtreak'd with azure veins,
Ev'n emulous art with nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd figures almoſt breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
Here joyful crowds their pious thanks expreſs,
For Peace reſtor'd, and Heaven's indulgence bleſs.

Auſpicious ſtructure! born in happy days,
Whoſe firſt employment is the nobleſt, praiſe!
So, when by juſt degrees th' eternal Thought
His ſix days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion firſt endued the whole,
And bade the heavens in deſtin'd circles roll,
The poliſh'd ſpheres commenc'd their harmony;
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

* *The chair of St. Paul's was firſt opened on the day of thankſgiving for the peace.*

THE

COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.

BEGIN, celeſtial Muſe! a tuneful ſtrain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's watery reign;
Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
Roſe to the ſovereign of the Britiſh ſea;
To power confeſs'd, the triple mace reſign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
Safe to the loveliest iſle, the beſt-lov'd lord.
The generous name of MONTAGUE has long
Been fam'd in verſe, and grac'd the poet's ſong;
In verſe, himſelf can happy wonders do,
The beſt of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the ſkilful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I ſing,
Shall raiſe my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.
On Albion's Eaſtern coaſt, an † ancient town
O'erlooks the ſea, to mariners well known;
Where the ſwift ‡ Stourus ends his ſnaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main;
Stourus, whoſe ſtream, prolific as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its courſe divides,
And rolls to ſeaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;
They mix their amorous ſtreams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked ſhores provide
A ſpacious bay within, for anchor'd ſhips to ride.

† *Harwich.*

‡ *The river Stour, that runs between Suffolk and Eſſex.*

Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like sea-born Venus, stood
Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celestial glories in her eyes are seen;
Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.
With such a presence, through th' adoring skies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such tower'y honours on her temples rise,
When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state;
Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot wait;
The mother-goddess, with superior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.

While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the sandy shore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise
(By turns they'sink below, by turns they mount the skies):
" And must, she said———
" Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious love;
" Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove;
" Escap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes,
" Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life expose?
" Why am I thus divided by the sea,
" From all the world, and all the world in thee?
" Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests bind,
" With tears I'd bribe the seas, with sighs the wind:
" Soft-sighing gales thy canvass should inspire;
" But hence, ye boisterous storms! far hence retire
" To inland woods; there your mad powers appease,
" And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest trees;
" Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly sleep,
" And rest from the loud labours of the deep!
" Why should I fear?——If heroes be the care
" Of Heaven above, and Heaven inclines to prayer,
" Thou sail'st secure; my sons with lifted eyes,
" And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the skies.
" Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
" Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
" Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but without thee,
" Peace has no charms, and plenty's poverty:
" At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the queen
" Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene!
" Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form disguise,
" And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.
" A thousand treasures unsurvey'd invite
" Their lord to various scenes of new delight.
" Come see the dower I brought! My spacious downs,
" My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
" Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
" Green valleys, smiling meadows, silver floods,
" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd.
" All these with native wealth thy power maintain,
" And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.
" Haste! hoist thy sails! and through the foamy brine,
" Rush to my arms! and hence be wholly mine;
" After nine toilsome years let slaughter cease,
" And flourish now secure, in the soft arts of peace!"

She said; th' intreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that summon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the succour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with gen'rous rage
T' oppose the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his sight,
On silver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks of light!

And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.
As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To distant regions he transports his light;
So WILLIAM's rays, by turns, two nations cheer;
And when he sets to them, he rises here.

Forsaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu;
" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
" Thy people's weighty interests, and thy own;
" (Though struggling love would fain persuade thy stay)
" Go where thy better fortune leads the way!
" Meanwhile my loss, allow me to complain,
" And wish—ah no! that partial wish were vain.
" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thundering God,
" Crete was not always blest with his abode;
" Nor was it fit that WILLIAM's godlike mind,
" For nations born, should be to one confin'd.
" This only grant, since I must ask no more,
" Revisit once again your native shore!
" That hope my sorrows shall beguile; and thou,
" My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
" 'Tis all th' enjoyment fate has left me now.
" So may'st thou, fair Britannia! ever be
" Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee!

"While widow'd I"——There rising sighs repress'd
Her fainting voice, and stifled—in the rest
Now, while the bounding vessel drives before
The gusty gales, and leaves the lessening shore,
Behold the parting clouds to distance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dress the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd sky!
One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its streaming light.
Lo! WILLIAM's guardian angel there descends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly message tends:
In arms celestial, how he shines afar,
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
His left hand gripes a spacious orb of shield,
With thousand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kind; his right displays
A temper'd blade, that spreads a formidable blaze.
He strikes the waves; th' obsequious waves obey,
And, opening in a gulph, disclose the downward way.
O Muse! by thee conducted down, I dare
The secrets of the watery world declare;
For nothing scapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
To range the space of earth, and seas, and heaven,
Descry a thousand forms, conceal'd from sight,
And in immortal verse to give the visions light.
A rock there lies, in depth of sea profound;
About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
Where sportful nature, covering her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her secret seat:
In woods of coral, intricate she strays,
And wreathes the shells of fish a thousand ways,
And animates the spawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,
In shoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
The rushing ocean rises to its flow;
And, ebbing, here retires; within its sides,
In roomy caves the god of sea resides.
Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in storms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the skies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to rise,
And check the raving winds, and the swoln waves chastise.
Rich spoils, by plundering tempests hither borne,
An universe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.
Before its entrance, broken wrecks are seen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene.
But far within, upon a mossy throne,
With washy ooze and samphire overgrown,
The sea-green king his forky sceptre rears;
Awful his aspect, numerous are his years.
A pearly crown circles his brows divine:
His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of brine.
The river-gods his numerous progeny,
On beds of rushes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's secret source
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his course;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus roars;
And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd Sicilian shores.
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son,
The beauteous Thames lies nearest to his throne,
Nor thou, fair Boyne! shall pass unmention'd by,
Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die.
These, and a thousand more, whose winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy sire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides,
And fills their craving urns with fresh-recruited tides.
But not alike; for oft his partial care
Bestows on some a disproportion'd share;
From whence their swelling currents, o'er-supply'd,
Through delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride.
The God was just preparing to renew
His daily task, when sudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling bright;
And, entering, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
And Tritons crowd to view the heav'nly guest.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains,
"O mighty sovereign of the liquid plains!
"Haste, to the surface of the deep repair,
"This solemn day requires thy presence there,
"To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
"And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
"By breathing gales on thy dominions driven,
"To thee three kingdoms hopes in charge are given,
"The glory of the world, and best belov'd of heaven
"Behold him figur'd here!"——He said, and held.
Refulgent to his view, the guardian shield,
On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine,
Great WILLIAM's wars in splendid sculpture shine.
Here, how his saving power was first display'd,
And Holland rescued by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire,
Then battles, sieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progress of the dreadful war.
Above the rest Seneffe's immortal sight,
In larger figures offer'd to the sight,
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce delight.

Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field;
With his bright sword, young NASSAU there withstands
Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his commands,
Upbraids their fainting force, and fondly throws
Himself the first amidst the wondering foes.
What dare not men, by such a general led? 239
Rallying with shouts, their Hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, asham'd they once did fly,
Resolv'd t' o'ercome, or resolute to die,
Through trampled heaps of slain they rush to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge; Death, Blood, and Prey,
Insatiate riot all the murderous day; 245
Nor night itself their fury can allay;
Till the pale moon, that sickens at the fight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.
Again, the shield in savage prospect shows
An ancient * abbey, which rough woods inclose; 250
And precipices vast abruptly rise.
Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence, or close surprise.
But see! a second Hannibal from far,
Up the steep height, conducts th' entangled war. 255
Brave Ossory, attended with the pride
Of English valour, charges by his side.
Inclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the shock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the sound. 260
Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their flight;
Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils requite.
Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train,
The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms 265
To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;
Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bless.

Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine year's war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cause the same: fair Liberty betray'd, 271
And banish'd Justice, fly to him for aid.
Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
And heaven's avenger hastening to the land. 274
Oppression, Fraud, Confusion, and Affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawless power, defeated, fly before his dazzling light.
So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still side
Of some long thicket, revelling hags provide
Dire charms that threat the sleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human blood;
But, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
They vanish sullen from th' unfinish'd feast.
Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there,
In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.
Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides! 290
In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give place,
When William leads, and victory's the chace.
Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters bore
The swimming coursers to th' opposing shore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the murdering cannons roar. 295
What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd!
Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's court
Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report, 299
And, red with slaughter to their father show'd
Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.
Here, on th' æthereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
'Twas destin'd thus; for when all glowing-red,
The angel took it from the forge, he said; 305
This part he left unfated from the foe!
And, scarce escap'd, once let the Hero know,
How much to my protection he shall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd shield the ball shall bound,
And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound. 310
Elsewhere, behold NAMUR's proud turrets rise,
Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!
The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence against th' invading foe:
Industrious art her strength of walls supplies:
Before the town the British army lies. 316
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
These thunder from the plains, those from the walls defend.
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, through the sky
The kindled region glows; with deafening sound
They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson ground.
See, where the genius of the war appears,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears! 325
In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more bright,
For Glory round him waits, with beams of living light.
At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town.

* *St. Dennis, near Mons.*

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince surround:
Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.
Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprise,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes;
Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood!
"Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight prepare
"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
"This day, majestic glories you shall see;
"Come, all ye watery powers, who under me
"Your little tridents wield, and rule the boisterous sea!
"What God, that views the triumphs here display'd,
"Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid?"
He said no more — but bade two Tritons sound
Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.
Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar;
With speed two more provide his azure car,
A concave shell; two the finn'd coursers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd sign;
The god ascends; his better hand sustains
The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thundering course, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the surface; on his either side,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous tide.
Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.
Smooth was the glassy scene, the sun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.
The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,
Inclose the ruler of the British main,
And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear.
"Hail, sacred charge, they cry; the beauties we
"Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;
"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,
"Unbounded by the land, these watery realms obey;
"And we, thy subject-powers, our duteous homage pay.
"See Neptune's self, inferior in command,
"Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They said: the fire approach'd with awe profound;
The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons sound;
Swell'd with the shrill alarm, the joyful billows bound.
Now, from the shore, Britannia first descries
White sails afar; then bulky vessels rise,
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretels
The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.
She to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
Th' intrusted charge, then diving disappears.

THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU,

A

PINDARIC ODE. 1701.

"——— *Cælo demittitur alto*
"*Chara Deum Soboles.*" VIRG.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sublime!
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
And all the gilded images can stay,
Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
O now assist with consecrated strains!
Let art and nature join to raise
A living monument of praise
O'er William's great remains.
While Thames, majestically sad, and slow,
Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
Which new-interr'd his sacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muse, wouldst e'er immortal be,
This song bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praise can ne'er expire,
Though nature's self at last must die,
And all this fair-erected sky
Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace,
That, from afar-descending, flow'd
Through the rich veins of all the god-like race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd!
This ancient source of noble blood
Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
Though mantling vines his comely head surround,
And all along his sunny shore
Eternal plenty's found.

III.

From heaven itself the illustrious line began;
Ten ages in descent it ran,
In each descent increas'd with honours new.

Never did Heaven's Supreme inſpire
In mortal breaſts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image live ier drew.
Of pure æthereal flame their ſouls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the maſter-work, and ſaid;
"Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
"To vindicate my cauſe below!
"Awful in power, defend for me
"Religion, juſtice, liberty,
"And at aſpiring tyranny,
"My delegated thunder throw!
"For this, the great Naſſovian name I raiſe,
"And ſtill this character divine,
"Diſtinguiſh'd through the race ſhall ſhine,
"Zeal for their country's good, and thirſt of virtuous praiſe."

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and ſee
Through the clear glaſs of hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty ſovereign came,
And take a large review of far-extended fame
See, crowds of heroes riſe to ſight!
Adolphus*, with imperial ſplendour gay:
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey;
Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unreſiſted might.
His gallant † Nephew next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conqueſt wears,
Though ſtreaming wounds the martial figure ſtain:
For thee, Great ‡ Charles, in battle ſlain,
Slain in all a ſoldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd.
And lay, a manly corpſe, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majeſtically great,
The founder of the Belgic ſtate!
The ſun of glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled ſhine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
Charles, who had try'd the race before,
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his riſing virtue ſaw,
He put in friendſhip's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there by early honours ſought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous ſympathy, that binds
In chains unſeen the braveſt minds:
O love to worthy deeds, in all great ſouls the ſame!

VI.

But time at laſt brought forth th' amazing day,
When Charles, reſolv'd to diſengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away,
Philip, his haughty ſon, afraid
Of William's virtues, baſely chooſe
His father's favourite to diſpoſe;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
And Alva's fiery duke, his ſcourge of vengeance, roſe;
With flames of inquiſition roſe from hell,
Of ſlaughter proud, and ſolent in blood.
What hand can paint the ſcenes of tragic woes!
What tongue, ſad Belgia! can thy ſtory tell,
When with her lifted axe proud Murder led,
And thy brave ſons, in crowds unnumber'd fell!
The ſun with horror of the ſight,
Withdraws his ſickly beams, and ſhrouds
His muffled face in ſullen clouds,
And, on the ſcaffolds, faintly ſheds a pale malignant light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her generous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries;
He hears, and, marching * from afar,
Brings to her aid the ſprightly war.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh ſupplies
Of gather'd ſtrength, ſhe on her murderers flie.
But Heaven, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By proofs adverſe his conſtancy.
Four armies loſt, † two gallant brothers ſlain,
Will he the deſperate war maintain?
Though rolling tempeſts darken all the ſky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithleſs ſea explore,
And, oft driven back, ſtill quit the ſhore?
He will,—his ſoul averſe to dread,
Unwearied, ſtill the ſpite of fortune braves,
Superior, and ‡ ſerene, amidſt the ſtormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, ſo vaſt his mind!
The ſteady inſtrument of fate,
To fix the baſis of a riſing ſtate!
My Muſe with horror views the ſcene behind,
And fain would draw a ſhade, and fain
Would hide his deſtin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thouſands on the plain,
By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
No more—th' ungrateful proſpect let us leave,
And, in his room, behold ariſe,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the ſkies,
A noble ‖ pair, his abſence to retrieve!
In theſe the hero's ſoul ſurvives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

* *He was then in Germany.*
† *The Counts Ludowick and Henry.*
‡ "*Sævis tranquillus in undis,*" *the Prince's motto.*
‖ *Maurice and Henry*

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatneſs, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like Scipio's ſons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, ſieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did purſue
The flying foe, or earlier conqueſts gain.
For ſcarce ſixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's ſprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchleſs valour did diſplay!
How, ere the battle join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's ſafety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers ſhare.
O generous ſtrife! and worthy ſuch a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witneſs the floods of ſtreaming gore;
Witneſs the trampled heaps, that choak'd the plain,
And ſtopp'd the victors in their way;
Witneſs the neighbouring ſea, and ſandy ſhore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thouſand ſlain!

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted wings, inconſtant, proud,
Hood-wink'd, and ſhaking from her hands
Promiſcuous gifts among the crowd,
Reſtleſs of place, and ſtill prepar'd for flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to ſight;
Won by their merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy brothers with a long ſucceſs—
Maurice, the firſt reſign'd to fate:
The youngeſt had a longer date,
And liv'd the ſpace appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd ſo high before;
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately fabric bore
Its lofty top aſpiring to the ſky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempeſtuous roar,
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſper'd and murmuring at his feet.
Inſulting Spain the fruitleſs ſtrife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heaven eternal ſprings,
And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace ſpreads her downy wings.

XII.

His ſon, a ſecond William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with ſo ſwift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly ſnatch'd away,
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining armour dreſs'd,
Where, with his father, the hot ſiege he preſs'd.
His father ſaw, with pleaſing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms expreſs'd.
But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
His martial virtues lay obſcure;
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms,
Th' inglorious reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to ſpring,
But with his great forefathers gain'd a bliſsful ſeat above.

XIII.

Here pauſe my Muſe! and wind up higher
The ſtrings of thy Pindaric lyre!
Then with bold ſtrains the lofty ſong purſue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they ſhine!
Each life a hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great deſign,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but ſpare thy fruitleſs tears——
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celeſtial form! let Britain ſee
Th' accompliſh'd glory of thy race in thee!

XIV.

So, when ſome ſplendid triumph was to come,
In long proceſſion through the ſtreets of Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove;
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes;
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to ſight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight;
Their wonder could no higher riſe,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend with ſhouts the ſkies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extensive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
The Fates an ample scene afford,
And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.
No respite to thy toils is given,
Till thou ascend thy native heaven: 244
One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound,
And twins sprout up to fill the wound.
So endless is the task that heroes find
To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind.
For this Alcides heretofore,
And mighty Theseus, travell'd o'er 250
Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey;
From stony dens dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the chearful traveller pass on his peaceful way.
Yet, though the toilsome work they long pursue,
To rid the world's wild pathless field,
Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,
And large unwholesome crops did yield,
To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin, 260
And ev'n a child didst laurels win.
Two snaky plagues about his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In speckled wreaths of Death they strove,
The mighty babe to bind: 265
And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forky tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes,
So thou, descended from a line
Of Patriots no less divine, 270
Didst quench the brutal rage of those,
Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue, shed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the sun, did thy great Genius rise,
With clouds around his sacred head,
Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gilded all the skies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
And wept to think what such a youth subdued,
While, more in age, himself had yet so little done,
Had wept much more, if he had lived to see
The glorious deeds atchiev'd by thee;
To see thee at a beardless age, 284
Stand arm'd against th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels sought;
While he—O stain upon the greatest name,
That e'er before was known to fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand 291
The sword from his unruly hand,
The sword she gave before,
Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd it in her gore. 295

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won,
Thy standard still the public good:
Lavish of thine, to save thy people's blood:
And when the hardy task of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son) 301
Thy powerful armies were resign'd;
Thy victory o'er thyself was more,
Than all thy conquests gain'd before;
'Twas more than Philip's son could do, 305
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway! 310
Insatiate fury, which in man, we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waste!
Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
As to the sea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he saw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their silent ruins found; 320
But, in th' ensuing age,
Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroying rage.
All Europe too had shar'd this wretched fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late, 325
Had not Britannia's chief withstood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood.
And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held. 329
Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee,
Whose faithful soul, from private interest free
(Interests which vulgar princes know),
O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below. 335

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Behold reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.

* Great Edward and his glorious ſon
Will own themſelves in thee outdone.
Though Crecy's deſperate fight eternal honours won.
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A ſhining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
Of thee more numerous triumphs ſings.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of hiſtory,
Thy own great deeds together ſtrive,
Which ſhall the faireſt light derive,
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Seneff's amazing field
To celebrated Mons ſhall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Or if Namur's well-cover'd ſiege muſt all the reſt outſhine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring ſwain
Shall paſs the plough o er ſkulls of warriors ſlain,
And turn up bones, and broken ſpears,
Amaz'd he'll ſhew his fellows of the plain,
The relics of victorious years;
And tell, how ſwift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
Flandria, a longer witneſs to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy ſtory;
How oft the foes thy lifted ſword have ſeen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadſt been:
How, when the blooming ſpring began t' appear,
And with new life reſtor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry;
"Call Britain's king—the ſprightly trumpet ſound,
"And ſpread the joyful ſummons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In Beauty's cauſe, juſt vengeance ſwore
Upon the foul adulterer's head,
That from her royal lord the raviſh'd Helen bore,
The Grecian chiefs of mighty fame,
Impatient for the ſon of Thetis wait;
At laſt the ſon of Thetis came;
Troy ſhook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' impending fate.

XXII.

O ſacred Peace! Goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with robes of ſpotleſs white,
Fairer than ſilver robes of light!
How ſhort has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born age,
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young birth, and thy voice awhile
Sung a ſoft charm to martial rage:
But ſoon the lion wak'd again,
And ſtretch'd his opening claws, and ſhook his griſly mane.
Soon was the year of triumphs paſt;
And Janus, uſhering in a new,
With backward look did pompous ſcenes review;
But his fore face with frowns was overcaſt;
He ſaw the gathering ſtorms of war,
And bid his prieſts aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its hero can no longer ſpare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet ſuffer'd his foreſeeing care,
Thoſe bolts of vengeance to prepare,
Which other hands ſhall throw;
That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er the extinguiſh'd foe,
* She ſhall ſupply the thunderer's places
As Pallas, from th' æthereal plains,
Warr'd on the giants impious race,
And laid their huge demoliſh'd works in ſmoky ruins low.
Then Anne's ſhall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's genius, with a grateful ſmile,
Look down, and bleſs this happy iſle;
And Peace, reſtor'd, ſhall wear her olive crown again.

* *Edward III. and the Black Prince.*

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Whilſt we thy Damon's praiſe rehearſe:
Damon himſelf could animate the lyre.
Apollo, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Look down! and warm the ſong with thy celeſtial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god ſo ſweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So ſoft thy air, thy viſage ſo ſerene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient ſtrings command,
And join in conſort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n Fate itſelf, ſuch wondrous ſtrains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an ear.
But what does muſic's ſkill avail?

* "*Vicem gerit illa Tonantis*; the motto on her *Majeſty's Coronation Medal.*

When Orpheus did his loſs deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Huſh'd were the winds, wild beaſts forgot to roar;
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then ceaſe, ye ſons of harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way!
Bright choirs of angels on the wing,
For the new gueſt's arrival ſtay,
And hymns of triumph ſing.
They bear him to the happy ſeats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.
Ceaſe then, ye ſons of muſic, ceaſe to mourn:
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON.

ODE THE THIRD.

AT dead of night, when mortals loſe
Their various cares in ſoft repoſe,
I heard a knocking at my door:
Who's that, ſaid I, at this late hour
Diſturbs my reſt?— it ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
"A poor unhappy child am I,
"That's come to beg your charity;
"Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
"I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
"But, wet and cold crave ſhelter here;
"Betray'd by night, and led aſtray,
"I've loſt—alas! I've loſt my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When ſee! a naked boy before
The threſhold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his ſide
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty angel! come, ſaid I,
"Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I ſtrok'd his neck and ſhoulders bare,
And ſqueez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, ſays he; "I'd know,
"Whether the rain has ſpoil'd my bow;
"Let's try"—then ſhot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ake and ſmart,
As if a bee had ſtung my heart.
"Are theſe your thanks ungrateful child,
"Are theſe your thanks?"—Th' impoſtor ſmil'd;
"Farewell, my loving hoſt, ſays he;
"All's well: my bow's unhurt, I ſee.;
"But what a wretch I've made of thee."

THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semi amis, aſcend the ſky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thiſbe fair;
Adjoining houſes held the lovely pair
His perfect form all other youths ſurpaſs'd;
Charms ſuch as her's no eaſtern beauty grac'd;
Near neighbourhood the firſt acquaintance drew,
An early promiſe of the love t' enſue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame, had Fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
But with vain threats, forbidding parents ſtrove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart conſumes in like deſire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the ſilent eloquence of eyes,
And ſecret ſigns, ſecure from houſehold ſpies,
Exchange their thoughts, the common wall between
Each parted houſe, retain'd a chink unſeen
For ages paſt. The lovers ſoon eſpy'd
This ſmall defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd,
And in ſoft whiſpers ſoon the paſſage try'd.
Safe went the murmuring ſounds, and every day
A thouſand amorous blandiſhments convey;
And often, as they ſtood on either ſide,
To catch by turns the flitting voice they cry'd,
Why, envious wall, ah! why doſt thou deſtroy
The lovers ho es, and why forbid the joy?
How ſhould we bleſs thee, would'ſt thou yield to charms,
And, opening, let us ruſh into each other's arms!
At leaſt, if that's too much, afford a ſpace
To meeting lips, nor ſhall we ſlight the grace;
We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
Thus having ſaid, when evening call'd to reſt,
The faithful pair on either ſide impreſt
An intercepted kiſs, then bade good night;
Put when th' enſuing dawn had put to flight
The ſtars; and Phœbus, riſing from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
Again they meet, in ſighs again diſcloſe
Their grief, and laſt this bold deſign propoſe;
That in the dead of night, both would deceive
Their keepers, and the houſe and city leave;
And leſt, eſcap'd, without the walls they ſtray
In pathleſs fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus's tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the ſhady covert of the tree;
The tree well-known near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of ſnowy hue.
The project pleas'd; the ſun's unwelcome light
(That ſlowly ſeem'd to move, and ſlack his flight)
Sunk in the ſeas; from the ſame ſeas aroſe the fable night;
When, ſtealing through the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;

Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
A lioness approach the fountain-side;
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For seeking from the prey, the savage came,
To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream.
Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksome den, but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground:
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,
But mine's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
'Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
And came not first myself—O hither haste,
Ye lions all that roam this rocky waste!
Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your famine in my open side!
But cowards call for death!—Thus having spoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiss'd,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest:
Now take a second stain, the lover said,
While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the steel, and staggering fell to ground:
As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
So sprouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore,
While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
And sought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate,
She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
And doubting stood as if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying person spurn the sanguine field.
Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
It was her lover weltering on the ground,
She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair,
Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
Has snatch'd thee from my arms?—
'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!
At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side,
Ah! wretched youth, said she, by love betray'd!
Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call
Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!
Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
And thou, fair tree, beneath whose friendly shade,
One lifeless lover is already laid,
And soon shall cover two; for ever wear
Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear
She said, and plunges in her breast the sword.
Yet warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord
Relenting Heaven allows her last request,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breast.
The fruit, when ripe a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change arise;
Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes?
Why turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the springing light?—
What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere Love, I should th' invader find;
Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
Alas! 'tis so—'tis fix'd the secret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, shall I yield; or th' infant flame oppose?
I yield!—Resistance would increase my woes:
For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain,
Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power almighty Love! I'm thine
With pinion'd hands behold me here resign!
Let this submission then my life obtain;
Small praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of war himself a chariot shall prepare;

Then thou triumphant through the ſhouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along,
While captive youths and maids, in ſolemn ſtate,
Adorn the ſcene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conqueſt of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will ſhew,
Next, all that dare Love's ſovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious ſhall paſs by:
All ſhall ſubmit to thee—th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and ſing thy praiſe aloud.
Soft looks ſhall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous play, miſtake, and jealous fear.
Be this thy guard, great Love! be this thy train;
Since theſe extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But robb'd of theſe, thy power is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother ſhall thy pomp ſurvey,
And, ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant ſhowers of roſes in thy way;
Whilſt thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyſelf, ſhalt ride.
Thy ſpreading wings ſhall richeſt diamonds wear,
And gems ſhall ſpark'le in thy lovely hair.
Thus paſſing by, thy arm ſhall hurl around
Ten thouſand fires, ten thouſand hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou would'ſt, refrain;
Since ev'n thy preſence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India ſo the * jovial God,
Drawn o'er the plains by harneſs'd tigers, rode.
Then ſince, great Love, I take a willing place
Amidſt thy ſpoils, the ſacred ſhow to grace;
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal ſtore
Of piercing ſhafts be ſpent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a ſlave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in ſmiles from thence, and I ſhall be
A ſlave no longer, but a God, like thee.

THE

PICTURE.

COME, my Muſe, a Venus draw;
Not the fame the Grecians ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offſpring of his thought.
No fantaſtic goddeſs mine,
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On the gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the ſpring.
Like the bee's induſtrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather firſt th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roſes,
Daiſies violets, cowſlip-poſies,
Amaranthus, parrot-pride,
Woodbines, pinks and what beſide
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;
Where the fawns and ſatyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the bluſh of opening morn:
Borrow Cynthia's ſilver white,
When ſhe ſhines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' bow its colour ſhed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far ſurpaſſing ancient Greece.
Firſt her graceful ſtature ſhow,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat ſhe muſt not be, nor lean;
Let her ſhape be ſtraight and clean:
Small her waiſt, and, thence increas'd,
Gently ſwells her riſing breaſt.
Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and ſparkling eyes,
Whence reſiſtleſs lightning flies.
Fooliſh Muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aſide!
'Tis no matter, Love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky god ſtood by)
At one ſtroke behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd draught ſupply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

* *Bacchus.*

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happineſs rehearſe,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verſe!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the ſurface play;
When th' early god, ariſing from the eaſt,
Diſclos'd the golden dawn, with bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the ſtream his own bright form he ſees,
But brighter forms ſhine through the neighbouring trees.
He ſpeeds the riſing day, and ſheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer ſight.
Not with more ſpeed his Daphne he purſu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with ſuch pleaſure view'd,
Five dazzling nymphs in gracious pomp appear;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,

Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
D-ſcending once the prize of beauty try'd.
Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be ſacred ſtill to Beauty and to Love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twiſted boughs, but ſuch as then was ſeen.
The grateful ſun will every morning riſe
Propitious here, ſaluting from the ſkies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with ſweeteſt air,
And every ſpring your loſſes he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more ſhall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE

SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raiſe to Friendſhip's holy flame.
Inſcrib'd with Phœbe's and Aſteria's name!
Around it mingled in a ſolemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Aſteria's ſtand,
With fervent vows t' attend the ſacrifice;
While rich perfumes from melted gums ariſe.
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial ſkies.
Forbid it, Love, that ſickly blaſts conſume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom!
Shall ſhe ſo ſoon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave ſo oft, yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at ſplendid feaſts ſo graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing ſmiles and numerous conqueſts known;
Where, 'midſt the brighteſt nymphs, ſhe bore the prize
From all—from all but her Aſteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then ſecure repell'd
The ſhafts of Love, by fainting ſickneſs quell'd!
(As Beauty's goddeſs once a wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her ſon, but from a *mortal's hand)
Aſteria too forgets her ſprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.
Thus in romantic hiſtories we read
Of tournaments by ſo.e great prince decreed,
Where two companion-knights their lances wield
With matchleſs force, and win from all, the field;
Till one, o'erheated in the courſe, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
So ſtrict's the union of the tender pair,
What Heaven decrees for one, they both muſt ſhare.
Like meeting rivers, in one ſtream they flow,
And no divided joys or ſorrows know.

* *Diomedes.*

Not the bright * twins, preferr'd in heaven to ſhine,
Fair Leda's ſons in ſuch a league could join.
One ſoul, as fables tell, by turns ſupply'd
That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
But theſe have ſworn a matchleſs ſympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.
When Heaven did at Aſteria's birth beſtow
Thoſe laviſh charms, with which ſhe wounds us ſo,
To form her glorious mind, i did inſpire
A double portion of th' æ hereal fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd,
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native inſtinct does their hearts combine,
In knots too cloſe for Fortune to untwine.
So India boaſts a tree, that ſpreads around
Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the ground,
Where taking root again, the branche raiſe
A ſecond tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then ſide by ſide the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one ſap, and in each other live.
Of Phœbe's health we need not ſend to know
How Nature ſtrives with her invading foe,
What ſymptoms good or ill each day ariſe;
We read thoſe changes in Aſteria's eyes.
Thus in ſome cryſtal fountain you may ſpy
The face of heaven, and the reflected ſky,
See what black clouds ariſe, when tempeſts lower,
And gathering miſts portend a falling ſhower,
And when the ſun breaks out, with conquering ray
To chaſe the darkneſs, and reſtore the day.
Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
Ariſe renew'd thy charms, and doubly ſhine!
And as that dawning planet was addreſt
With offer'd incenſe by th' adoring eaſt,
So we'll with ſongs thy glad recovery greet,
The Muſe ſhall lay her preſents at thy feet;
With open arms, Aſteria ſhall receive
The deareſt pledge propitious Heaven can give.
Fann'd by theſe winds, your friendſhip's generous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to ſuch heights aſpire,
The wondering world ſhall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

* *Caſtor and Pollux.*

SONG.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conqueſt brought
The god of love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But ſoon became her conqueſt too.

II.

He dropp'd, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and ſighing pin'd;
And wiſh'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falſely draw him, blind.

III.

Diſarm'd, he to his mother flies;
He p, Venus, help thy wretched ſon!
Who now will pay us ſacrifice?
For Love himſelf's alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant ſighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO

OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

AROUND your couch whilſt ſighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, ſuffering all in you;
So mournful is the ſcene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while yours they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning ſtops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our deſire,
To ſee her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

YE ſwains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or muſic's art with ſounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two ſuch gifts celeſtial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the ſame powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame deſire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matchleſs fair,
That can this double death beſtow:
If young Harmonia's ſtrains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

CUPID, ſurvey thy ſhining train around
Of favourite nymphs, for conqueſt moſt renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power ſupport, and propagate thy ſway.
Then ſay, what beauteous general wilt thou chooſe,
To lead the fair brigade againſt thy rebel foes;
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow: his quiver by his ſide:
Inferior Cupids on their maſter wait;
He ſmiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in ſtate.
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the ſcene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park for pleaſure and for beauty fam'd,
Where, oft from weſtern ſkies the god of light
Sees new-ariſing ſuns, than his more bright;
Then ſets in bluſhes, and conveys his fire
To diſtant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear:
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preſerv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In ſtrains immortal by the Muſes ſung.
Around the ring th' illuſtrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himſelf the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with ſafety gaze
On glory ſo profuſe, ſuch mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth away.
Here Mira paſs'd, and fix'd his wondering view,
Her perfect ſhape diſtinguiſh'd praiſes drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majeſtic to the ſight,
She led the train, and ſparkled in the light.
There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day ſome new adorer dies.
Serena, by good humour doubly fair,
With native ſweetneſs charms, and finding air,
While Flora's youthful years and looks diſplay
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening ſweets that months of pleaſure bring,
The dawn of Love, and Life's indulgent ſpring.
'Twere endleſs to deſcribe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the raviſh'd ſoul inſpire
With tender thoughts, and animate deſire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train:
And long the lovely rivals ſtrove in vain,
While Cupid unreſolv'd ſtill ſearch'd around the plain.
O! could I find, ſaid Love, the phœnix ſhe,
In whom at once the ſeveral charms agree;
That phœnix ſhe the laurel crown ſhould have
And Love himſelf with pride become her ſlave.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſee—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not deſire of fame;

Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wond'rous modesty,
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And double softness beautify'd her eyes.
At this, more charm'd, the rather I bestow,
Said Love, these honours you in vain forego;
Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear.

TO A

BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse;
In vain——for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with purest light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine!
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

SONNET.

Je mourrai de trop de plaisir
Si je la trouve favourable;
Je mourrai de trop de desir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me possede;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

IN ENGLISH.

I DIE with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure.

TO A

PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?
To what then wilt thou next a pire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a Painter, or a Muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
"To let admiring nations see
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'st life impart.
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO THE

AUTHOR OF FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

AS when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The ponderous shield, and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex, so swift she flew,
That friends and foes, alike surpris'd, behold
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchless maid! to see
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee.
Still greater praise is yours; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.——
Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourself can on yourself bestow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours misspend,

In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
Dress, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense;
To twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
And sing an empty song, the most they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus some have represented woman-kind.
But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth;
Our Salick law of wit you have destroy'd,
Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and, spite of envy, love.
Nor is this all th' applause that is your due,
You stand the first of stage-reformers too;
No vicious strains pollute your moral scene,
Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression clean;
Strains such as yours the strictest test will bear:
Sing boldly then, nor busy censure fear,
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed in tragic numbers to disclose
Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
Reward, and punish! awfully dispense
Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
Nor let the comic Muse your labours share,
'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear:
Though that too merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
T' extort a tear, than to provoke a smile.
What hand, that can design a history,
Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?
Accept this tribute, madam, and excuse
The hasty raptures of a stranger Muse.
1698.

ON

DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
And sought protection in her native sky;
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera;
She tun'd to pious notes the psalmist's lyre,
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire!

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
The God of battles held,
And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field;
By chance she cast a lovely smile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy isle
Great Gloucester's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, she said; look down, and see
A child of royal race!
Let's crown the bright nativity
With every princely grace:
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And shine a Mars below;
Form you his mind to warlike care,
I'll foster gifts bestow.

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
Their blessings did impart;
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
Betimes his beauty charms
The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
For him, as he for arms.
1699.

ON A

PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM,

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
Without the help of colour, shade, or light,
To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
The fairest image of the feather'd kind,
Nature herself a strict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious maid,

Inſpir'd her thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, I'll ſee
How well this fair-one's art can copy me.
So to her favourite Titian once ſhe came,
To guide his pencil, and atteſt his fame,
With tranſport granting all that ſhe could give,
And bid his works to wondering ages live.
Nor with leſs tranſport here the goddeſs ſees
The curious piece advance by ſlow degrees;
At laſt ſuch ſkill in every part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a new creation of her own;
She ſtarts, to view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And ſpreads his ample train enrich'd with eyes;
To ſee, with lively grace, his form expreſs'd,
The ſtately honours of his riſing creſt,
His comely wings, and his ſoft ſilky breaſt!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.
O matchleſs bird! whoſe race, with niceſt care,
Heaven ſeems in pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay plumes even Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That ſhare our praiſe, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy riſing glories ſtrike our eyes,
Their beauty ſhines no more, their luſtre dies.
So when Molinda, with ſuperior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs diſarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, ſince ſhe was born t' excel,
This bird's fair image ſhe deſcribes ſo well:
Happy, as in ſome temple thus to ſtand,
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful hand.

ON LUCINDA's TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy ſtrains their pleaſing dreams,
Some Muſe unſeen to crown their verſe,
And boaſt of Helicoman ſtreams:

But here, a real Muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving ſtreams imparts)
Our fancies with the Poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd gueſt
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feaſt,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, Poets ſing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has ſway,
Who from the conſecrated ſpring,
Wild beaſts and ſatyrs drives away:

So hither dares no ſavage preſs,
Who Beauty's ſovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had ſhe been there,
With tea ſhe would have cur'd the ſwain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.
January 1, 1701.

THE MARCH.

VICTORIA comes! ſhe leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new ſcenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the ſlaves which other warriors gain,
That loath ſubjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural ſlaves their abſent victor mourn,
And wiſh not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the ſpring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt loves another loſs bemoan.
Mean time in peopled cities crowds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone.
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die.
While ſhe with careleſs unelated mind,
Hears daily conqueſts which ſhe ne'er deſign'd:
In her a ſoft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

SO fair a form, with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body and a ſpotleſs mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious ſees
The lovely votareſs on her bended knees,

Sure it muſt think ſome angel loſt its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

WANTON Zephyr, come away!
On this ſweet this ſilent grove,
Sacred to the Muſe and Love,
In gentle whiſper'd murmurs play!

Come let thy ſoft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuſe thy vernal ſweets around
From ſprouting flowers, and bloſſom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales reſound
With notes, which wing'd muſicians ſing
In honour to the bloom of ſpring.

II.

Lovely ſeaſon of deſire!
Nature ſmiles with joy to ſee
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brighteſt object in the ſkies,
The faireſt lights that ſhine below,
The ſun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The deſign of this Ode was to inſinuate to Auguſtus the danger of transferring the ſeat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poiſing on virtue's baſe his mind,
Reſts in himſelf ſecure,
Ind ſolubly firm in good;
Let tempeſts riſe, and billows rage,
All rock within he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or waſteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer ſtrength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant caſt a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of nature crack,
And all the ſpacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with univerſal rack,
Come tumbling from the ſky:
Yet he ll ſurvey the horrid ſcene
With ſteady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing ſerene!

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules,
Roam'd through the world, and bleſt the nations round,
'Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as gods, their benefactions crown'd;
With theſe, Auguſtus ſhall for ever ſhine,
And ſtain his roſy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntleſs Bacchus bear;
The glaring ſavages reſiſt in vain,
Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus purſu'd the ſhining trace,
And leapt the lake, where all
The reſt of mortals fall,
And with his * father's horſes ſcour'd the ſame bright airy race.

III.

Then in full ſenate of the deities,
Settling the ſeats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous ſentence pleas'd the ſkies:
"O Troy! ſhe ſaid, O hated Troy!
"A † foreign woman, and a ‡ boy,
"Lewd, partial, and unjuſt,
"Shook all thy proudeſt towers to duſt;
"Inclin'd to ruin from the time,
"Thy king did mock two powers divine,
"And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury,
"But doubly damn'd by that offence,
"Which did Minerva's rage incenſe,
"And offer'd wrong to me.
"No more the treacherous raviſher
"Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
"Nor Priam's impious houſe with Hector's ſpear
"Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

IV.

"Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
"At laſt the ſtorm is ſpent,
"My fury with it ebbing out,
"Theſe terms of peace content;
"To Mars I grant among the ſtars a place
"For his ſon Romulus, of Trojan race;
"Here ſhall he dwell in theſe divine abodes,
"Drink of the heavenly bowl,
"And in this ſhining court his name enrol,
"With the ſerene and ever-vacant gods;
"While ſeas ſhall rage between his Rome and Troy,
"The horrid diſtance breaking wide,
"The baniſh'd Trojans ſhall the globe enjoy,
"And reign in every place beſide;
"While beaſts inſult my § judge's duſt, and hide
"Their litter in his curſed tomb,
"The ſhining capitol of Rome
"Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
"And Parthians take their laws from that eternal dome.

V.

"Let Rome extend her fame to every ſhore;
"And let no banks or mounds reſtrain
"Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
"The ſeas from Europe, Africk part in vain;
"Swelling above thoſe floods, her power
"Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Lybian land.

* *Romulus was ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Mars by the prieſteſs Ilia.*

† *Helen.* † *Paris*

§ *Paris.*

" Shining in poliſh'd ſteel, ſhe dares
" The glittering beams of gold deſpiſe,
" Gold, the great ſource of human cares,
" Hid wiſely deep from mortal eyes,
" Till, ſought in evil hour by hands unbleſt,
" Opening the dark abodes,
" There iſſued forth a direful train of woes,
" That give mankind no reſt;
" For gold, devoted to the infernal gods,
" No native human uſes knows.

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
" The bounds of nature yet unſeen,
" He meant a goal of glory to the race
" The Roman arms ſhall ſhine:
" Rejoicing, onward they approach
" To view the outworks of the world,
" The maddening fires, in wild debauch,
" The ſnows and rains unborn, in endleſs eddies whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce theſe fates behind,
" But will thy reign with this condition bind,
" That no falſe filial piety,
" In idle ſhapes deluding thee,
" Or confidence of power,
" Tempt thee again to raiſe a Trojan tower;
" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant ſtars,
" Haunted with omens ſtill the ſame,
" Rebuilt ſhall but renew the former flame,
" Jove's wife and ſiſter leading on the wars.
" Thrice let her ſhine with brazen walls,
" Rear'd up by heavenly hands;
" And thrice in fatal duſt ſhe falls,
" By faithful Grecian hands;
" Thrice the dire ſcene ſhall on the world return,
" And captive wives again their ſons and huſbands mourn."
But ſtop, preſumptuous Muſe, thy daring flight,
Nor hope in thy weak lyric lay,
The heavenly language to diſplay,
Or bring the counſels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE Paphian iſle was once the bleſt abode
Of Beauty's goddeſs and her archer god.
There bliſsful bowers and amorous ſhades were ſeen,
Fair cypreſs walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, ſurrounded by a hallow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a ſplendid temple ſtood;
Where altars were with coſtly gums perfum'd,
And lovers ſighs aroſe, and ſmoke from hearts conſum'd.
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, ſhe choſe a ſweeter ſeat for love,
And Greenwich-park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnaſſus with this hill can vie,
Which gently ſwells into the wondering ſky,
Commanding all that can tranſport our ſight,
And varying with each view the freſh delight.
From hence my Muſe prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, through ſmiling meads would ſtray;
Deſcribe the groves beneath, the ſylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Auguſta's towers.
But ſee!—a living proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful fear!
Love's favourite band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt triumphs, and ſupport his reign.
Muſe, pay thy homage here—yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious ſcene with artful care,
For fooliſh praiſe is ſatire on the fair.
Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careleſs pleaſure in her air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods ſhe's feign'd to rove,
The chace purſuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddeſs boaſts her aim,
But Cupid ſhews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring ſhafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſee which gives the deepeſt wound.
Or if with greater glory we ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
See next her charming ſiſter, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the ſweet month of May!
The ſportful nymph, once in the neighbouring grove
Surpriz'd by chance the ſleeping god of love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen;
She ty'd his wings, and ſtole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts.
He ſmil'd,—and ſaid—"Tis well, inſulting fair!
Yet how you ſport with ſleeping Love beware!
My loſs of darts I quickly can ſupply,
Your looks ſhall triumph for Love's deity:
And though you now my feeble power diſdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.
Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boaſt of fame, once kindled dire alarms:
Thoſe dazzling lights the world no more muſt view,
And ſcarce would think the bright deſcription true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by tranſmigration ſhine.
Her ſhape, her air, proportion lovely face,
And matchleſs ſkin, contend with rival grace;
And Venus' ſelf, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illuſtrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal ſounds are theſe?
Be ſtill, ye whiſpering winds, and moving trees!
A ſecond Mira does all hearts ſurpriſe,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tendereſt love inſpire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young deſire.

So western gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the sun's quickening ray
And spread them into life, and gently chide their stay.
We court that skill, by which we're sure to die;
The modest fair would fain our suit deny.
And sings unwillingly with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is so near;
So generous victors softest pity know,
And with reluctance strike the fatal blow.
Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind shines cheerful through her face,
A sacred lamp in a fair crystal case.
Not Venus star, the brightest of the sphere,
Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The best of sisters well deserves thy care;
Her sighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would wish thy place, did they not wish for more.
What angels are, when we desire to know,
We form a thought by such as she below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond compare,
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of soft desires!
For ever dwell where such supply thy fires!
May Virtue still with Beauty share the sway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO MOLINDA.

THE inspiring Muses and the God of Love,
Which most should grace the fair Molinda strove:
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The Muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a separate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with transporting fire,
One sex with envy burns, and one with fierce desire:
But when withdrawn from public shew and noise,
In silent works her fancy she employs,
A smiling train of Arts around her stand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
And with like skill her pen and needle guides;
By this we see gay silken landscapes wrought,
By that the landscape of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
Of cuts dissembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice transports the ear with soft delight,
Her flowers and groves surprise the ravish'd sight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a blest retreat,
And free from care dost rural songs repeat,
Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire.
(Groves, whose recesses and refreshing shade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, 'midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my Muse, and weigh my fancy down,
Pass my unactive hours;——
In such an air, how can soft numbers flow,
Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?
All we can boast of the poetic fire,
Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.
Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
Where grateful Silence unmolested reigns,
Assists the Muse, and quickens all her strains.
Such were the scenes of our first parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of wind,
And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
Unstain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.
Ye blest remains of that illustrious age!
Delightful springs and woods!——
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.
No false corrupt delight our thoughts should move,
But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human state aspire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey,
Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far than they.

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY, WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID.

WHEN generous Dido in disguise caress'd
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,

Soon the fly urchin ſtorm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames diſpers'd through every part.
In vain ſhe ſtrove to check the new-born fire,
It ſcorn'd her weak eſſays, and roſe the higher:
In vain from feaſts and balls relief ſhe ſought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet Fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forſaken, ſcorn'd, ſhe periſh'd in deſpair.
No ſuch event, fairnymph, you need to fear,
Smiles without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to ſurpriſe,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this prove
A happy prelude to ſucceſsful love!

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" *Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,*
" *Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,*" &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE ſlaviſh fear! thy Stygian wings diſplay!
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and ſhades of night,
To conſcious ſouls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd ſprights,
Thy viſionary tribe, thy black and monſtrous race.
Go, haunt the ſlave that ſtains his hands in gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd mind, and rack the uſurer more,
Than his oppreſſion did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war;
The poiſon'd ſhaft, the Parthian bow, and ſpear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear
He hurls impetuous through the field;
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the ſhield;
He's only ſafe, whoſe armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps he go,
Vaſt mountains of eternal ſnow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaſpes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's deſert land,
Where threatening from afar
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of ſand;
No ſenſe of danger can diſturb his reſt;
He fears no human force, nor ſavage beaſt;
Impenetrable courage ſteels his manly breaſt.

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raiſe my tuneful voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monſter ne'er, in queſt of food,
Apulian foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious beaſt;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,
Where the ſtern lion ſhakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and ſcours the ſpacious plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft breeze of ſummer wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd ſoil unbind,
Where no refreſhing warmth e'er durſt invade,
But Winter holds his unmoleſted ſeat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling ſtorms of hail, and noiſy tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching blaze
Of the fierce ſun's immediate rays,
Where houſe or cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor ſpringing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the muſic of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

" *Otium Divos rogat in patenti*
" *Prenſus Ægæo,*" &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power ſerene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what ſolitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated Druid doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive goddeſs! why,
When we thy manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us through enchanted ground,
To mock our vain research, and from our wiſhes fly?

II.

The wandering ſailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous ſea runs high,
And when, through all the dark benighted ſky,
No friendly moon or ſtars appear
To guide their ſteerage to the ſhore:
For thee the weary ſoldier prays;
Furious in fight the ſons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majeſtic by their ſide
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With gems, and purple veſts, and ſtores of plunder'd gold.

III.

But neither boundleſs wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the conſul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded rooms of ſtate,
And their foul neſts, like ſwallows, build
Cloſe to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the ſky.
Much leſs will nature's modeſt wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely ſwain,
Who, in ſome cottage, far from noiſe,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid luſt of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering ſteps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs game projects the daring ſpear!
For ſhort is life's uncertain race;
Then why, capricious mortal! why
Doſt thou for happineſs repair
To diſtant climates, and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thyſelf, the ſource of all thy care.
So flies the wounded ſtag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment ſticks within his ſide.
And from the ſmarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the graſſy plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than ſtags, or winds that through the ſkies
Thick-driving ſnows and gather'd tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing ſhip out-flies,
Climbs the tall veſſel's painted ſides;
Nor leaves arm'd ſquadrons in the field,
But with the marching horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no ſtate's completely bleſt,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent day,
And leave to fate the reſt.
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the ſtage,
The hero fell by ſudden death;
While Tithon to a tedious waſting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend,
Perhaps unaſk'd to worthleſs me
Thoſe hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining wealth and plenteous joys ſurround,
And, all thy fruitful fields around,
Unnumber'd herds of cattle ſtray.
Thy harneſs'd ſteeds with ſprightly voice
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice.
While ſmoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the ſwift meaſur'd way.
To me the ſtars, with leſs profuſion kind,
An humble fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein,
But a ſincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd diſdain.

THE

BIRTH OF THE ROSE,

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn feſtal day
Held by th' immortals in the ſkies,
Flora had ſummon'd all the deities
That rule o'er gardens, or ſurvey
The birth of greens and ſpringing flowers,
And thus addreſs'd the genial powers.

Ye ſhining graces of my courtly train,
The cauſe of this aſſembly know!
In ſovereign Majeſty I reign
O'er the gay flowery univerſe below;
Yet, my encreaſing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll chooſe with ſpotleſs honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counſel and aſſiſtance aſk,
T' accompliſh this momentous taſk.

The deities that ſtood around,
At firſt return'd a murmuring ſound;
Then ſaid, Fair goddeſs, do you know
The factious feuds this muſt create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?
The vileſt thiſtle that infeſts the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deſerves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots moleſt your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cauſe decide.

Deep in a venerable wood
Where oaks, with vocal ſtill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining ſide,
A grotto's ſeen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her ſmiling pride.
Retir'd in this ſweet graſſy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inſpire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her ſire.

Chaſte, wiſe, devout, ſhe ſtill obey'd
With humble zeal Heaven's dread commands,
To every action aſk'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her ſweet remains
The wond'rous mixture I would take,
This much deſir'd. this perfect flower to make.
Aſſiſt, and thus with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains.
Th' applauding deities with pleaſure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A buſy face the god of gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various ſweets th' exhaling ſpirits drew,
While, in full canifters, Pomona bore
Of richeſt ſweets a plenteous ſtore;
And Veſta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of Smiles and Graces: the plump god of wine
From cluſters did the flowing nectar ſtrain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they ſeek the honour'd ſhade
Where liv'd and died the ſpotleſs maid.
On a ſoft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities preſs'd all around,
Prepar'd the ſacred rites to pay
In ſilence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpſe be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a bounteous flower—
Scarce had the goddeſs ſpoke; when ſee!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear:
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens! what new charm, what ſudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the ſight!
A ſprouting bud begins the tree t'adorn;
The large, the ſweet vermillion flower is born!
The goddeſs thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To ſpread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant ſoul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princeſs gay;
Then kiſs'd it thrice: the general ſilence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents ſpoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your ſovereign Roſe revere!
No ſorrow on your drooping leaves be ſeen;
Let all be proud of ſuch a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year.

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe the new-born favourite crown'd:
The transformation was complete;
The deities with ſongs the queen of flowers did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to ſound;
While now to heaven the well pleas'd goddeſs flies
With her bright train, and reaſcends the ſkies.

SIX CANTATAS

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

"*Non ante vulgatas per artes,*
Verba loquor ſociande chordis."

HOR.

CANTATA I.

ON

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddeſs from the ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the waves ſhe caſt a ſmile
On fair Britannia's happy iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.
Cyprus too ſhall own thy ſway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of Loves
Will with happier Britain ſtay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my ſhore!

AIR.

Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſs'd.
Thy daughters all the world outſhine,
Nor Venus' ſelf is ſo divine.
Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſs'd.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the ſilent grove Alexis flies;
And ſeeks with every pleaſing art
To eaſe the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to Muſic's power the ſwain addreſs'd his prayers.

AIR.

Charming ſounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, O compoſe my anguiſh!
Every paſſion yields to thee;
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me;
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t' aſſuage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee,
Muſic is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove,

CANTATA III.

ON THE

SPRING.

[WITH VIOLINS.]

AIR

FRAGRANT Flora! haſte, appear,
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;
On thy buds of roſes playing,
All thy breathing ſweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear!
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of ſpring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raiſe,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And liſtening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whiſpering ſighs ſoft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the ſhepherd did his ſong renew.

AIR.

Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys beſtowing,
Spring and youth will ſoon be going,
Seize the bleſſings ere they paſs:
Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering ſkies;
From heaven the god of muſic came,
And own'd a pleas'd ſurpriſe;
Then in a ſoft melodious lay,
Apollo did theſe grateful praiſes pay.

AIR.

Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All ſhall in thy praiſe agree.
Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then ſummon'd every Muſe t' appear,
And hail their ſiſter of the quire;
Smiling they ſtood aroun', her ſoothing ſtrains to hear,
And fill'd her happy ſoul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!
When all thy moving graces meet,
How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our ea y hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely ſhepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At laſt hea s within a myrtle ſhade
An echo anſwer all his ſtrain;

Love ſtole the pipe of ſleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the liſtening ſwain.

AIR. [with a flute]

Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!
If muſic can delight thee,
Or viſions fair invite thee,
This bower's the happy place:
Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!

RECITATIVE.

The ſhepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magic ſound;
The God of Love his motion ſpies,
Lays by the pipe, and ſhoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his ambuſh flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves ſurpris'd the ſhepherd's ſight.

AIR.

Who, from love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?
Pleaſure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty ſoftly binds the chain.
Who from love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE

COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The faireſt tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring ſwain.
He ſadly ſigh'd—She gayly ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this diſdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the ſcorner ſwore,
And vow'd he'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe ſmil'd, and vow'd ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee;
And without a bluſh reſign,
But ungrateful is the paſſion,
And deſtroys our inclination,
When, like ſlaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.

THE PRAISES OF

HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701,

ON OCCASION OF

THE KING OF FRANCE'S BREAKING THE PEACE OF RYSWICK.

O Spartan youths! whoſe faſcinating charms
Have froze your blood? why ruſt your idle arms?
When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds reſolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! ſhall our vile lethargic ſloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you ſee their armies ruſh from far,
And ſit ſecure amidſt the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious 'tis to ſee
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valu'd joys, and ſoft ſupports of life!
Then let him draw his ſword, and take the field,
And fortify his breaſt behind the ſpacious ſhield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you ſhun your fate,
Nor can you ſhorten, nor prolong its date;
For life's a meaſur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies;
No grieving crowds his obſequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the ſoldier's end,
Who, deſperately brave, in fight ſuſtains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable ſtains,
And falls a ſacrifice to glory's charms:
But if a juſt ſucceſs ſhall crown his arms,
For his return the reſcued people wait,
To ſee the guardian genius of the ſtate;
With rapture viewing his majeſtic face,
His dauntleſs mien, and every martial grace,
They'll bleſs the toils he for their ſafety bore,
Admire them living, and when dead adore,

UNDER THE PRINT OF

TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.

Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain:
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Aſtrea's ſparkling eye,
Reſiſtleſs Love has fix'd his throne;
A thouſand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty ſpeeds her flight
To diſtant groves from whence ſhe came;
So lightning vaniſhes from ſight,
But leaves the foreſt in a flame!

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR D. PURCELL.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'ſt thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.
Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her ſon ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful fair
Thus boaſt her wretched liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the raptures ſhare,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threeſcore
Shall make you vainly wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.

SONG.

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

CUPID AND SCARLATI

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON ſilver Tyber's vocal ſhore,
The fam'd Scarlati ſtrook his lyre,
And ſtrove, with charms unknown before,
The ſprings of tuneful ſound to explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inſpire;
When ſee—the ſweet eſſay to hear,
Venus with her ſon drew near,
And pleas'd to aſk the maſter's aid,
The mother goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious ſon of Phœbus, ſee,
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring.
The queen of beauty ſues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to ſing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd muſician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,
Did all his ſongs and heavenly ſkill impart;
The boy, to recompenſe his art,
Repeating did each ſong improve,
And breath'd into his ears the charms of love.
And taught the maſter thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love inſpiring,
Sounds perſuading,
Makes his darts reſiſtleſs fly;
Beauty aiding,
Arts aſpiring,
Gives them wings to riſe more high.

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES

BY

SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

YE tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at love?
Cupid to my ſuccour fly:

Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how shall I move
A careless maid that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my succour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
A pensive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm desire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Cast thy serious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, sporting,
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
Close by a fountain's crystal spring,
She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.
Soft denials
Are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd the sprightly maid,
Yet never durst his love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate;
He sigh'd!—She smil'd!—He kneel'd and pray'd!
She frown'd;—He rose, and walk'd away,
But soon returning look'd more gay,
And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo play'd.

AIR. [*with an echo of flutes.*]

Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her.
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
That Damon ran as swift as she.
Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A Prospect of a Wood.

Enter a Shepherd, and sings.

YE nymphs and shepherds of the grove,
That know the pleasing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected blessing,
Sighing, panting for possessing!
Leave your flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state,
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of shepherds on one side with garlands; on the other side, shepherdesses with canisters of flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where pleasure, and plenty, and happiness reign
We leave our flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[A dance here.]

Scene opening discovers a pleasant bower, with the God of Love asleep, attended by Cupids, some playing with his bow, others sharpening his arrows, &c. On each side the bower, walks of cypress trees, and fountains playing; a distant landscape terminates the prospect.

Verse for a shepherdess, with flutes.

See the mighty Power of Love,
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
Nymphs and shepherds, gently shed
Spices round his sacred head;
On his lovely body shower
Leaves of roses, virgin lilies,
Cowslips, violets, daffodilies,
And with garlands dress the bower.

Ritornel of flutes. After which Cupid rises, and sings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the god of soft desires!
Whose gentle influence inspires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With sprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the ſhepherds and nymphs.

Hail, thou potent deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen in a ſaffron-colour'd robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by prieſts.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the marriage deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's attendants.

Behold the marriage deity!

CUPID, ſmiling.

Behold the god of houſehold ſtrife,
That ſpoils the happy lover's life,
And turns a miſtreſs to a wife!

HYMEN.

Fooliſh and inconſtant boy!
Thine's a tranſitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleaſure's fever;
Hymen's bleſſings laſt for ever.

CUPID.

Hymen's bondage laſts for ever;
Love's free pleaſures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's ſtolen pleaſures, inſincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and ſorrow will deſtroy,
If Hymen licenſe not the joy.

[*Both together.*]

Then let us join hands and unite.

Laſt Chorus of the ſhepherds and nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in conſort agree!
We'll revel all day with ſports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid ſhall govern the night.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of Beauty now reſign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,
Who more deſerves Love's crown to wear!
Not thy own ſtar ſo bright in Heaven does ſhine.
Aſk of thy ſon her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart:
Or aſk the god of tuneful ſound,
Who ſings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inſpire
With his own art, to give a ſurer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet;
Could Narciſſus ſee or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.
Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my ſuit attend!
And when from Heaven you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her ſhe wants one charm to make the reſt more gay,
Then ſmiling to th' harmonious beauty ſay:

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Muſic's ſweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A

FRAGMENT.

IN every age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliеſt nymphs and ſweeteſt bards adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
And poets ſing what once the fair inſpire;
The fair for ever thus her charms proſong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful ſong.
Thus Sachariſſa ſhines in Waller's lays,
And ſhe, who rais'd his genius, ſhares his praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual life infuſe,
Th' inſpiring Beauty, the recording Muſe.

. . . . . .

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

CUNCTATUR ſtupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera lunæ:
Aſſurgit ceu forte minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus: & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel floce ſub uno,

Cen geminæ Pæſtana roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, ſaturataque vernis
Roribus, indulget ſpatio: latet altero nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere ſoles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, ſees the bride and her mother ſitting together, &c. On which occaſion Claudian makes the following deſcription

THE Goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face;
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the creſcent ſhows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is ſeen
The laurel ſhoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-ſprouting leaves, and branches are eſſay'd,
And all the promiſe of a future ſhade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæſtan fields,
One common ſtock two lovely roſes yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares diſplay
Its leaves full blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the ſkies.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

FOOLISH Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languiſh for a toy?
Fooliſh Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the power of Love, and ſwore
His freedom he would ſtill maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or ſlaviſhly adore.
But when Lamira croſs'd the plain,
The ſhepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his ſtrain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!
Ye ſwains, my folly don't deſpiſe;
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wiſe.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

WHY, too amorous hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe?
Can you think that ſneaking air
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to ſee thee triſle ſo.
Why, too amorous hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languiſhing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glaſs he ſpies,
And, bluſhing at the ſight, he grew a man again.

AIR. [*with a trumpet.*]

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

AN ODE

IN PRAISE OF

MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT STATIONER'S HALL, 1703.

Deſcende Cœlo, & dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus, Cytharave Phœbi.
HORACE.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

AWAKE, cœleſtial Harmony!
Awake, cœleſtial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal ſphere around,
Goddeſs of melodious ſound.
Let the trumpet's ſhrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noiſe,
Rouze every dull mortal from ſorrows profound.
See, ſee!
The mighty power of Harmony!

III.

But oh '—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear,
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt with a leſs propitious look
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your ſoft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleaſure and ſurpriſe:
But, cruel goddeſs! when I find
Diana's coldneſs in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd diſdain?
My pleaſure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breaſt to ſoft conſenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! while to my paſſion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as ſhe would let me live;
And yet ſhe chides, but with ſo ſweet an air,
That while ſhe love denies, yet ſhe forbids deſpair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you anſwer no;
If you anſwer, frown not, no,
When again I aſk, purſuing,
If you'll ſtay and ſee my ruin?
Fly—but let me with you go!
Bluſh not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN ODE FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muſes, join;
While down your cheeks the ſtreaming ſorrows flow,
Let murmuring ſtrings with the ſoft voice combine
T' expreſs the melody of woe.
And thou, Auguſta! ri'e and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loſs, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief the joy.
From thy ſhore of Thames replying,
Gentleſt echoes, fainting, dying,
Shall their ſorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the loſs; from midnight ſkies
Ill omens late did ſtrike my eyes,
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and ſaw a falling ſtar.

AIR.

Lands remote the loſs will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas tranſporting,
Will the wafted ſorrow bear.
Winds that fly
Will ſoftly ſigh,
A ſtar has left the Britiſh ſphere.
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whoſe azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,

Patron of my illuſtrious iſle!
Thou ſaw'ſt thy order late expreſs'd
With added brightneſs on Devonia's breaſt;
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a ſmile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To ſhade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering Loves attend!
BOTH. { To ſhade, &c. / To grace, &c.
BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſhall Auguſta's ſons their ſkill impart,
And ſummon the dumb ſiſter art,
In marble life to ſhew,
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid ſtand,
And wound himſelf with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the ſword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's truſt and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loſs bewail a friend.
See o'er his tomb perpetual lamps ſhe lights.
Then, on his urn the Goddeſs writes;
"Preſerve, O urn! his ſilent duſt,
"Who faithful did obey
"Princes like Anna, good and juſt,
"Yet ſcorn'd his freedom to betray;
"And, hated by all tyrants, choſe
"The glory to have ſuch his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy ſorrows o'er:
A grateful tribute thou haſt paid
To thy Devonia's noble ſhade;
Now vainly weep the dead no more!
For ſee—the duke and patriot ſtill ſurvives,
And in his great ſucceſſor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new-ariſing light,
I ſee paternal grandeur ſhine,
Deſcending through th' illuſtrious line,
In the ſame royal favours bright.

Laſt DUETTO, with all the inſtruments.

BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.
BRIT. Lead along their ſmiling hours;
AUG. Long produce their ſmiling hours;
BOTH. Bleſt by all auſpicious powers.
BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-night, February 16. 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

WHETHER our ſtage all others does excel
In ſtrength of wit, we'll not preſume to tell:
But this, with noble, conſcious pride, we'll ſay,
No Theatre ſuch glories can diſplay;
Such worth conſpicuous, beauty ſo divine,
As in one Britiſh audience mingled ſhine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his ſight
And mark the awful circle here to-night?
Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires ſav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here ſit; whoſe matchleſs ſtory ſhall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect ſuch martial fire,
That ſees what eyes thoſe gallant deeds inſpire?
Valour and beauty ſtill were Britain's claim,
Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
By both the Muſes live, from both they catch their flame;
Then, as by you in ſolid glory bright,
Our envy'd iſle through Europe ſpreads her light,
And riſing honours every year ſuſtain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's diſtinguiſh'd reign;
So, by your preſence here we'll ſtrive to raiſe
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favour ſhall derive
That immortality they boaſt to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT preſident of light, and eye of day,
As through this glaſs you caſt your viſual ray,
And view with nuptial joy two brothers bleſt,
And ſee us celebrate the genial feaſt,

Confeſs that in your progreſs round the ſphere,
You've found the happieſt youths and brighteſt
beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
And on each glaſs ſome beauty's praiſe is writ,
You aſk, my friends, how can my ſilent Muſe
To Montague's ſoft name a verſe refuſe?
Bright though ſhe be, of race victorious ſprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets ſung;
Unmov'd I hear her perſon call'd divine,
I ſee her features uninſpiring ſhine;
A ſofter fair my ſoul to tranſport warms,
And, ſhe once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the diſcords of the ſtate,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate,
Here Somerſet and Devonſhire attend
The Britiſh Tofts, and every note commend;
To native merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There fam'd L'Epine does equal ſkill employ,
While liſtening peers crowd to th' ecſtatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her ſong, his dice forſakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when ſhe ſhakes:
Lull'd ſtateſmen melt away their drowſy cares
Of England's ſafety, in Italian airs.
Who would not ſend each year blank paſſes o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch ſtrangers from our ſhore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chace the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

II.

But ſee! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE
DE
L'AMOUR ET DU POËTE

LE P. AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon Cœur, laſſé de ſon martire,
A réſolu de ſe calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris dans ſes bras te rapelle.

LE P. Non, Iris eſt une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris ſoin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—Le P. Non, Daphné n'eſt que belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un ſoupir, tu peux déſarmer
Dircé, juſqu'ici ſi fauvage.

LE P. Elle n'eſt plus dans le bel age;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais ſi je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaine eternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'eſt point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE
FROM THE FRENCH OF
MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE

POET. NO, Love—I ne'er will love again,
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart reſolves to cure
Its wounds, and eaſe the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canſt thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's falſe—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toaſt.

POET. Daphné but common eyes can beaſt;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before ſcorn'd every ſwain,
Dircé, ſhall for one ſigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly ſhine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But ſhould I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora the young, the bright, the gay!
I ſee thee bluſh—now, rebel, ſay,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet ſtill know every fair but ſhe,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,
A CANTATA.
SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus ſtands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal Queen of Love?
She beats her breaſt, ſhe wrings her hands;
And hark, ſhe mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, ſlain.
The hills and woods her loſs deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And Echo ſighs, with mimick ſound,
Adonis! no more!
Again the goddeſs raves, and tears her hair;
Then vents her grief, her love, and her deſpair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treaſure,
Now my ſorrow, once my pleaſure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forſake thee;
Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Queen of Beauty, as the poets feign,
While thou didſt call the lovely ſwain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely ſwain aroſe a flower,
And, ſmiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proſerpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns reſtor'd to light, by turns he ſeeks the ſhades.

AIR.

Tranſporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving ſmiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.
The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With ſoothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleaſure blends with pain.

CANTATA.
PASTORAL.
SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded ſheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains:
Love held his weary eyes from ſleep,
While, ſilent in the vale,
The liſtening nightingale,
Forgot her own, to hear his ſtrains.
And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
Unclouded and ſerene,
Sheds on the neighbouring ſea her ſilver light;
The neighbouring ſea was calm and bright;
The ſhepherd ſung inſpir'd, and bleſs'd the lovely ſcene.

AIR.

While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret Night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear,
Smiles, and ſoftly turns her ſphere.
While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain;
The lovely ſcene falſe joy inſpires:
For look, thou fond, deluded ſwain,
A riſing ſtorm invades the main!
The planet of the night,
Inconſtant from thy ſight
Behind a cloud retires.
Flora is fled; thou lov'ſt in vain:
Ah, fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean ſmiling,
Does thy eaſy faith betray.
Flora ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconſtant proves than they.

BEAUTY,
AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy celeſtial ray
A thouſand ſprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the ſenſe,
And every grace that ſhines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our ſongs inſpire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art muſic's living ſpring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And ſweetly warbling Beauty's praiſe,
Deſcribes the power that makes him ſing.

III.

Painters from thee their ſkill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For even thy ſhadows give ſurpriſe,
As when we view in cryſtal ſtreams
The morning ſun, and riſing beams,
That ſeem to ſhoot from other ſkies.

IV.

Enchanting viſion! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter ſkill thy glories ſhine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When Beauty, dreſs'd in ſmiles of love,
Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

MYRA,
A CANTATA.
SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

LOVE frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! thoſe cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when ſullen clouds appear,
And wintry ſtorms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and ſeas to warmer climes repair.
Juſt ſo, my heart—But ſee—Ah no!
She ſmiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the Graces ſmiling,
In Myra's eyes begui ing,
Again their charms recover.
Would you ſecure your duty,
Let kindneſs aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to ſooth the lover.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR THE
POWER OF MUSIC:
AN
ODE,
IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.
BY MR. DRYDEN.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his ſide
Blooming ſat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave deſerves the fair!

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the power of mighty Love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curld,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening crowd adore the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face;
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he rode,
While, loud with conqueſt and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And tought the vocal ſkies to join
In this applauding ſong.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Firſt did drinking joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
2. Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure.
1. Rich the treaſure!
2. Sweet the pleaſure!
BOTH. Sweet is pleaſure after pain!

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to inſuſe;
Then thus he chang'd his ſong, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Faſt'n from his high eſtate;
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR. [with flutes.]

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

V.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of soft desire,
1. Cupid, god of soft desire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
1 and 2. How victorious are your charms!
1. Crown'd with conquest,
2 Full of glory,
1 and 2 See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's clasping arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!

AIR. [with symphonies.]

Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew,
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added strength to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies.
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise,
Above thy slavery, Silvia, rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Though blest with wealth, and nobly born;
For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:
Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
For ever will remain the same;
My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the Cuſtom of Women being buried with their Huſbands, and Men with their Wives.

ETERNAL are the chains which here,
The generous ſouls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we ſwear
To be for ever true and kind;
And when by death the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corpſe we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe, that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhall die,
Claſp'd in each others arms we'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEANASSA OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEANASSA's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupid's, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But, before old Time purſued her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe."—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though ſhe aſk?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when ſcor'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—ſhe's ugly.—Trumpets, ſound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED, WRITTEN IN 1710.

O Bleſſed time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And ſwear all Whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on't.
See how they draw the beaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout,
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to ſettle
"Church privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each ſow gelder that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have diſſenters ſworn,"
The oyſter-wenches 'ock their fiſh up,
And cry "no preſbyterian biſhop!"
The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt "low-church men" loudly cry;
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," inſtead
Of "pudding pies, and gingerbread:"
And ſome for, "brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,"
Roar out, "God bleſs our commons houſe!"
Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wiſh they'd "vote diſſenters down."
Inſtead of "kitchen-ſtuff," ſome cry,
"Confound the late whig-miniſtry!"
And ſome, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons late addreſs commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim againſt "extempore prayer:"
And ſome for "old ſuits, cloaks, or coat,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-ſkins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions,"
Blue-apron whores, that ſit with formety,
Rail at "occaſional conformity."
Inſtead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "no conventicle!"
Maſons, inſtead of "building houſes,"
To "build the church," would ſtarve their ſpouſes,
And gladly leave their trades, for ſtorming
The meeting-houſes, or informing.
Bawds, ſtrumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, panders, atheiſts, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falſtaff, ſcarce know whether
A church's inſide's ſtone or leather,
Yet join the parſons and the people,
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the ſteeple."

If, holy mother, ſuch you'll own
For your true ſons, and ſuch alone,
Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beaſtly crew!

AN

ODE

TO THE

CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

OCCASIONED BY THE

FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

" Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
" Laudibus?———
" Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
" Temperat horis?
" Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
" Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum."
HORAT.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend: a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay!
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings owe!
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her master's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide creation came.

II.

He spoke the great command; and Light,
Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
And pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising world they saw,
When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When Time was taught his infant wings to try.
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme Almighty, still the same!
'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not Heaven itself can bound his sway;
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immensity.

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His sovereign orders to fulfil;
The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unsheltered ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majesty
To humble shepherds on the plain,
His hand unseen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
His works, in every distant clime,
He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strows with flowers the smiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish stores he lap of Nature spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
A heavy season does maintain
With driving snows, and winds and rain;
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Ador'd, who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand.
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her center shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest,
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their buried forms for ever hide;

Deſcends, th' auſpicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddeſs brings;
Its magic ſound
Commands a ſudden ſilence all around,
And ſtrains prophetic thus attune the ſtrings.

DUETTO.

1 Voice. The ſwain his nymph poſſeſſing,
2 Voice. The nymph her ſwain careſſing,
1 and 2. Shall ſtill improve the bleſſing.
For ever kind and true.
Both. While rolling years are flying,
Love, Hymen's lamp ſupplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall ſtill the flame renew.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. Why doſt thou ſtay
And leave undone what ſhould be done to-day?
Begin—the preſent minute's in thy power;
But ſtill t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at ſome river's ſide
Expecting ſtands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be paſt—Fool! not to know
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

ON A

COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR

HAPPY GILL, 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou theſe golden bands ſhalt wear,
The hand that binds them ſoftly kiſs,
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A ſlave, to gain her ſmiles, like thee?

THE

CHARACTER

OF THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES*.—1712-13.

SUCH early wiſdom, ſuch a lovely face
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace,
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Theſe various beauties of the female kind
Sure but in one ſuch different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that Phœnix-ſhe.

* *This Lady, alſo celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful Ode, called "Cælia's Miſtake," was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the preſent Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland.*

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY:

THE MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, though all the virtues ſhine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, diſtinguiſh'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praiſe, and well deſerve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itſelf diſplays
Her charms celeſtial born, and pureſt rays,
Which thence in ſtreams, like golden ſunſhine flow,
And ſhed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the ſecond place;
She fills the well-born ſoul with noble fires
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inſpires.

Then, Honeſty, with native air, ſucceeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, juſt alike to friends and foes, ſhe draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this ſcale of virtue thus deſcends
By juſt degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in viſionary trains, by night
Attending angels bleſs'd good Jacob's ſight,
The myſtic ladder thus appear'd to riſe,
Its foot on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies.

HYMN,

SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AT THE ENTRY OF KING GEORGE

INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy ſtrength rejoice.

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our Sovereign George we ſee;
Thy hand the Royal bleſſing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteouſneſs, and Love,
As guards around him ſpread.

IV.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increase,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still blest at home with peace.

A

MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

LATE WIFE OF

EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

Of Hertingfordbury in the County of Hertford, and Daughter of Richard Harrison, Esq. of Balls, in the same County.

OBIIT 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how those drooping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mouldering dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they;
For see! to dust they both return,
And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live.
Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dead remain.
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O Muse can save
Our memories from darkness and the grave,
And some short after-life bestow?
That task is mine, the Muse replies,
And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
Verse is the last of human works that dies,
When virtue does the song inspire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy saint, look down!
Pause from immortal joys awhile
To hear, and gracious with a smile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's scanty space,
So short a space, so wondrous bright,
Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recal whom it had sent,
And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither did a while repair,
Curious our customs and our laws to know?
And, sickening in our grosser air,
And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
Our foolish cares, our false delights,
Back to thy native seats would'st go?
Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, pensive Muse, enlarge thy flight
(By turns the pensive Muses love
The hilly heights and shady grove)
Behold where, swelling to the sight,
Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands!
And from yon verdant rising brow
Sees Hertford a ancient town, and lands
Where Nature's hand in flow meanders leads
The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, born first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So on some towering peak that meets the sky
When missive seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for awhile alight,
Put off their rays celestial bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye,

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care,
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like summer's day-break, when we see
The fresh-dropp'd stores of rosy dew
(Transparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely sight awhile
Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
Will change the scene ere noon of day,
Dry up the glistering drops, and draw those dews away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but must one circlet of the year
Unite in bliss, in grief divide
The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That, as you read these lines or hear,

Perhaps may ſtart, and ſeem to ſay,
That ſhort liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitleſs ſorrowings now employ,
Think ſhe was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN

ALLUSION to HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And ſhuns each vile aſſociation,
That truſts his honeſt deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the ſtate,
Needs not his hall with weapons ſtore;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor ſculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parſon's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poiſon'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A ſword of lath might croſs his ſide.

If o'er St. James's park he ſtray,
He ſtops not pauſing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back and mends his pace;
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtleſs how my time I ſquander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A meſſenger with ſurly eye
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.
No ſharper look or rougher mien
In Scottiſh highlands e'er was ſeen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or noſe more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breaſt,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the beaſt.

Place me among a hundred ſpies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or ſearch my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line ſhall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;
Let Townſheud, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair:
Or ſend me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curſe at Marlborough's glories,
And drink—but ſure none ſuch there are!—
The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet ſtill my loyalty I'll boaſt,
King George ſhall ever be my toaſt;
Unbrib'd his glorious cauſe I'll own,
And fearleſs ſcorn each traitor's frown.

A

FRAGMENT.

O Say, ye ſaints, who ſhine in realms above,
And tune your harps to ſing eternal love,
When ſhall my voice attain your high degree;
When ſhall my ſoul, from clouds of ſorrow free,
Hear your celeſtial ſong, and aid the harmony!

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

"*Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis.*"
OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,	MRS. MARGARITTA.
DAPHNE,	MRS. BARBIER.
PENEUS,	MR. TURNER.
DORIS,	MRS. WILLIS.

SCENE, THE VALLEY OF TEMPE, IN THESSALY.

The First SCENE is a River.

PENEUS, *a River-God, appears on a bed of ruſhes, leaning on his urn. He riſes and comes forward, his head crowned with ruſhes and flowers, a reed in his hand.*

PENEUS.

HOW long muſt Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyneſs and diſdain?
Through Tempe's pleaſant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the ſighs of ſlighted love;
And on my ruſhy banks the Sylvans cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous cauſe;
Daphne, my juſt commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at laſt to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel ſuit no more;
Have I not to Diana ſwore?
Behold again to her I bow.
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her ſpotleſs train;
Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.
How happy are we,
How airy, how free,

That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We ſcorn all his joys and his pains.
[Exit Daphne.

PENEUS.

Raſh maid, return——
What haſt thou ſworn?
With thee ſhall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted ſire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curſe of Heaven, a father's frown,
And ſure deſtruction waits thy ſcorn.
Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boaſted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee,
And revere thee,
Ever meet thy keeneſt darts.
[Exit Peneus.

SCENE changes to a Foreſt.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, ſeeing newly ſlain the PYTHON,

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monſter Python, lies the plain.
By Phœbus' ſhafts, lies breathleſs, adorn'd?
Yet why with conqueſt am I th
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain, once I ſcorn'd.
Conquer'd by Love, which can obtain,
O Daphne! till thy ſmile triumph let me bear;
No more theſe marks of ſemblance wear,
But thus a ſhepherd grow a god again.
Till bleſt by the
[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a ſheep-hook.

See—appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail goddeſs of theſe verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A ſwain that loves.

DAPHNE

Thy unavailing courtſhip ſpare.
Doſt thou not daily hear the ſhepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
Go—with the reſt deſpair.

APOLLO.

No, let the reſt deſpair while I
Diſtinguiſh'd, triumph in the joy.
Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love deſign'd.
Then ſmile conſenting,
Loſt time repenting,
Let ſoft relenting
Now ſhew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canſt thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or ſtop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's ſoft laws obey;
Art thou more ſavage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the ſkies, and paints the
Its genial flame ſpreads;
Through heav'n and earth, and Love,
Thou art thyſelf the happieſt chi
Do not thy birth diſcla
DAPHNE ſhould'ſt ſeem,
Though fair as Phœbus this lyre,
And were thy words ſame to deſire;
They could not m from thy dream.
Wake, ſhep thy fruitleſs pain;
Ceaſe to ſ wilt thou be uing?
Why for anguiſh and complain.
Ceaſe thy own undoing,
'Tis to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

On her ſoft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces riſe! [Aſide.

DUETTO for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O ceaſe to fly me
Your faithful ſwain.
DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Deſpairing ſwain.
APOL. Yet hear me.
DAPH. Forbear me.
APOL. Let ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still ſpeak my pain.
DAPH. Your ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring
But move diſdain. [Exit Daphne.

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom ſhe flies.
Miſtaken coyneſs! falſe diſdain!
Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the ſwain—
Then, breaking from this dark diſguiſe,
When Phœbus what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glittering rays, and melting lyre,
At laſt ſhall warm thee to deſire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that Love deſpiſes,
Some ſecret paſſion prizes,
That ſtill forbids deſpair. [Exit Apollo.

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers loſe.
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuſe!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and eaſe me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.
When I was a maiden of twenty,

'd my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Now! why did I ever say no?
I sigh; swains, though I court them, all fly me,
Ye who lover comes nigh me;
Ah! who be warn'd by my woe!
Did I ever say no?
Poor Doris! adieu, DAPHNE.
Dost thou repent thy weeping eyes;
Tender hearts to ease were wise?
Still their freedom passion
But how calm is inclination betray,
When our reason bears us.
Swains themselves, while they say!
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly woo us;
If we grow too fond they fly.
DORIS.
Yet might I see one courting swain,
Though but to slight him once again'—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.
DAPHNE.
'Tis well to leave them at threescore.
Haste then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chace.
[Exit Doris.
[A symphony of instruments is heard, whilst Apollo descends in the chariot of the sun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.
DAPHNE.
What sounds celestial strike my ear!
Why does the golden source of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god descends to human sight,
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.
APOLLO.
Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?
[Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back as surprised at the sound:
Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear?
Cannot Love and Music join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-shores prolong
My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!
Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his osiers gently bow,
And seem my secret soul to know—
DAPH. [aside.] Alas! my rash, my fatal vow!
APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?
[As Daphne is going out, she stops, and sings the following air.
DAPHNE.
Shall I return—or no?—
Charms yet unknown surround me;
Yet, Love, thou ne'er shalt wound me,
No more alarm my breast.
Then let me haste to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving sighs—
Ye powers restore my rest.

APOL. O do not go—
DAPH. Dost thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—
APOL Thy scorn forbear—
DAPH. I must not hear;
APOL. O stay and hear;
DAPH. Thy love } is vain,
APOL. Thy slight }
[Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.

SCENE changes to the River.

Re-enter DAPHNE, looking back as affrighted.
DAPHNE.
Come—the swift pursuer comes—O where
Will I escape his piercing sight,
Ah hide me from the God of Light?
[His in vain—he's here.
[As she runs to the side of the river, and former sings the following air is trans- to a laurel-tree.
Father Peneus hear me, aid me,
Let some sudden change invade me,
Cease, Apollo, to pursue me,
I am Daphne now no more.—
[APOLLO enters at the h end of the air, and is met by Pene.
APOLLO.
O fatal flight!—O curst disdain!
O Peneus, how shall we our loss deplore?
But see!
The trembling branches yet her shape retain!
Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee;
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.
No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,
Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's isle thy prosperous green
Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,
And by a Nassau, and a George, be worn.
PENEUS.
Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever fresh and fair,
Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.
CHORUS, or Duetto of Apollo and Peneus.
Nature alone can love inspire,
Art is vain to move desire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own passion they resign.
Nature alone can love inspire,
Art is vain to move desire.

AN ODE FOR THE

BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

First Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality of WALES.

BOTH VOICES, with a Trumpet.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud note rebound!
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
Well pleas'd to see
This day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himself, and thee;
See Carolina's natal star arise,
And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
Though on her virtues I should ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
Detraction from her presence flies;
And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
And murmuring Envy sees her smile, and dies.

Happy morn! such gifts bestowing!
Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auspicious shine!
Happy isle! such gifts possessing!
Britain, ever own the blessing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet arise to sight;
See! o'er these rites what mighty power presides;
Behold, to thee his early steps he guides;
What noble ardour does his soul excite!
Henceforth, when to the listening universe
Thou number'st o er my princes of renown,
The second hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse
And tell of Cressy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet sound again!
The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, with a Harp.

Heavenly Muses! tune your lyres,
Far resounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the song new life inspires!
Every breast with joy abounding,
Seems to share the hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
What secret raptures fill thy breast!
So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail source of blessings to our isle!
While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons smile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay;
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XX.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
Aloft; see, see the down arise,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's spite,
Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obſcure or diſeſteem'd
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the Muſe vouchſafe t' inſpire
My breaſt with the celeſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a Poet's name,
Let Fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous Cooper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear;
'Here lies his clay to earth conſign'd,
'To whom great Cowper once was kind.'

WHAT IS MAN.

O SON of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wiſdom, with falſe greatneſs gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whoſe bad ſtore
Thy guilty days are ſpent in adding more;
Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect William ſee,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou choſe the favourite of the ſky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And ſcarce the wretch himſelf the debt immenſe will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaiſſeaux tout preſts à quitter le rivage?
Diſoit au roi Pyrrhus, un ſage confident,
Conſeiller tres-ſenſé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'apelle.
Quoi faire? l'aſſieger. L'entrepriſe eſt fort belle,
Et digne ſeulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons priſe, & bien que ferons-nous?
Du reſte des Latins la conqueſte eſt facile.
Sans doute, ils ſont à nous; eſt-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras & bien-toſt ſans effort
Syracuſe recoit nos vaiſſeaux dans ſon port
Et demeurés vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons priſe,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage eſt conquiſe:
Les chemins ſont ouverts: qui peut nous arreſter?
Je vous entends, ſeigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
Nous allons traverſer les ſables de Lybie;
Offrir en paſſant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs;
Et ranger ſous nos loix tout ce vaſte Hemiſphere;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
Alors, che. Cineas, victo rieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aiſe, & prendre du bon temps.
Hé, ſeigneur, dés ce jour, ſans ſortir de l'Empire
Du matin juſqu'au ſoir qui vous défend de rire!

FROM BOILEAU.

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LOUIS XIV.

WHAT mean theſe elephants, arms, warlike ſtore,
And all theſe ſhips prepar'd to leave the ſhore?
Thus Æneas, faithful old, experienc'd, wiſe,
Addreſs'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.
For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
The reſt of Italy my chains ſhall wear.
And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
See how ſhe ſtretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracuſa's port this fleet ſhall ride
'Tis well—and there you will at laſt abide?—
No; that ſubdued, again we'll hoiſt our ſails,
And put to ſea; and, blow but proſperous gales,
Carthage muſt ſoon be ours, an eaſy prey.
The paſſage open: what obſtructs our way?—
Then, Sir, your vaſt deſign I underſtand,
To conquer all the earth, croſs ſeas and land,
Over Africa's ſpacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your ſword make proud Arabia bend;
Then ſeek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His ſwelling ſtream; beyond Hydaſpes' ſhores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But ſay—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, ſay what ſhall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll ſpend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this ſo far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future loſe the preſent joy.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF

AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my ſweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,

While the gay fields all ſoft delights inſpire,
And not one cloud deforms the ſmiling ſky.

II.

While whiſpering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play through the ſtrings, and gently make them ſound,
Luxurious I'll diſſolve the flowing hours
In balmy ſlumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But ſee—what ſudden gloom obſcures the air!
What falling ſhowers impetuous change the day!
Let's riſe, my lyre—Ah Pleaſure falſe as fair!
How faithleſs are thy charms, how ſhort thy ſtay!

AN ODE IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muſes, that frequent theſe walks and ſhades,
The ſeat of calm repoſe,
Which Howard's happy genius choſe;
Where, taught by you, his lyre he ſtrung,
And oft, like Philomel, in duſky ſhades,
Sweet amorous voluntaries ſung!
O ſay, ye kind inſpiring powers!
With what melodious ſtrain
Will you indulge my penſive vein,
And charm my ſolitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat;
While, ſkreen'd from Auguſt's feveriſh heat,
Beneath this ſpreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harveſt far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded ſky.
The wood, the park's romantic ſcene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft turf's perpetual green
Paſs all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That ſport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleaſure to complete;
Begin—and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inſpiring powers
Anſwer from their ſecret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join their choral voices all,
To charm my ſolitary hours.
Liſten, they cry, thou penſive ſwain!
Though much the tuneful ſiſters love
The fields, the park, the ſhady grove;
The fields, and park, and ſhady grove,
The tuneful ſiſters now diſdain,
And chooſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter ſtrain;
Molinda's praiſes ſhall our ſkill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy!
The Muſes triumph'd at her birth,
When, firſt deſcending from her parent ſkies,
This ſtar of beauty ſhot to earth;
Love ſaw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He ſaw, and ſmil'd—the winged boy
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to her mother liſp'd her name,
Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy.

IV.

Say, beauteous Aſted! has thy honour'd ſhade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and ſylvan deities, confeſs
That ſhining feſtal day of happineſs!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himſelf, though in ſo fair a dreſs
He clothe the meads, though his delicious ſhowers,
Awake the bloſſoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himſelf or brighter May,
Aſſiſted by the god of day,
Never made your grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural ſeat we now doth grace,
And ſhines a goddeſs of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where ſhe lives
he reigns.
A thouſand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compoſe:
The circling Pleaſure ever flows:
Friendſhip, and Arts, a well-ſelected ſtore,
Good-humour, Wit, and Muſic's ſoft delight,
The ſhorten'd minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling Mirth, that never looks ſo bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's ſmile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if ſuch there are,
Deputed from the ſky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care),
Thither, ye gentle ſpirits, fly!
If goodneſs like your own can move
Your conſtant zeal, your tendereſt love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air,
Nor let invading ſickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe beauties in their bloom.
May no miſguided choice, no hapleſs doom.
Diſturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or ſhowers of melting tears;
Let harſh unkindneſs, and ungenerous ſtrife,
Repining diſcontent, and boding fears,
With every ſhape of woe, be driven away,
Like ghoſts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings diſplay,
And ſmiling joys crown all her bliſsful years!

TO

Mr. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS

PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magick power of ſhade and light!
A new creation opens to our ſight.
Here tufted groves riſe boldly to the ſky,
There ſpacious lawns more diſtant charm the eye;
The cryſtal lakes in borrow'd tinctures ſhine,
And miſty hills the fair horizon join,
Loſt in the azure borders of the day,
Like ſounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled proſpect various pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or ſwains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with leſs ſkill diſplay'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and ſo various, thy extenſive hand,
Oft in ſuſpenſe the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand,
Doubtful to chooſe, and fearing ſtill to err,
When to thyſelf they would thyſelf preſer.
So when the rival gods at Athens ſtrove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident ſhook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horſe upſtarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bleſs'd the fruitful ſcene,
The ſpreading ollive rear'd its ſtately green;
In dumb ſurpriſe the gazing crowds were loſt,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder moſt.

TO

URANIA,

ON HER

ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

THROUGH yielding waves the veſſel ſwiftly flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With ſpeed obſequious to a diſtant ſhore;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boaſt
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coaſt!
There the glad natives, on the crowded ſtrand,
With wonder ſee the matchleſs ſtranger land;
Tranſplanted glories in her features ſmile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their iſle.

So from the ſea when Venus roſe ſerene,
And by the nymphs and tritons firſt was ſeen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd ſurpriſe,
Her iris wide waſte new tracks of light ariſe;
The winds were huſh'd, the floods forgot to move,
And nature own'd th' auſpicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian iſle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddeſs fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd ſo long
Through ages paſt, are now the poets ſong.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.
The Muſe, with her in thought tranſported, ſees
The opening ſcene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter ſkies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of ſome lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd ſoil in all its plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the ſhining gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labour cheers,
The luſcious canes with ſweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And ſlaves forget their toil, while ſhe is by.
Not Ceres' ſelf more bleſſings could diſplay,
When through the earth ſhe took her wandering way,
Far from her native coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harveſts through the teeming ground.
Mean while our drooping vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wiſh'd return;
New honours then, Urania, ſhall be thine,
And Britain ſhall again the world outſhine.
So when of late our ſun was veil'd from ſight
In dark eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden night,
A ſhivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forſook the ſkies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their ſtrains,
Unuſual tranſports rais'd the cheerful ſwains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

TO

Mr. MILTON's incomparable Poem, entitled IL PENSEROSO, or THE PENSIVE MAN, was alſo writ by Mr. Hughes.

It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right underſtanding of it.

AND may at laſt my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell

'Of every ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
'And every herb that ſips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
'To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.'
There let Time's creeping winter ſhed
His hoary ſnow around my head;
And while I feel, by faſt degrees,
My ſluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The ſcenes of deep eternity,
Till life diſſolving at the view,
I wake, and find thoſe viſions true!

THE HUE AND CRY.

OYES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?
Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray!
Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a ſhrew.
Genteel her motion, when ſhe walks,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honeſt, or diſhoneſt, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herſelf unknown.
By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe'll ſay,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM LORD COWPER,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midſt contending factions of the ſtate,
In council cool, in reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike againſt both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wiſely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady purpoſe of his mind.
So Atlas, pois'd on his broad baſe, deſies
The ſhock of gathering ſtorms and wintry ſkies;
Above the clouds, ſerene, he lifts his brow,
And ſees unmov'd the thunder break below.
But where's the patriot, by theſe virtues known,
Unſway'd by others paſſions, or his own?
Juſt to his prince, and to the public true,
That ſhuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And ſcorns the ſhort-liv'd wiſdom of a day?
If there be one—hold Muſe, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of ſuch wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm throne, great George, unſhaken reſt,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy.
Rich in itſelf, the genuine diamond ſhines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet ſet in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the ſun's light, and caſts a wider blaze.
With pleaſure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a luſtre to the royal gold.

Jan. 25, 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF
ORESTES.

A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.—Oreſtes had killed his mother Clytemneſtra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the ſtory is the ſubject of the Electra of Sophocles, where, in the concluſion of the play, Clytemneſtra is heard behind the ſcene crying out in vain for mercy, while her ſon is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written firſt; and Euripides took up the ſtory where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Oreſtes's mind with ſo much horror as afterwards cauſed his diſtraction. In this condition he is repreſented in the following ſcene, lying on a couch, and his ſiſter Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I ſhall detain the reader no longer than to obſerve, that the tenderneſs of Electra, and the alternate ſtarts and returns of madneſs and reaſon in Oreſtes, are touched with the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of nature and paſſion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted reſt
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, waking.

O ſweet refreſhing ſleep! thou balmy cure
Of ſickneſs and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me?
O ſoft oblivion of ſurrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—ſpeak—inform me, tell me where.
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reaſon!
And now no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Oreſtes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing ſlumbers.
Come—ſhall I help to raiſe thee from thy couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—firſt wipe away theſe drops,
That ſit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!
How pleaſant is this taſk to a ſiſter's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee; how canſt thou bear me?
Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks
That ſhade my ſight; I ſcarcely yet can ſee—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother! how has ſickneſs chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, ſo long unwaſh'd, deform thee,
And ſpread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary; lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the ſick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he beſt may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The ſick are ever reſtleſs;
Uneaſineſs and pain make them impatient.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, ſeeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pauſe from grief, this interval of reaſon.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ſhip is in the port—

ORESTES.

What doſt thou ſay?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chaſe away the blackneſs of deſpair;
My father's brother, and his beſt-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'ſt thou? better far
He came alone—and he alone ſurviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curſe,
A heavy curſe—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus,
Have through all Greece ſpread infamy and ſhame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—ſhun the deeds of impious women.
Wear no falſe face—be good, as well as ſeem ſo—
Beware I ſay—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd,
Your colour ſhifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's loſt again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear! What! no forgiveneſs—never?
O! take away thoſe furies—how they ſhake
Their ſnaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compoſe thyſelf: why doſt thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'ſt to ſhapeleſs air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See thoſe dogs of hell
With famiſh'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' infernal prieſteſſes look fiercely on me;
They thirſt for blood, and I'm the deſtin'd victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, ſtrive not—for I will not let thee go,
While theſe weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curſt tormentors? Hence—I know thee;
Thou graſp'ſt me thus to plunge me down to hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for ſuccour,
When Heaven is near, and all the gods our foes?

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the ſhooting god,
Apollo's gift, the ſhafts and horny bow;
With theſe he bad me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathleſs beings feel a mortal wound?

ORESTES.

They ſhall—or leave my tortur'd ſight—behold!
Doſt thou not ſee their feather'd ſhafts fly round me?
Begone, ye miniſters of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt's not mine; hence, through the yielding ſkies,
Fly ſwift to heaven—and charge Apollo there,
Whoſe oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
My ſpirits ſink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed? how ſtray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have ſpent their force—and all is calm again—
My ſiſter? weeping too? Why doſt thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment?
I grieve to think what I have made thee ſuffer;
I know my ſickneſs bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
The deed was mine—Thou only didſt conſent:
'Twas I that ſlew my mother—Phœbus himſelf
Adviſ'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
Whoſe words ſpoke comfort, but who now forſakes me.
But oh! Electra, had our father's ſhade
Been preſent then—had I, before the god,
Aſk'd his conſent, to ſtrike the murderers dead,
The pitying manes ſure had ſtopp'd my hand,
Nor would have wiſh'd for his own life again,
Red em'd by guilt, ſo horrid in a ſon.
Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we're both wretched, tears are ſhed in vain;
And when thou ſeeſt again my faltering reaſon,
Be ready thou to rule my broken ſenſe,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt ſink beneath thy preſſing woes. I'll ſtrive
By ſoothing words to mitigate thy ſorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.
But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle ſlumber cloſe thy wakeful eyes;
Then riſe refreſh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nouriſhment recruit thy ſpirits.
Such ceaſeleſs watchings will exhauſt thy ſtrength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou ſeeſt all other friends are fled, thou art
My only ſolace in this dire affliction.
Should'ſt thou forſake me too, I'm loſt indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy ſiſter never will forſake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die, with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?
But if you ſo command, I will retire;
In the meanwhile compoſe thyſelf to reſt,
Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
Rouſe thee again—Thy own upbraiding conſcience
Is the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breaſt!

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE RIGHT HON.
THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.
JULY XXIII. M.DCC.XIX.

AS father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with ſpeed his waters flow;
But where ſome beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river ſeems to move more ſlow;
As if he ſtopp'd awhile, with conſcious pride,
Nor to the ocean would purſue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs aroun! to gaze.
So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of ſome feſtal day.
Not fair July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden ſuns make all his morning's ſmile,
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our iſle.
Hail happy month! ſecure of laſting fame!
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee firſt thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIVTH OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

YE heavenly Graces, who preſide
O'er Minyæa's happy ſoil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the faireſt ſteeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephiſian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddeſſes, and aid the ſong.

II.

Whatever honours ſhine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd ſoul, or charm the ſight,
To your their power of pleaſing owe.
Fame, beauty, wiſdom, you beſtow;
Nor will the gods the ſacred banquet own,
Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
If you your preſence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

III.

In heaven itſelf all own your happy care;
Bleſs'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inſpire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual ſing,
To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verse doſt love,
Euphroſyne! join our coeleſtial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be preſent with my lays;
Aſopicus has raiſ'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic ſtrife, may claim
From you his juſt reward of virtuous praiſe.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph ſpread;
Fly to the regions of the dead,
Through Proſerpine's dark empire bear the ſound,
There ſeek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal ſpirit know,
How on the plains of Piſa far renown'd,
His ſon, his youthful ſon, of matchleſs ſpeed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURRY, *The ſeat of Mr. Bridges.*

ALL things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not e'en a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I cloſ'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay:
When hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt cloſ'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt maſter Jones*;
Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fear and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd—
"Good morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, THEN THE SEAT OF *MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.* M.DCC.XIX.

ENVY, if thy ſearching eye
Through this window chance to pry
To thy ſorrow thou ſhalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodneſs, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'ſt ſhun this ſight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

* *The butler.*

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF *MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.*

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou deſcribe th' immortal part?
Though Knellet's or though Raphael's ſkill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did ſhine,
The labour'd piece muſt yet half-finiſh'd ſtand,
And mock the weakneſs of the maſter's hand.
Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they take away:
Like beauty's charms, they but amuſe the ſight,
Dark in themſelves, till, by reflection bright,
With the ſun's aid to rival him they boaſt,
But light withdrawn in their own ſhades are loſt.
Then what are theſe t' expreſs the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint ſouls, and thought delineate thought.
Then Painter-Muſe begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waſte, an empty ſpace,
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.
See! o'er the reſt fair Piety preſides,
As the bright ſun th' inferior planets guides;
To the ſoul's powers it vital heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy habits riſe.
So when that genial father of the ſpring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to ſing,
And from the heavenly bull his influence ſheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thouſand beauteous births ſhoot up to light,
A thouſand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each uſeful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery univerſe is born.
O! could my verſe deſcribe this ſacred queen,
This firſt of virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe zeal, and ſuperſtitious fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by th' effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy mind,
The ſource of every good ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee applaud the heaven-born gueſt!
Proceed, my Muſe, next in the picture place
Diffuſive charity to human race.
Juſtice thou need'ſt not in the draught expreſs,
Since every greater ſtill includes the leſs.
What were the praiſe if Virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though ſhunning ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted ſuns that warm not while they ſhine?

* *She died Dec.* 1, 1745, *aged* 88. *See ſome verſes to her memory in Mrs. Collet's poems, p.* 132.

The nobler ſoul ſuch narrow life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Taſteleſs of bleſſings, if poſſeſt alone,
And in imparted pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of Friendſhip's generous fires,
Hence Liberality the heart inſpires,
Hence ſtreams of good in conſtant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A ſoul thus form'd, and ſuch a ſoul is here,
Needs not the dangerous teſt of riches fear,
But, unſubdued to wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er heaps with an unſully'd hand.
Heaven, that knew this, and where t' intruſt its ſtore,
And, bleſſing one, oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind,
With ſuch a graceful eaſe her bounty flows;
She gives, and ſcarce that ſhe's the giver knows,
But ſeems receiving moſt, when ſhe the moſt beſtows.
Rich in her herſelf, well may ſhe value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal ſtore;
Paſſions ſubdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good ſenſe ally'd,
Well-ſeaſon'd mirth, and wiſdom unſevere,
An equal temper, and a heart ſincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may diſplay, but not beſtow;
For wealth but ſets the picture more in ſight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' eſteem that's founded in deſert!
How pleaſing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom ſhe thus ſets free ſhe cloſer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly bleſſing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune ſhare,
Leads by example, and by kindneſs guards,
And raiſes firſt the merit ſhe rewards.

Oft too abroad ſhe calls a friendly eye,
As ſhe would help to every need ſupply.
The poor near her almoſt their cares forget,
Their want but ſerves as hunger to their meat;
For, ſince her ſoul's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her houſe alone her ſtore's confin'd;
But paſſing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through ſome fair garden thus a river leads
Its watery wealth, and firſt th' incloſure feeds,
Viſits each plant, and every flower ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive fountains to ariſe,
Caſts ſprinkled ſhowers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous ſcene,
Yet ſtops not there, but its free courſe maintains,
And ſpreads gay verdure through th' adjacent plains;
The labouring hinds with pleaſure ſee it flow,
And bleſs thoſe ſtreams by which their paſtures grow.

O generous uſe of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to ſuch ſouls deny'd,
Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great Firſt-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from ſuperior heights ſtill looking down
On glittering heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
Deſpiſe the empty ſhow of uſeleſs ſtate,
And only would by doing good be great!

Now pauſe awhile, my Muſe, and then renew
The pleaſing taſk, and take a ſecond view!
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here juſt Oeconomy, ſtrict Prudence there;
Near Liberality they ever ſtand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By theſe ſee wild Profuſion chas'd away,
And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey,
Whilſt meek Humility, with charms ſerene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd ſcene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the ſight,
And on her ſiſter-virtues caſts a light.

But wherefore ſtarts the Painter-Muſe, and why,
The piece unfiniſh'd, throws the pencil by?
Methinks (ſhe ſays) Humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
Forbear, raſh Muſe! nor longer now commend,
Leſt whom thou would'ſt deſcribe, thou ſhould'ſt offend,
And in breaſt a painful glowing raiſe,
Who, conſcious of the merit, ſhuns the praiſe.

THE ECSTASY.
AN ODE.

"*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ*
"*Accipiant, cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent.*"
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may appear proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Caſimire, intitled EREBUS HUMANIS EXCESSUS, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewiſe took the firſt hint of his ode called the ECSTASY. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with conſiderable variations, and the addition of the whole ſecond ſtanza, except the firſt three lines: but the plan itſelf ſeeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a ſhort view of the heavens according to the modern philoſophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low ſphere.
Ye winds and clouds, of the ſky-high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the ſky.

What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a ſpace of air
Extends new proſpects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decreaſe beneath my riſing view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its ſcatter'd nations I ſurvey,
And all the maſs of earth and ſea;
Oh object well deſerving tears!
Capricious ſtate of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know!

II.

Here new-built towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obſcure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waſte I ſpy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts ſhe to heaven her giant brow?
Where doth the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's ſhore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herſelf behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatneſs ſunk, her modern boaſted ſtate!
See her luxurious palaces ariſe,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what ſplendid domes poſſeſs the ſkies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moſs diſplay;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roofleſs heads to form the various ſcene.

III.

Around the ſpace of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where ſhall the Muſe one little ſpot deſcry
The ſeat of happineſs below?
Here Peace would all its joys diſpenſe,
The vines and olives unmoleſted grow,
But lo! a purple peſtilence
Unpeoples cities, ſweeps the plains,
Whilſt vainly through deſerted fields
Her unreap'd harveſts Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight ſilence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, ſlaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad poſſeſſors ruſh to arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar,
I view diſtinct the mingled war!
I ſee the charging ſquadrons preſt
Hand to hand, and breaſt to breaſt.
Deſtruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

IV.

Here cruel Diſcord takes a wider ſcene,
To exerciſe more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With ſcarce a ſpace of ſea between.
Hark! what a brazen burſt of thunder
Rends the elements aſunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the diſtant ſhore;
The diſtant ſhore,
That ſuch a ſtorm ne'er felt before,
Tranſmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling ſound.

V.

Still greater horrors ſtrike my eyes.
Behold convulſive earthquakes there
And ſhatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities ſink, and ſudden mountains riſe!
Through opening mines th' aſtoniſh'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin ſleeps; and naught remains
But duſt above and deſart plains,
Unleſs ſome ſtone this ſad inſcription wear,
Rais'd by ſome future traveller,
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where ſeas, diſdaining bound,
O'er the firm land uſurping ride,
And bury ſpacious towns beneath their ſweeping tide.
Daſh'd with the ſudden flood the vaulted temples ſound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I ſpy,
And the wide ſurface far around
With ſpoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and riſing in its might
Pour down ſwift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
A never-ceaſing fight maintain,
While man on every ſide is ſure to loſe;
And fate has furniſh'd out the ſtage of life
With war, misfortune, and with ſtrife;
Till Death the curtain drops, and ſhuts the ſcene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze?

I go to realms ſerene with ever-living light.
Haſte, clouds and whirlwinds, haſte a raptur'd
bard to raiſe;
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way,
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of æther driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanſe of heaven.
And lo! th' obſequious clouds and winds
obey!
And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my
eye.
Heaven! what bright viſions now ariſe!
What opening worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſur-
priſe!
I paſs cerulean gu'phs, and now behold
New ſolid globes their weight, ſelf-balanc'd,
bear,
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all, around the central ſun, in circling ed-
dies roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe, ſee they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the ſame laws or-
dain
T'obey the earth, and rule the main;
Here ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear;
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wondering Muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my ſight,
When lo! the earth, a larger moon, diſplays
Far off, and dſt he heavens, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter moon by turns gives light!
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky
white.

VIII.

What power unknown my courſe ſtill upwards
guides,
Where Mars is ſeen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatleſs ſkies that round him ſeem to
glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons pre-
ſides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And paſs his planetary guards, and his bright
ring behold.
Here the ſun's beams ſo faintly play,
The mingled ſhades almoſt extinguiſh day.
His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other ſuns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at laſt the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's ſupreme abode,
Where ſtars, profuſe in heaps, heaven's glittering
heights adorn.
Loſt in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undiſtinguiſh'd ſhone in one promiſcuous
blaze,
So thick the lucid gems are ſtrown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his ſtores for many a ſphere
In deſtin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful ſwain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no ſtars, but o'er his head
Beholds the ſtreamy twilight ſpread,
Like diſtant morning in the ſkies;
And wonders from what ſource its dawning ſplen-
dors riſe.

X.

But lo!—what's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the ſhinging meteor
came.
How ſwift it climbs th' aerial ſpace!
And now it traverſes each ſphere,
And ſeems ſome living gueſt, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the ſkies I know!
'Tis Newton's ſoul, that daily travels here
In ſearch of knowledge for mankind below.
O ſtay, thou happy ſpirit, ſtay,
And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of
day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elyſium bleſt his ſight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, ſtray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd ſuns, all ſeas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now deſcry Light's fountain-head,
And meaſure its deſcending ſpeed;
Or learn how ſun-born colours riſe
In rays diſtinct, and in the ſkies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or ſtain the fleecy cloud, or ſtreak the watery
bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures ſhed
On every planet's riſing hills, and every verdant
mead.

VI.

Thus, rais'd ſublime on Contemplation's wings,
Freſh worlds I would ſtill explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Loſt in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low neſt ſecurely lies,
Amid the darkneſs of the ſheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the ſkies:
Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to
riſe,
The bird of heaven to heaven aſpires,
Soars 'midſt the meteors and cœleſtial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth diſdains,
And bears the thunder through th' ætherial
plains.

POEMS

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle,
On which indulgent heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds r ceives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:
Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield;
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.
Old age and pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly lead
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is, who ſways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who wanting eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that ſees the light
Cloſeſt for ever in the ſhades of night!
Goddeſs, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I aſk not to defer my fate,
But wiſh my hapleſs life a ſhorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every ſide:
That from the ſight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds oppreſt,
The port where wearied ſpirits are at reſt
Conductor to Elyſium, take my life,
My breaſt I offer to thy ſacred knife;
So juſt a grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, though a worthleſs ſacrifice.
Othe s (their frail and mortal ſtate forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without conſtraint; the noiſe of dying rage,
Heaps of the ſlain of every ſex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd heads and arms confus'dly ſpread
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic ſcene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they ſhould freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipſe the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breaſt,
And he a murderer who was a prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for every grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft have found,
With like ſucceſs can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature, or of art,
Nothing but death can eaſe a broken heart:
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.
Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave,

Love, under whose tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their first assurance from my conquest took,
By wounding me, she learn'd the fatal art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moistening her snowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I sooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
And in soft sighs her pity she express'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine than hers,
These fill'd her soul with joys, and these with
fears;
Our hearts, united, had the same desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
Let me not find her languish in my arms;
Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought,
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought:
And in their place disdainful beauty show;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so:
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind:
No cold repulses my desire suppress,
I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least allay,
As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings
came,
Which break through darkness with a glorious
flame;
Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes
gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to time, fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.
Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment as they sigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring
air,
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other
cross,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes.
This sends up humble prayers, while that blas-
phemes:
I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears,
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
When passion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the force d disguise,
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my
fears;
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear;
Though thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.
Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:

Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like wine and oil, increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips, and cloſe her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her paſſion in a dying voice expreſs'd
Half, and her ſighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this pang—Nature gives o'er the ſtrife;
Thou muſt thy miſtreſs loſe, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conqueſt over me but not my love:
Thy memory my glory, and my pain,
In ſpite of death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
Deareſt Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breaſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are fled,
And love ſurvives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my paſſion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raiſe:
That ſtill remains, though I from hence remove;
I loſe my lover, but I keep my love.
Theſighs which ſent forth that laſt tender word,
Upto wards the heavens like a bright meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her lover's arms.
Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe.
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

LET others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by vanity or ſpite;
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love:
That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd,
Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with wordly cares, may range without control;
And ſoaring to her heaven, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, Prudence ſome aid may prove,
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs than love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine o'er all the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but Love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;
Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young and complaiſant the old.
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Senſe to Reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reaſon turns to Love.

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;
One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love, the timorous baſhful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks Heaven for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas ſhining all before!
The Muſe's ſighs forbid me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY TO THE DUTCHESS OF R———.

THOU lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure,
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we every where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:
Thoſe eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love.
You, while ſo fair (do Fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Can be no more in pain than we at eaſe;
Unleſs, unſatisfi'd with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers,
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;
Expect thoſe ſtatues, as you paſs ſhould burn,
And that with wonder men ſhould ſtatues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a huſband love his wife.
A huſband, worſe than ſtatues, or than trees;
Colder than theſe, leſs ſenſible than theſe.
Then from ſo dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waſte not ſighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, ſighs from ſuch a breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies becauſe he muſt too juſtly prize
What yet the dull poſſeſſor does deſpiſe.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their uſe, nor wondrous value know;
But we for thoſe bright treaſures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools diſdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST, if time and abſence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then ſhall my hand, as changeleſs as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my conſtancy aſſures,
You'll be almoſt as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And truſt me, when I feel that kind relief,
Abſence itſelf awhile ſuſpends its grief:
So may it do with you, but ſtrait return;
For it were cruel not ſometimes to mourn
His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and ſighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true.
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker fate
To be inconſtant, than unfortunate;
Remember all thoſe vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs, till I with joy return;
And ſoon may pitying Heaven that bleſſing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE's SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.
Turks honour fools, becauſe they are
By that defect ſecure
From ſlavery and toils of war,
Which all the reſt endure.
So I, who ſuffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to reſpect
Theſe fools that ſeem ſo wiſe.
'Tis true, they fondly ſet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To paſs all day for men of parts,
They paſs alone the night.
But Celia never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;
By her wonted ſcornful brow,
Soon the fond miſtake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error ſo,
When Juno's form the cloud reſign'd.
Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a ſhape that could not fail.
There my Celia's ſnowy arms,
Breaſts, and other parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown charms,
To my tranſported ſoul appear.
Then you ſo much kindneſs ſhow,
My deſpair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams beſtow
What your cruelty denies.
Bluſh not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought:
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The joys I ſee without your fault.
Wonder not a fancy'd bliſs
Can ſuch griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantaſtic is,
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant love.
The virtue which you value ſo,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is ſolid here below,
Except my love and your diſdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF BEING TOO SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis ſin or ſhame,
To bleſs the man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a name
To all thoſe favours he implores.
Beauty is Heaven's moſt bounteous gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by love men are from vice redeem'd.
Yet wiſh not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear:
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For ſenſual joys ye ſcorn that we ſhould love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waſte your thoughts and youth
In paſſion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:
I ſh uld not here your fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing ſtate,
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake:
And find your fault too late.
Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtic frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling ſmiles.
W th anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affect d love.
As if ſome injury was meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe lovers are the moſt content,
That have b en ſtill refus'd.
Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawn ng foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out againſt your eyes,
You took the ſureſt courſe
A heart unwary to ſurpriſe,
You ne'er could take by force.
However, though I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.
But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.
Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My fooliſh heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.
A heart by kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

OH, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's ſoppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's ſight;
Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs Heaven forgives,
And gloriouſly he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

S O N G.

I MUST confeſs, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes,
But he that's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire;
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

S O N G.

OH, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wiſhing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does ſome raviſh'd heart ſurpriſe;
But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come, and raiſe me from deſpair.
Your heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

D E S P A I R.

ALL hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the mind's moſt cruel pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cauſe of all my woe.
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex!

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow,
Thy very ſoul will ſtart:
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow,
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING WHAT HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in beauty's flame;
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind,
When little favours ſhew'd you kind!
And though, when coldneſs oft prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love itself such joys expect.
After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back;
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in hell's sufficient curse,
But to fall from heaven is worse.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boast;
But little thought how much I lost.
Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess;
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires;
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live in love and quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear;
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues comes no such harm,
As from a nymph so full of charms,
So much sweetness in her face;
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.
Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me, when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain:
Unless you love, you please in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

LIKE children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair.
Neglecting all the world beſide:

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might faſt if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from heaven and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe.

I then did vulgar joys purſue,
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chooſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad remorſe, and guilty ſhame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face,
As your flattery would diſgrace.

Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here:
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Celia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her noſe,
And lips juſt opening, that diſcloſe
Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid;
What are words in ſuch a caſe?
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part;
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.
Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then?' Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

ON DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL, UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN THE YEAR 1683.

IN ſuch a cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fal'n deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dangerous foes,
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blaſts of cold diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all ſuch grief or joy,
That did my heedleſs ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantaſtic powers,
But the diſeaſe of idle hours;
Amuſement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer paſſion,
Whoſe raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, faireſt, what I ſing
Can from a love platonic ſpring
That formal ſoftneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the heart but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
Put I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of huſbands, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidſt all this ſeraphic fire,
Am almoſt dying with deſire,
With eager wiſhes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildeſt faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty patriarch did of old)
Would force a bleſſing from thoſe charms,
And graſp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring;
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEPHERD.

I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gaily:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my ſoul, and crown my paſſion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

EACH APART, FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGETHER.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chieſeſt bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing charms.
So the deareſt joys of loving,
Which ſcarce heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving,

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

SOME vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain:
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſt above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful, diſmal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:

Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have loſt—but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?
Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be:
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only ſighs and endleſs pains!

TO A LADY

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breaſt but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your zeal ſo bright
Whoſe glaring flames eclipſe his gentler light:
Leſs ſeems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But ſhall ſome threatening prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his curſes do?
Thus with a fright ſome have reſign'd their breath,
And poorly died, only for fear of death.
Heaven ſees our paſſions with indulgence ſtill,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, thoſe high-priz'd gifts of fate,
The low concerns of a leſs happy ſtate,
Are far beneath us: fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no impreſſion make;
Let worldlings aſk her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bleſt ſaints, eternal raptures know,
And ſlight thoſe ſtorms that vainly reſt below.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Even zeal itſelf, from whence all miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a thing.
With ſuch a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer ſex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much art,
Here was his power, his perſon and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She ſooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When ſtraight a guſt of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows;
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchleſs till now, for love or for deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Taſſo only feigns:
And after all our vows, our ſighs, our tears,
My baniſh'd ſorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
So many doubts, ſo many dangers paſt,
Viſions of zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;
But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

WRITTEN DURING A SEA VOYAGE, WHEN SENT TO COMMAND THE FORCES FOR THE RELIEF OF TANGIER.

WITHIN the ſilent ſhades of ſoft repoſe,
Where Fancy's boundleſs ſtream for ever flows;
Where the infranchis'd ſoul at eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome buſineſs of the day;
Where princes gladly reſt their weary heads,
And change uneaſy thrones for downy beds;
Where ſeeming joys delude deſpairing minds,
And where ev'n jealouſy ſome quiet finds;
There I and ſorrow for a while could part,
Sleep cloſ'd my eyes, and eas'd a ſighing heart.
But here too ſoon a wretched lover found
In deepeſt griefs that ſleep can ne'er be found;
With ſtrange ſurpriſe my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic ſhapes of wild unheard-of things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My ſoul was ſhook with an unuſual fear.
But as when viſions glad the eyes of ſaints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will ſhine,
And ſpread a glory round, that's all divine;
Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monſters vaniſh, and with them my fears.
The faireſt ſhape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er ſaw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to ſhew ſuch excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the ſoul, as well as ſenſe!
And, while our eyes tranſporting pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very mind.
Some angel ſpeaks her praiſe; no human tongue,
But with its utmoſt art muſt do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring words repeat,
Nor ſtudied looks of languiſhing deceit.
Fantaſtic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks ſome pride muſt to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that ſeems to ſay, I would be ſeen.
But of all mankind this only ſhe,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler Muſe her fame to raiſe,
By making the whole ſex beſide her pyramid of praiſe.

She, ſhe appear'd the ſource of all my joys,
The deareſt care that all my thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd as when I left her laſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, and held it faſt:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then ſhe eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could ſcarce from tears refrain:
Why, gentle ſwain, ſaid ſhe, why do you grieve
In words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of falſe mankind though you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their reſt.
I ſee your pain, and ſee it too with grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not, give relief.
Thus, for a huſband's ſake as well as yours,
My ſcrupulous ſoul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs ſwain,
A paſſion moving, but a paſſion vain:
Not chance nor time ſhall ever change my thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my doom
Juſt to ſee heaven, where I muſt never come?
Your ſoft compaſſion, if not ſomething more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no ſight of ſhore.
Farewell, too ſcrupulous fair-one; oh, farewell;
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell;
Thank Heaven, my fate tranſports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with eaſe and ſafety die.
With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo;
For though I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.
Torrenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I wondering found
A ſtrange appearance all in taintleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
"What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look!
"Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevell'd hair,
"And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph, to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,
But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)
And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,
Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or abſence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
To others love, I'll ſomething ſoften hers:
Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray;
Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride;
For circumſtances alter every ill,
And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.
Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of intereſt, children, and remote affairs;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her huſband's ſtead.
I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiſs,
And cry'd—Ev'n our baſe world is juſt in this;
Amidſt our cenſures, love we gently blame,
And love ſometimes preſerves a female fame.
What tie leſs ſtrong can woman's will reſtrain?
When honour checks, and conſcience pleads in vain;
When parent's threats, and friend's perſuaſions fail,
When intereſt and ambition ſcarce prevail,
To bound that ſex when nothing elſe can move,
They'll live reſerv'd, to pleaſe the man they love!
The ſpirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then ſhe will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains ſhe will no pity have,
Till ſad deſpair has ſent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haſte,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft repeat adventures paſt,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN to PARIS.

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. DRYDEN.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half contents, who ſilently denies;
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo!
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt—
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need:
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field
As would move goddeſſes themſelves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize:
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would ſhine
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the let the leaſt occaſion paſs;
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing fit for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For, oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals fought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhou'd have had my voice,
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate:
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill;

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey:
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause who smiling promis'd me.
But, first, I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a fight:
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With pa tial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praise,
A goddess's applause would envy raise:
But be it as you say: for 'tis confest,
The men who flatter highest please us best:
That I suspect it ought not to displease,
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise:
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
Propitio s winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence:
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd:
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest,
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in your hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One hou e contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ;
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passion range.
Hypsipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guest betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But, lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan's wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find!
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind!
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I, from your rage, a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land;
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire:

Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue:
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words; but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt Heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls theſe judgments down;
Whoſe ſpouſe, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulph and diſmal ſhade;
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart's inflexible to human prayers.
All hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a ſong;
Light ſouls and airy ſpirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or ſome tempeſtuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majeſtic ſhades;
And ſons entomb'd before their parents face;
Theſe the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noiſome weeds,
And all that filth which ſtanding water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The ſiſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.
When ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His wife, reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,
Following (for ſo Proſerpina was pleas'd),
A ſudden rage th' unwary lover ſeiz'd;
He, as the firſt bright glimpſe of day-light ſhin'd,
Could not refrain to caſt one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compaſſion find.
A dreadful ſound thrice ſhook the Stygian coaſt,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour loſt!
Why haſt thou thus undone thyſelf and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am ſnatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) night and the powers of hell
Surround my ſight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!—
Then from his eyes, like ſmoke, ſhe fleets away.
Much he would fain have ſpoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already paſs'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him eaſe?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appeaſe?
'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long moons bewail'd his loſs
To bleak and barren rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the ſad nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough ſwain who ſtole her young away,
Bewails her loſs beneath a poplar ſhade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs waſtes the day;
Her melting ſongs a doleful pleaſure yield,
And melancholy muſic fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the gods' unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of Bacchus ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, ſwims
Down that ſwift current where the Heber flows,
And ſtill its tongue in doleful accents goes,
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice reſounds from every ſide.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.*

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and business of the day?
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.

Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of Songs; which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought,
Expression easy, and the fancy high,
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:

* *The "Essay on Satire," which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.*

* *The Earl of Rochester.——It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious.* N.

Such trifles may perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill,
No * Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's-Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muſes' moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.
The poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But ſometimes diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may ſound a little too ſevere;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.

Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more,
Without repeating things ſaid oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the ſubject rough;
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only buſineſs was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a ſatyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A ſatyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.
The Laureat ‡ here may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack Fleckno § with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus ‖ has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.

Here reſt, my Muſe, ſuſpend thy cares awhile,
A more important taſk attends thy toil.
As ſome young eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted journey through the ſky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and ſeas ſhe is to ſoar,
Doubts her own ſtrength ſo far, and juſtly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers:
But yet incited by ſome bold deſign.
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Preens every feather, views herſelf with care,
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt:
So though too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper note to ſing.
And why ſhould truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muſe, adventurouſly engage
To give inſtructions that concern the ſtage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give plays ſo great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the preſent age,
Leſs obvious errors of the Engliſh ſtage.

Firſt then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in paſſion too.
Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when Bellario * confeſſes all.

Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chooſe but pity
A dying hero, miſerably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where jeſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock;
O. elſe, like bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within, to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a ſoul.
All this united yet but makes a part,
Of Dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans ſainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail.
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Firſt, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;

* *Waller's.* † *Denham's*
‡ *Mr. Dryden.*
§ *A famous ſatirical poem of his.*
‖ *A Poem, intitl'd The Hind and Panther.*

* *In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
'This oft', alone, has given ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe:
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game: in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice,
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff ſtands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That even his fools ſpeak ſenſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That ſilly thing men call ſheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd;
Humour is all, wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.
But ſince the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.
Firſt, a ſoliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums;
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves:
But ſome ſad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!

Who ſtrait approves; but who can fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has given himſelf the cruel ſtroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe!
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben Johnſon's head
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;
But that muſt fail which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.

By painful ſteps, at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top
The epic poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt pride behold the reſt below.
Heroic poems have a juſt pretence
To be the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſenſe;
A work of ſuch ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what ſacred awe,
Do thoſe mere ſounds the world's attention draw!
Juſt as a changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of men; or rather is a two-legg'd beaſt;
So theſe gigantic ſouls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human kind!
Nature's whole ſtrength united! endleſs fame,
And univerſal ſhouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Boſſu never writ, the world had ſtill,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of ſkill;
As ſomething of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.
Sure from ſome angel he the ſecret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To ſee this promis'd land, yet ſtay behind?
The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
Who can all ſciences profoundly know?
Whoſe fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt diſcernment, Virgil-like, is ſuch
Never to ſay too little or too much?
Let ſuch a man begin without delay;
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and ev'n Milton fail.

* *The matchleſs character of Shakeſpeare.*

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'TIS said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause;
How weak, at best, is Reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be descry'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death;
By which he yet survive's in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down h ve roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will shew esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only hurt his friend,
To his own sword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his sire or sons destroy!
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealt , our honour, and our blood;
In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives.
But 'tis not surely of so fair renown
To s ill another's blood, as to expose our own:
Of all that s ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh, 'tis sacrilege to touch.

V.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ra visher?
Thus sings our bard with heat almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.
Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less!
(Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
Who so charming see rs to be.
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more,
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before;
A marriage since did intervene.
With all the solemn and the sacred scene;
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame * walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,
Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear d so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!

* *Rome.*

The nobleſt quality, and chiefeſt good,
(In this dull age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual warmth her injur'd rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye angels! whoſe immortal bliſs,
Though more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A courſe, as far from any end, as when at firſt begun.
Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs pair,
Who ſtill betwixt them did ſo many virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to peace, and ſome to ſtrife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt cement could appear by which their ſouls were join'd.
That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace,
Though Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a caſe,
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon;†
(Though here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem'd to be outdone)
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe Ungrateful Brutus call.

VIII.

In cooleſt blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed;
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.
Cæſar, meantime, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample marks of fond eſteem,
As made the graveſt Romans ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe love can the wiſe beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient proof to ſhow
That Brutus did not ſtrike for his own ſake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, twas only by miſtake.

* *Rome.*

† *Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.*

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.
The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around;
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.
Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady feet, juſt fallen to ground,
Others at top, whoſe heads are turning round.
To this high ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are princes forc'd to chooſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none,
And ſoon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.
The Muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow duſt;
For that deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt.
Let other bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with envy what the miſer finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable vermin ſee,
Who creep through filth a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of infamy or praiſe:
Loaded with guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.
Like heroes in romances, still in fight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does most debase the mind,
Gold is itself th' allay to human kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.

Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And every wind brings a new mischief still;
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy sorts of sin;
But now, more pleas'd, she views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear luxury! thou soft, but sure deceit!
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou sure presage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of states!
Armies in vain resist thy mighty power;
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she flew,
And d'd by virtue all that world subdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd East;
Whence all those vices came, which soon devour
The best foundations of renown and power.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
Of wild excess? which we so plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops must not presume from hence
To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic seal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put restraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
Yet, that in height of harmless joys we may
Last to old age, and never lose a day,
Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we sometimes may steep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
It raises nature ripens seeds of worth,
As moistening pictures call the colours forth;
But if the varnish we too oft' apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muse: I would restrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
Shews me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grass by her, as she by him, is press'd;
For shame, my Muse, let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, though not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in histories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire,
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of sleep,
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
The proudest kings submit to beauty's sway;
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
By a below'd, though fickle lover's side.
I mean to slight the soft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart a-e both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts;
Of all that passion which our peace destroys
Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
But short will be his reign (I fear too short);
And present cares shall be my future sport.
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.

Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
As they who wish in dreams oft' climb too high
For sense to follow with a waking eye;
And in such wild attemps are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review these sallies of my pen,
And modest reason is return'd again;
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

ON

MR. HOBBES, AND HIS WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces even the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As strings, alike wound up, to equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
That jewel oft' unpolish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;
So that, in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.
Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past:
But such the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise;

But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act, nor reason right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.
So Moses once, and Joshua,
And that virago Debora,
Bestrid poor Israel:
Like reverence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

GOOD angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring through the sky,
Teaching his new fledg'd soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went musing all along,
Composing new their heavenly song.
A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing sound.
David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music, than for poetry!
Genius sublime in either art!
Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!
A man just after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the blest,
Already settled in eternal rest;
Needs must he wish that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;
For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.
'Tis sure no little proof we have
That part of us survives the grave,
And in our fame below still bears a share:
Why is the future else so much our care,

Ev'en in our lateſt moment of deſpair?
And death deſpis'd for fame by all the wiſe and brave?
Oh, all ye bleſt harmonious choir!
Who power almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
On this ſad iſle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds, and each harmonious Muſe,
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind deſires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON, ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANDY.

OUR morning's gay and ſhining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night's all void of care.

A fond tranſported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch an other
So bleſs'd by Heaven as I?

A child at firſt was wanting;
Now ſuch a ſon is ſent,
As parents moſt lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven
Not only hope beſtows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
His ſhare in ſuch a boy,
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
To all my other joy.

But ah! this ſhiny weather
Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears;
And diſmal ſad preſages
Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh
Did worſe, far worſe than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguiſh,
Would he had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion,
This fatal loſs to ſhow?
Alas, there's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent's woe

ON

MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidſt adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways;

STANZAS.

WHENE'ER my fooliſh bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhew my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whiſpering lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame:

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud;
But friendleſs merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may p'eaſe
Such noble, hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe,
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

THE

ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCC.XIX.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new Laurent, came Phœbus in state,
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair n'er did bullies so justle,
No country-election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all these are my lays,
But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays.

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by-side.
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd
And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

* *Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.*

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, those works must be good, which had Addison's praise;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

When Philips came forth as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a Pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would need
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within call—
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it,
"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?"
Appollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has left its very name,
Skill and oozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.

Foul contrivances we see
Call'st but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,

Which an awkward child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt lord.
The miſer ſtarves to raiſe a ſon,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thriſt ſcarce ſerve a day,
Rake-hell ſquanders all away.
Huſbands ſeeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama's intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having firſt at ſermon ſlept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worſe hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the nobleſt-born,
Moral virtue is a ſcorn;
Gratitude but rare at beſt,
And fidelity a jeſt.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wiſdom raiſing flocks;
Counted folly to defend
Sinking ſide, or falling friend.
Long an officer may ſerve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may ſtarve:
No receipt, to make him riſe,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whoſe anceſtors have ſhin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a public ſhame.
Fatal that inteſtine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever ſince, how ſad a race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I Feel a ſtrange impulſe, a ſtrong deſire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?
To ſing on lofty ſubjects, and to raiſe
My own low fame, by writing James's praiſe.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Obſerv'd thoſe deeds of fortitude and truth,
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high,
The good diſtreſs'd beneath that ſhelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial care makes all the ſpirits broil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage:
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs;
Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes,
With that great man*, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.
Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floating aſtles in fierce flames engage,
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fight at land);
For his own fame however he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not depreſt his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt Heaven would all our joys reſtore.
So when black clouds ſurround heaven's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful ſight our fainting courage warms:
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.
But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heavenly tribute of due praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.
Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs power!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend,
Ah where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

* *The Mareſchal de Turenne.*

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.
While others vainly strive to know Thee more,
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakespeare! or to match his style!
'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.
Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the flings to fly:
So sensible of his presumptuous thought,
That he confesses while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft in blushes yield to what they love.
Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,
This story most deserves a poet's pen:
For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who such a state inslav'd?
Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,
And after govern'd with so mild a sway.
At distance now of seventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely ravisher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuse,
A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse,

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS. I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten those,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow creature,
And of two mischiefs choose the greater?
Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our hut,
and caves again.

IV.

There secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way,
Living up to Natures's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep.

CHORUS II.

LO! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger; but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design,
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
Others do ill, only for mischief sake;
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus stabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began:
Learn'd, eloquent, and wise,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet, not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to save.

II.

But will not goodness claim regard.
And does not worth deserve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake?
Can they do too much for her sake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be the doom of fate,
Juſt is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

HOW great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or ſenſeleſs atoms, join
To form a ſoul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe powers we hold divine
Deſtroy their own chief maſter-piece?
Where ſo much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the beſt of Romans ſends,
To do the very worſt of faults,
And kill the kindeſt of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever prieſts preſume to preach.

PROLOGUE TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR ſcene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious parts,
As taught the world all ſciences and arts.
Amidſt all theſe ye ſhall behold a man
The moſt applauded ſince mankind began,
Out-ſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place;
Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?
Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve:
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care whate'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act, or poets write:
Should our miſtakes be never ſo meritorious:
You'll have the joy of being more centorious:
Shew your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye:
Each petty critic can objections raiſe,
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

* CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæſar bled,
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe,
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force
By which Rome muſt herſelf enthral;
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not how to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn,
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than fought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus cheerfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May ſhe no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood:
And, for reward, &c.

* *See the firſt and ſecond choruſes, in the Poems of Mr. Pope.*

Our ſenators, great Jove, reſtrain
From private piques, their prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The ſhining arms with haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. PRIOR.

On Exodus iii. 14. "I am that I am."

AN ODE.

WRITTEN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! fooliſh man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thyſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, ſteel'd with ſtudy'd boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting reaſon's dazzled eye
Through the myſterious gulph of vaſt immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart,
Vain wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learn'd luſt
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyſelf art duſt.

II.

Let wit her ſails, her oars let wiſdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading fate's unnavigable tide.
What though ſtill it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight,
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd,
And, your God, forſooth, is found
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain?
Why to its caverns ſhould it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep
On the lov'd boſom of its parent deep?
Why ſhould its numerous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command?
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and riſe in ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bleſs the night?
Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of its proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains;
And studied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till some usurper rise;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit:
Yet still inquiring, still mistaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press;
And, levelling at God his wandering guess
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair),
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, foolish man!
That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering reason up,
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died:
How by her patient victor death was slain;
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd, with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the Sacred One.
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reason's and thy bod 's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective;
And Grace's pretence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of Philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument,
To reach the heaven of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON PART OF THE 88th PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

HEAVY. O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, arise, and let thy beams control
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul:
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found?
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wings secure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Staying in vice, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguish end!
Be thou my refuge and Be thou my friend:
Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE

REV. DR. F. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY,

WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF PRUDENTIUS,

IF poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to just perfection brought,
Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke:
Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse
The bold requests of an aspiring Muse;
Who, with your blessing, would your aid implore,
And in her weakness justify your power—
From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
And with unequal strength pursue your flight;
Yet hopes she ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your blest commands, and great example too.
Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
And make the Muse and her endeavours live;

Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you.
So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
Where the Saint's palm and Muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground?
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd, frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browze, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy?
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!
And rather pity than restrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys; how soon they fled.
I told thee, friend (now bless the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive
That sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give;
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in Paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew:
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? those joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all mankind
A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Candish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to shew the labouring Muse,
What greater theme your musick can produce;
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone:
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your musick's power your musick must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,

That your high power might worldly thoughts destroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise.
And, like Himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Atheist know
That there's a heaven by what he hears below.
As in some piece while Luke his skill express,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest:
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid divinity helps art;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprise,
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town:
Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

ON A PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH; BY JORDAIN:

At the Earl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-house.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He should have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd supreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The stoic's image in this piece;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill, because you may?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven, adore;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will shew thee just above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull platonic I shall turn:
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill every sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come so far,
As liking any youth beside:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,

And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit;
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter;
Now, if you miss of this epistle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place;
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my victle;
Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.
No family, that takes a whelp
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's estate:
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurse.
My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furnival's inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad sound some handsome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest Christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way;
And your petitioner shall pray—
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one mouse eats, while t other's starv'd.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

SIR, Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
The Spanish king presents a jennet,
To shew his love; that's all that's in it:
For if his holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He migh b' equipt from his own stable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with gondolas and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and give the gulph a ring;
Which trick of state, she wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance;
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popish similes beyond sea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Present a turkey, or a hen,
To those might better spare them ten;
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not shew wit:
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no petition in it—'faith.
Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with ease;
Then he by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence, when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on
Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and teach us,
The gods make not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versa put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the poet makes the god.

Ægyptian gardeners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to:
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.
That when you poets swear and cry,
The god inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colick in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.
So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger styles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without;
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busby walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y' are well; so God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write;
But things since then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore.
And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had lifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do savoury things aver:
They say, she's honest as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant nor stumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine;
For if their fame be justly great,
Who would no popish nuncio treat?
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wandering fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country life.—Imprimis,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
So on, till foresaid god does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
As well almost as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that sneer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine;
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The rest—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires),
To bless the wood with peaceful lyrick:
Then hey for praise and panegyrick;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone.
Such charming words, our beauteous mother spoke,
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such chains no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

On the same subject.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd;
Our common loss unjustly you complain;
So small that part of it, which you sustain.
You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race;
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy saint, the serpent's power control:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.
With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

Very young, playing with a cat.

THE amorous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling cat possest,
Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a blushing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourites charms improve.
O quickly from her shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who soon will see
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her first loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow,
With jealous rage her breast will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new disgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.
Clarinda came among the rest;
And she too kind concern expres't,

And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast could tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, she cried:
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE

HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgmen by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bett upon to morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night!
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things will appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass,
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We wearied should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I, Phyllis, but a perjur'd whore.

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1692.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife;
What'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things will appear,
At distance through an artful glass;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM SHAW, CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHŒBE, potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor:
Non iterum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet;
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, sume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O! PHŒBUS, deity, whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When this our pride you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd;

No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
Suppress thy rage; with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Nassau reclaims,
And brings instead of tribes avenging flames.
Now Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his mistress with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William stand,
He 'ad stunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, 3. OD II.

WRITTEN IN 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won:
William (so fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her absent lord,
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons now yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As not to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's sword?

II.

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand:
And, blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field.
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war;
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.

III.

Silence is the soul of war;
Deliberate counsel must prepare
The mighty work, which our must complete;
Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state:
Thus teaches us to think and dare.
As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death,
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
No more of his design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending storms begin:
Britannia safely through her master's sea
Ploughs up her victorious way.
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the main:
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous name:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are the sad marks to shew the rest are lost:
All this the mild, the beauteous, Queen has done,
And William's softer-half shakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the sea command
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
So, the Sun absent, with full sway the Moon
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone.
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy queen ordains;
Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
And boast her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confess, the victor lives;
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
Cast around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic sorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;

As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero crown'd with blooming victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er rebel-rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See all yon' duſty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile troope, and Orange at their head;
Orange, deſtin'd to complete
The great deſigns of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Perſian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe.
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back tranſfix'd with a diſhoneſt wound:
Whilſt through the fierceſt troops, and thickeſt preſs,
Virtue carries on ſucceſs;
Whilſt equal Heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to verſe immortal luſtre gives.
Each by the other's mutual friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majeſty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like laſting nature vanquiſh'd age.
Whilſt Lewis then his riſing terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' ſounds,
Whilſt, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes cloſe murder againſt open war:
In vain you Gallic Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd verſe to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raiſe
On the weak baſis of the tyrant's praiſe:
Your ſongs are ſold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incenſe to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no ſoul from Heaven.
Againſt his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilſt ye ſing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falſehood does poiſon on your praiſe diffuſe,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muſe

VIII.

On its own worth true majeſty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own reward;
With ſolid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkneſs dreads, nor covets light;
True to herſelf, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor ſunk by ſpite, nor lifted by applauſe,
She from her ſettled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a priſon or a crown.

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward ſtrife a prey,
Whilſt one good man buoy'd up her ſinking ſtate,
And Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind;
When ſtorms let looſe and raging ſeas,
Juſt ready the torn veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Siren ſongs of future peace,
And dazzling proſpects of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn virtue down;
But againſt charms, and threats, and hell, he ſtood.
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no trophies juſtified his fame,
No Poet bleſt his ſong with Naſſau's name,
Virtue alone did all th t honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out THE KING,
As when he at the altar ſtood
In all his types and robes of power,
Whilſt at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeſe, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies paſt, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's diſtant fire?
Could he believe his perſon was too dear?
Or uſe his greatneſs to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or ſighs the dauntleſs hero move?
Arm'd with Heaven's juſtice, and his people's love?
Through the firſt waves he wing'd his venturous way,
And on the adverſe ſhore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying deaths in vain oppoſe).
Like the great ruler of the day,
With ſtrength and ſwiftneſs mounting from the ſea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god has clos'd his wearied light.
Ere vengeance left the ſtubborn foe,
Or William's labours found repoſe!
When his troops faulter'd, ſtept not he between?
Reſtor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe, ſtill brought her bleeding back?
By his keen ſword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not king, commander, ſoldier, all?
His dangers ſuch as with becoming dread,
His ſubjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read:
And were not thoſe the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advice, or his ſubjects' prayer?

X

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his veſſels' tributary urns;
To Belgia's fav'rite dominions and the ſea,
Whoſe righted waves rejoice in William's ſway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
"Here Holland proſper'd, for here Orange fought;

Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confest;
And then let Shannon speak the rest:
Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
When Conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conquerer,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait;
And, scorning glory at a price so great,
With so much power, such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue soar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear;
That 'tis no Poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But solid story, and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boast;
And all that ancient flock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's wheel
That settled glory shall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,
By potent winds too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
For though for certain years and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. H. PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne.
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hill confest,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd,
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace, and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded
Sacred as Nassau's long renown,
For countries sav'd, and battles won.

V.

March then again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace;

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wiſdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's ſake and ours,
Chooſe out other ſmiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky omens ſhed
O'er forming laws, and empires riſing;
Such as many courſes ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bleſs the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory ſhow
What fuller bliſs Maria ſhall beſtow.

VII.

As the ſolemn hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the dance
Many fraught with all the treaſures,
Which thy eaſtern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or heaven diffuſe:
That great Maria all thoſe joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her ſubjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſovereign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days:
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting work with William's name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal ſtructures let them raiſe
On William's and Maria's praiſe;
Nor want new ſubject for the ſong,
Nor fear they can exhauſt the ſtore,
Till nature's muſic lies unſtrung;
Till thou, great god, ſhalt loſe thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and ſhoot thy beams no more.

THE

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams intire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows ſhe'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.
Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I,
Thyſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good humour dreſt;
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt:
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love:
I bleſs my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.
But when vain doubt and groundleſs fear
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the riſing ſtorm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try
Its fury, labours leſs than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate ſtill drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER, AFTERWARDS ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the ſkies the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night the evening ſhade extends:
While pearly dews o'erſpread the peaceful fields
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our amorous ſecrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every ſhepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while its pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſte goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy ſuccour bring,
Whilſt I thy darling, thy Alexis ſing;
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.
For him each virgin ſighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whiſpering ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful Conon ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the ſuperior ſong approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.

When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In every breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires;
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on: the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his abſence, all the penſive day
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray,
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring ſtream,
Aminta is my Muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Sylvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If Friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent:
Oh! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name;
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe,
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's laws.
But if, beneath thy numbers' ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy ſecret pains,
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains;
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board!
But, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys,
Permit one thought leſs cheerful to ariſe,
Pitious tranſfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs,
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

TO A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

A N O D E.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, ſpare the ſlave,
Who did unequal war purſue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your ſide.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open fight:
For ſeldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reaſon's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But ſhe, howe'er of victory ſure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel ſilence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, ſhe ſhuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conqueſt by her flight;
And triumphs, when ſhe ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his ſteed,
And from the hoſtile camp withdrew,
With cruel ſkill the backward reed
He ſent; and, as he fled, he ſlew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, ſtrike
Theſe lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen ſabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed ſquadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the Patriot's breaſt in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his ſteed no longer feels the rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the heap, his hand had ſlain.

And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-cloſ'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they ſee him fall.
O Kneller, could thy ſhades and light expreſs
The perfect hero in that glorious dreſs;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
In ſpite of time, thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

"Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, ſummeque ſe-
"cunde Inveniuntur".—

LUCRET. lib. iv.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove,
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love,
If its exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me what I dy'd to hear,
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing flame,
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name,
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian thought could bring its ſcatter'd aid,
Ere reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid,
My ſoul, ſurpris'd, and from herſelf disjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex, behind:
From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd,
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine,
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine,!
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreſeen the preſent bliſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner Beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of Time, borne ſwift away;
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lies)
No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,
Inſulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leaves ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may ceaſe,
And as the fuel ſinks, the flame decreaſe:
Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And ſickneſs ſtrike what time a while would ſpare:
Then will my ſwain his vowing vows renew,
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glaſs,
And Kneller only ſhews what Celia was?
Fantaſtic Fame may ſound her wide alarms,
Your country, as you think, may want your arms;
You may neglect or quench, or hate the flame,
Whoſe ſmoke too long obſcur'd your riſing name;
And quickly cold indifference will enſue,
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudeſt prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breaſt to bring you back;
When my loſt lover the tall ſhip aſcends,
With muſic gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough ſeamen's louder ſhouts prevail,
When fair occaſion ſhews the ſpringing gale,
And Intereſt guides the helm, and Honour ſwell the ſail.
Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign ſtrand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:
While ſhe who wrote them, of all joy bereſt,
To the rude cenſure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous paſtime loſt,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toaſt.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my breaſt, and ſorrow to my eyes.
Love, Love himſelf (the only friend I have)
May ſcorn his triumph, having bound his ſlave.
That tyrant-god, that reſtleſs conqueror,
May quit his pleaſure, to aſſert his power;
Forſake the provinces that bleſs his ſway,
To vanquiſh thoſe which will not yet obey.
Another Nymph with fatal power may riſe,
To damp the ſinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms conſeſt,
And ſcorn the ardent vows that I have bleſt.
You every night may ſigh for her in vain,
And riſe each morning to ſome freſh diſdain:
While Celia's ſofteſt look may ceaſe to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While theſe fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than thoſe of hopeleſs love.

Juſt Gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine ariſes from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their ſeed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence ſheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent roſe decays and dies,
With a reſembling face the daughter-buds ariſe.
That product only which our paſſions bear
Eludes the planter's miſerable care.
While blooming Love aſſures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root:
Soon fall the flowers of Joy, ſoon ſeeds of Hatred ſhoot.
Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our ſouls disjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, and forſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST, IN WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

AT A REPRESENTATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS, 1695.

PISH, lord, I wiſh this prologue was but Greek.
Then young Cleonidas would boldly ſpeak:
But can lord Buckhurſt in poor Engliſh ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
No, witneſs all ye gods ancient of Greece,
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,
I'd go to to ſchool ſix hours on Chriſtmas-day,
Or conſtrue Perſius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that ſmart like ſencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to ſee our friends:
Our generous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourſelves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Moſt of you snor'd whilſt Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd; we know ourſelves and you:
Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, no beg applauſe,
For theſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we ſee ſome judgment well inclin'd,
To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

AN ODE, PRESENTED TO THE KING,

ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND AFTER THE QUEEN'S DEATH, 1695.

"*Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus*
"*Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres*
"*Cantus, Melpomene.*"

I.

AT Mary's tomb (ſad ſacred place!)
The Virtues ſhall their vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every Grace,
In ſolemn ſtate ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future pious mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd urn.

III.

For her the wife and great ſhall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bleſs her name, and ſigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion ſhall, with faithful truſt,
Her holy queen's ſad reliques guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious duſt,
And gives the ſaint her full reward.

V.

But let the king diſmiſs his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypreſs from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If preſt by grief our monarch ſtoops,
In vain the Britiſh lions roar:
If he, whoſe hand ſuſtain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whoſe voice ſhould rule, whoſe arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
Who ſtill to conqueſt led the way;
Wiſhing him preſent to command,
As they ſtand ready to obey.

IX.

They ſeek that joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's face;
When the thick ſquadrons preſt the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Reſtore them thy auſpicious light,
Great ſun: with radiant beams deſtroy
Thoſe clouds, which keep thee from our ſight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays atone.
Our luſtre, with redoubled force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve;
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe;
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leſt Britain, reſcued by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new triumphs ſhall be ſought,
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas:
While, for the ſafety of the king,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may divert his cares.
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her ſighs,
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none.
But that which ſtruck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
Whilſt yet her maſter was not near:
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame,
If her regrets ſhould weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhews thy fame.
Leſt thy great mourner ſhould forget
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cauſe would fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excel.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the world that thou can'ſt live
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe,
Though death and envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's love:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conqueſt give,
And bring them eaſe, though thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; though ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain nearer yet before
Breath'd to her king an uſeleſs prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But, ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thouſand beauties bleſt,
Her mind with thouſand virtues ſtor'd,
Her power with boundleſs joy confeſt,
Her perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his ſorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his paſſion to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee:
Her ſceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preſerv'd the iſles, and rul'd the ſea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little that her life
O'er earth and waters bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidſt the ſtars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's ſoul.

XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Haſtens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While ſhe, great Saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET them cenſure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardleſs of their grace, or ſpite.

No, No: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my ſong;
All that they approve is ſweet;
And all is ſenſe that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme;
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over Fame:
And, when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays!

O D E

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU ROI, L'ANNEE INNE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & ſaint yvreſſe
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi?
Chaſtes Nymphes du Permeſſe,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voi?
Accourez, troupe ſcavante:
Des ſons que ma lyre enfante;
Ces arbres ſont rejoüis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, vents, faites ſilence:
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans ardeur qui m'inſpire

AN ENGLISH BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

"Dulce eſt deſipere in loco."

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath ſhould raiſe,
Would that have ſpoil'd the Poet's ſong,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's praiſe?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies,
While Virtue leads the noble way;
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where ſordid intereſt ſhews the prey.

Tu peux ſuivre mes tranſports :
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que ne'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Eſt-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui ſur ces rocs ſourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte, fameuſe
La Sambre unie à la Meuſe,
Defend le fatal abord ;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans ſon ſein infidele
Par toute la terre y recele
Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain percant ſon gouffre,
Ouvre un ſepulchre de ſoufre,
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puiſſance
Aujourd hui pourtant s'avance,
Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'eſt Jupiter en perſonne ;
Ou c'eſt le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'eſt lui-meme,
Tout brille en lui ; tout eſt roi.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile eſclave,
Range ſous ſes étendarts :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni ſous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui rouleen ſes eaux ;
Ceux-cides champs, où la neige

When once the Poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove :
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban :
They arm'd theſe rocks ; then ſhew'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be ſhaken :
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join ;
But ne'er can William's force reſtrain :
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyne :
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain :
Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks :
Their ſiege did ten long years employ ;
We've done our buſineſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo vaſt advance,
With dreadful power, theſe hills to gain ?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France ;
No godhead, but the firſt of men.
His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under :
And that fame Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur ;
Whilſt Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the Marſhal great :
He muſt perform the King's commiſſion :
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preſerve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's ſon appear :
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;
Finds a ſmall river in his way ;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.

Dès marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout ſont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, èplorèe
De voir en proye a á Borèe
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et ſous les urns fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes trèſors ſubmergès.

IX.

Dèployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages ;
Malgrè vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezancon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes prèſages s'accompliſſent ;
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Naſſau, Bavicre,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches :
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui ſort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui ſur ſa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoubtable
Toûjjour un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toûjors vec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le ſuit à grands pas

The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter.
Poor Villeroy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancied all, it was his Maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain diſgrace ?
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne ?
The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet on the banks of Sambre ;
Juſt as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December ?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy ; are the land-nymphs ſo ?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To ſhame a General, and a Beau ?

XI.

Truth, juſtice, ſenſe, religion, fame,
May join to finiſh William's ſtory :
Nations ſet free may bleſs his name ;
And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maſtricht, and Cambray,
Beſancon, Ghent, St. Omers, Liſle,
Courtray, and Dole——Ye critics, ſay,
How poor to this was Pindar's ſtyle ?
With eke's and alſo's tack thy ſtrain,
Great bard ! and ſing the deathleſs Prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I'll hold ten ten pound my dream is out ;
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums ; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me ! a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field ;
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, th ough cannon's mouths in fire ;
Id eſt, one Mareſchal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Villeroy ; or to Verſailles take poſt ;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps, by which Namur was loſt.
The ſmoke and flame may vex thy ſight :
Look not once back : but, as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the ſloweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear :
He'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe ;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar :
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O Poet ! thou hadſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high,
If thou hadſt dubb'd thy ſtar, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

Grands defenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous: il en eſt tems:
Courage; vers la Mahagne
Voilá vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont vû ſur leurs foibles rives,
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc: Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoi? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu' à Paris nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.
Déja juſques à ſes ports
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flame & le fer en main:
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de roc, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre;
Le feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

XIII.

To animate the ſloubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the ſickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day;
It knows Verſailles, its proper ſtation;
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both foot and horſe.
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her king—that great commander,
Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honeſt friend;
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is ſpoilt: Namur is freed;
For Dixmuy'd ſomething yet is due:
So good count Guiſcard may proceed;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.—

XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marſhal made a peer:
O William! may thy arms advance!
That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo be conſtable of France.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe,
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And, whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung, and gaz'd: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

" Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
" Lætus interfis populo Quirini :
" Nève te noſtris vitiis iniquum
" Ocyor aura
" Tollat —" Hor. ad Auguſtum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
And bid predeſtin'd empires riſe and fall:
Your ſacred aid religious monarchs own,
When firſt they merit, then aſcend the throne;
But tyrants dread you, leſt your juſt decree
Tranſfer the power, and ſet the people free.
See reſcued Britain at your altars bow;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;
That law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid Juſtice reads the fatal word,
Poiſes the balance firſt, then draws the ſword.
Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſeparate parricides from ſons;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.
And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian ſpirits, be thou for ever bleſt;
Thou who of old waſt ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly ſhield;
When power divine did ſovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to ſpare.
Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame!
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the King, as he has ſav'd the land!
We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes muſt aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.
So, though with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel-ſubjects frown.
Striking her cliff, ſtorm confirms her power
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.
For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown;
The powers, that reſcued, ſhall preſerve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way;
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with crowds; he ſees the nation ſtand,
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe; by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arms confeſs'd,
But trembled for the courage which ſhe bleſt.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe;
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes;
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then, cloſe ambuſh and perfidious war,
Down to your native ſeats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlaſting chains
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains).
While on the ivory chair, in happy ſtate,
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

THE SECRETARY.

Written at the Hague, 1696.

WHILE with labour aſſiduous due pleaſure I mix.
And in one day atone for the buſineſs of ſix,
In a little Dutch chaiſe on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compoſe, and no poſt-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the ſoftneſs of love;
For her, neither viſits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next ſhall be hers, ſhall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we reſign:
Thus ſcorning the world and ſuperior to fate,
I drive on my car in proceſſional ſtate.
So with Phya through Athens Piſiſtratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.

But why ſhould I ſtories of Athens rehearſe,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verſe;
Since none can with juſtice my pleaſures oppoſe,
In Holland half drowned in intereſt and proſe?
By Greece and paſt ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the preſent are both on my ſide?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would ſay?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, ſearch all the province, you'll find no man dar is,
So bleſt as the Engliſhen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee,
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer ſing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe power can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of love,
Poets and Painters never are ſecure;
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's paſſions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurpriſe,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon, was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel!
Great was the Rival, and the God ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art;
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart!

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's power;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I with-held the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant ſhade
As Cloe half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heaven deſir'd to reſt:
Over her paps his wings he ſpread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled in his little head.
Still lay the God: the nymph, ſurpris'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviſ'd
How ſhe the vagrant might inthral,
And captive him, who captives all.
Her bodice half-way ſhe unlac'd;
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken bond, and held him faſt.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring.
Fluttering the God, and weeping, ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy boſom loſt his way;
Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell;
Set an unhappy priſoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:

Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: secure my virgin heart:
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.
E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said:
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow;
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer;
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim;
At human hearts we sling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried and fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted;
In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danäe's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede; the usual trick;
Seven, slur a six; eleven; a nick.
Ill news goes fast; 'twas quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew;
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son;
Come hither, sirrah; no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An impious wicked; for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son; a black-guard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace;
And truly I've been favour'd less;
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, she said,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor shall thy power in heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canst wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false; the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:

Jove ſhall again revere your power,
And riſe a ſwan, or fall a ſhower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cried;
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake!
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown,
Surpris'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF wine and muſic have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in ſtate.
Kind goddeſs to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own;
Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

" — Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ? VIRG.

I.

IN Virgil's ſacred verſe we find,
That paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil ſays?

II.

But, if they ſhould, what our great maſter
Has thus laid down my tale ſhall prove:
Fair Venus wept the ſad diſaſter
Of having loſt her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaiſance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no ſtone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhould have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough;
But be ſhe not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that his longeſt dart he took,
As conſtable would take his ſtaff;
That gods deſire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accoutred thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected).

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd ſtruck one.
Cloe, for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting-day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we're undone;
They'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurpriſe:
O Cupid. is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſtening, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would ſhe ſtay; nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber—
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to ſhew ye
This cruel writ, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.

For that, by ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd th favourite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet;
A roſe-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If ſo, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good ſir, to ſay,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
would not give my Paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this midnight noiſe.
Go freely ſearch where-e'er you pleaſe
(The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe and through cloſet bounces;
Peeps into every cheſt and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder ſlipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about your breaſt;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper neſt.

XXIX.

Search, then, ſhe ſaid, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free. may ſtand,
Do thou or puniſh or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to Love can truſt!
He ſcorns, and breaks, all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find thy Dove,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two; and (pray look, child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air,
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak!
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree—
See here! for you never believe me; pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made!
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd:
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot every word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhould the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending againſt power!
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now,
I think I ſaid; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's rapartee.
Come, kinſman (ſaid the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven;
But you fly faſt: and 'tis but ſeven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial Hector.
He break my darts! or hurt my power!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danë's ſhower!
Go, bid him his wiſe tongue reſtrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em.
There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtraight be ſent to ſea,
And Flora ſummon'd twice a day:
One muſt find ſhells, and t' other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate,
The Hours muſt at her toilet wait;
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too ſlow.
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt.
No matter, though their cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter, though this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſpering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhould not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phœbus muſt write him amorous odes.
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:
Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's ſake! keep your darts: good night.

ON BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiſs.
'Tis the firſt offspring of the Graces;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars's wiſh, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theſeus through the maze;
And ſent him home with life and praiſe:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This ſhew'd great kindneſs to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jaſon to the fleece.
This through the Eaſt juſt vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This baniſh'd tyranny from Rome,
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This ſet Perſepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to ſpin:
His club laid down, and lion's ſkin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With ſervile care, a mortal's ſheep.
For this the father of the Gods,
Contents to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures looſely ran,
Europa's bull and Leda's ſwan:
For this he reaſſumes the nod
While Semele commands the God;
Launches the bolt, and ſhakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno ſcolds.
Here liſtening Cloe ſmil'd, and ſaid;
Your riddle is not hard to read.
I gueſs it—Fair-one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme purſue?
For this, thou ſeeſt, for this I leave
Whate'er this world thinks wiſe or grave,
Ambition, buſineſs, friendſhip, news,
My uſeful books, and ſerious Muſe.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feaſts, and joys of wine;
And chooſe to ſit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and fooliſh riddles.

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph ſhould I admire, or truſt,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe juſt?
What Nymph ſhould I deſire to ſee,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom ſhould I compoſe the lay,
But her who liſtens when I play?
To whom in ſong repeat my cares,
But her who in my ſorrow ſhares?
For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Liſetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair,
Deſerves to be your only care:
But, when you and ſhe to-day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But, when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely Moraliſt ſaid;
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhroud.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow.
Go, Damon, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glaſs;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to aſk me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her ſhepherd ſaid;
'Tis for my two poor ſtraggling ſheep,
Perhaps, or for my ſquirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtle queſtions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhew'd how youth and beauty fade:

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She ſhould be humble, who would pleaſe;
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true!

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly loſt its pride:
For, ſever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preſage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than Age,
And Time leſs permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe;
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS

IN THE SAME STYLE; THE AUTHOR SICK.

I.

YES, faireſt proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-cloſ'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed;
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth,
Shall with his amorous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Prythee quit this caprice; (and as old Falſtaff ſays)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion, you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's-life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong.

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write ſhews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

V

The God of us verſe-men (you know, child) the Sun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

To when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way;
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great diſpute,
And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be,
If to the field I came in armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like then, my ſhield, and terrible my creſt!
The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou, to be ſtrong, muſt put off every dreſs:
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been tried.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noiſe and factious ſtriſe,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate.
But oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again,
May Heaven around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed!
To ſum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May ſt thou be falſe, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Celadon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows ſhe thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my conſtant paſſion known
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian Monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.
"O happy theſe of human race!"
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court, to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Calld Thyrſis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have theſe ambitious fancies
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will—What? But with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty;
For, give that whipſter but his errand,
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant:
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops till he has culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſic, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?
Your care does further yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not with too tender zeal,
Give the fair priſoner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily inſer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.

In ſhort I keep her from the ſight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
Send her abroad; and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth, ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould;
Handſome? enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will;
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That, if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold;
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe could ſo much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the leaſt reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, ſure!—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn in ſummer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life;
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms, and graces;
And doubled down the uſeful places.
But ſtill the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra was read o'er;
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's-ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame;
The Dame went out; the Colonel came.
What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
Another battery muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means;
He only ſins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near);
Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At Miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurſery-doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But, without ſawcer-eye or claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.
Hans Carvel, lay aſide your grief,
The Devil ſays; I bring relief.
Relief! ſays Hans. pray, let me crave
Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your ſlave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me: Ay, now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?

All well; but pr'ythee, honeſt Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaiſance:
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites
Love more the freſco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, maſter Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care;
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith!
Believe for once what Satan ſaith.

Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe;
Till Hans had fairly got his doſe:
The Colonel toaſted "to the beſt:"
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt;
The chimes went twelve; the gueſts withdrew;
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow-chair;
From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My Lady was diſturb'd; new ſorrow!
Which Hans muſt anſwer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans faſt aſleep as ſoon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and reſt:
By ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life;
The Lady ſigh'd: the Lover ſnor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honeſt Hans again;
But not at all by Madam ſeen;
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, ſaid he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's ſake;
'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair;
For, long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extreme
(All this was only in a dream);
And, thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd; I've gain'd my point.
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt:
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor Vander Bruin.
By flames a houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt year; and I muſt pay the coſt
This ſpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground;
And my beſt Flanders mare was drown'd.
A ſlave I am to Clara's eyes;
The gipſy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin;
And great thy wiſdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

"Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni
"virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione
"magis à virtute poteſt quàm re ſeparari."
Cic. de Off. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting;
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault;
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air;
To niceſt judgment ſhow the piece,
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe;
It would not gain on Jerſey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne ſcai quoi* of beauty:
And though its error may be ſuch,
As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown—
With all my heart—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this theſis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
O married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.
In short; all lewdness she defied;
And stiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that fame;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.
Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.
Thus though she strictly did confine
The Doctor from excess of wine:
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loss supplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret:
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.
She often set the Doctor's hand,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch:
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.
The Doctor understood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's skin too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's Morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art supplies, where strength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shews us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *a propos*,
To ward against the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the question;
Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise:
He felt her pulse; he view'd her eyes;
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good
That she should purge, and cleanse her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got;
If they past easily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.
One luckless night then, as in bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest, though waking.
Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his *Bella* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and Moralists, and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling;
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song:
A tale should never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whisper'd something in his ear)
You wish! with on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
The lady with a sigh replies!
But life, you know, at best is pain;
And death is what we should disdain.

So do it therefore, and adieu;
For I will die for love of you.
Let wanton wives by death be fear'd;
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE ſceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave things their beginning,
And ſet this whirligig a-ſpinning,
Supine they in their heaven remain,
Exempt from paſſion and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves;
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.
The Poets now and Painters hold
This theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in
Would not avail one ſing'le farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by Fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quickſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He ſhews not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield;
Mars, ſtanding by, aſſerts his quarrel;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.
Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly-learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing Te Deum.
Is it in equilibrio,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale;
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know
If all the favours they beſtow
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.
Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpied at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing;
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:
Of laſt-year's corn in barns great ſtore:
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to-day, to morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſked them civilly to ſtay;
Told them, for ſupper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.
So ſaid, ſo done; the gods conſent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear;
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay!
He did—but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife.—

Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd;
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the beer, how good the mear,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous would appear:
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my ſong.

The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhew his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,

That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this theſis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and Madam;
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.
Thank you, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle for our ſilver-diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.—
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
Odzzooks, Coriſca, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce;
I wiſh the Ladle in your a—.
With equal grief and ſhame, my Muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues;
The Ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Coriſca's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt;
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? He muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, till he's in play.
The Miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.
Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700, IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Deſcribes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on poſt-horſe, or in chaiſe,
With much expence, and little eaſe,
My deſtin'd miles I ſhall have gone,
By Thames or Maeſe, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, houſe, and ſtable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to deſire or want;
And as health fails, and years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number ſure they may allow;
For paſture ten, and ten for plough:
'Tis all that I could wiſh or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not fortune ſpoil the jeſt)
To thoſe who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for eſtate.
Now, if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy votary truly bleſt,
Leſt curſt revenge and ſaucy pride
To ſome bleak rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.
And, Goddeſs, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon
(Where-ever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done,
By law, and ſword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praiſes due,
At once inſtructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all theſe deeds
What beggar in the Invalids,
With lameneſs broke, and blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It's ſtrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet ſhun the cure:
Can ſenſe this paradox endure?
Reſolve me, Cambray, and Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragick known
(Though his beſt part long ſince was done),
Still on the ſtage deſires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jeſt ſtill loads the ſcene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
That by their error we are taught
That happineſs is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abidis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu ſache où tu vas:
Tu pars ſeulette, & uuë tremblo'ante, helas!
Que deviendont tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And, penſive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy ſtate,
See ſettled Reaſon on the judgment ſeat:
Around her crowd Diſtruſt, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foreſight, and tormenting Care:
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleaſures ſtand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ſtern command.
Wretched her ſubjects, gloomy ſits the queen;
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel ſcene;
And apiſh Folly, with her wild reſort
Of wit and jeſt, diſturbs the ſolemn court.
See the fantaſtic minſtrelſy advance,
To breathe the ſong, and animate the dance.
Bleſt the uſurper! happy the ſurpriſe!
Her mimic poſtures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the ſights we ſee, and ſounds we hear,
Againſt our judgment, ſhe our ſenſe employs;
The laws of troubled Reaſon ſhe deſtroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild ſchemes of mirth, and plans of looſe delight.

TO DR. SHERLOCK ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who, in unhallow'd ſtrains,
The Saint one moment from his God detains:
For ſure, what'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant prayer:
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.
Wondrous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptiſt from thy God waſt ſent
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.
The Youth ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flattering wiſhes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitleſs care and cheated ſtrife,
Chaſe fleeting pleaſure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon ſhall view
This abject world, and, weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepit Age ſhall read thee, and confeſs
Thy labours can aſſuage, where medicines ceaſe;
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life;
Shall look to Heaven and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame, a breath;
And Life an ill, whoſe only cure is Death.
Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Eaſy in words thy ſtyle, in ſenſe ſublime,
On its bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the ſkies:
Diffus'd its virtue, boundleſs in its power;
'Tis public health, and univerſal cure:
Of heavenly manna 'tis a ſecond feaſt;
A nation's food, and all to every taſte.
To its laſt height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
And various death for various crimes ſhe fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live;

You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and ſave a ſinking land.
O! ſave us ſtill: ſtill bleſs us with thy ſtay:
O! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd charge too ſoon;
And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
O live; and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Chriſtians, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then, in full age and hoary holineſs,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliſs:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy duſt,
As thy own fame among the future juſt;
Till in laſt ſounds the dreadful trumpet ſpeaks;
Till judgment calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes;
Till, through the utmoſt earth, and deepeſt ſea,
Our ſcatter'd atoms find their deſtin'd way,
In haſte to clothe their kindred ſouls again,
Perfect our ſtate, and build immortal man:
Then fearleſs thou, who well ſuſtain'dſt the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endleſs light,
Lead up all thoſe who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midſt thy own flock, great ſhepherd! be receiv'd;
And glad all heaven with millions thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

"Aſpice, venture lætentur ut omnia ſæculo:
"O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
"Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!"

VIRG. Eclog. iv

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long record of ages paſt:
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won;
Shew all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe,
And happy power ſuſtain'd by wholeſome laws;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its ſtandard-worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;
With equal juſtice, and hiſtoric care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and complete in William's name;
To all the liſtening world relate
(As thou doſt his ſtory read)
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race;
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains:
But yet the Sabins violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incenſe due;
Unſkill'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his faſces ſtain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care
He ſav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their ſtrict examples taught
How wild deſires ſhould be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs rever'd;
And Cato, dying, ſeem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator roſe:
And, while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt;
But be their failings too confeſt:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its courſe deſign'd their country's good.
But oft the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Shew'd ſad remains of what had once been fair;
Till heaven a better race of men ſupplies:
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain,
And with full power aſſert her ambient main.
But ſometimes, too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conqueſt trample over right:
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged north:
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are ſhown;
Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace,
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe:
But, as thou dwell'ſt upon that heavenly name*,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyſelf; in ſilence weep;
And thy convulſive ſorrows inward keep:
Leſt Britain's grief ſhould waken at the ſound,
And blood guſh freſh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'ſt thou further look?
Read William's acts, and cloſe the ample book:
Peruſe the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd ſeditious ſtrife,
And quell'd the ſnakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt decree,
To curb the proud, to ſet the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And ſee the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reaſon ſway'd,
And power ſupreme by free conſent obey'd;
With how much haſte his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveneſs flows;
With what deſire he makes his ſubjects bleſs'd,
His favours granted ere his throne addreſs'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars:
How o'er himſelf as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals ſtrengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple ſpy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William juſt;
To faithful Hiſtory his actions truſt:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His ſaving wonders bid her write
In characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed:
And ſtill the fire inculcate to his ſon
Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the king's renown;
That William's glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praiſe:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be viſible no more:
When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children aſk, where Namur ſtood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.

* *Mary.*

Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile towers.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations ſtrive in vain
The hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain againſt his force conſpire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The Hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe;
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To reſcued ſtates, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd, whom every province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his ſide unſpotted honour ſtood,
Pleas'd to confer it him not ſo great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than thoſe which all his numerous crowns reflect;
Eſtabliſh'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the firſt of men, and beſt of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindleſs of the God and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, ſtray,
From thee, and from myſelf, borne far away.
The fiery Pegaſus diſdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded looſe:
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong horſe;
Nor would ſhe, if ſhe could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noiſe the cliffs and vallies ring,
While ſhe through earth and air purſues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic ſhore,
Whilſt Britain's tears his ready help implore;
Diſſembling for her ſake his riſing cares,
And with wiſe ſilence pondering vengeful wars.
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auſpicious prow;
Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe:
Daring to wield the ſceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce ſtream
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero paſt.
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe would raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the ſpoils.
In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight;
She ſets her hero in another light;
Paints his great mind ſuperior to ſucceſs,
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace:
She brings Aſtrea down to earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over Danube and Propontis' ſhores;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Mœotis to the Northern ſea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſperate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams;
Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtic yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves;
Each ſhepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe;
Freſh flowers for ever riſe; and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous Goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main, below?

Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies;
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;
To ask for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown.
Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unable to discern the way,
Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before;
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The song too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to sing
A second hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious God, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Closing the volume of the finish'd age
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page),
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd:
Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy;
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand;
From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and distant war;
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,
And, as she wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies smile with waving corn;
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;
Around her coast let strong defence be spread;
Let fair abundance on her breast be shed;
And heavenly sweets bloom round the Goddess' head!

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
Let a young Phœnix raise her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread;
And by her greatness shew her builder's fame:
August and open as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts design'd:
Let every sacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
His shoulder bleeding fresh: and at his feet
Disarm'd shall lie the threatening death
(For so was saving Jove's decree complete).
Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head;
And his immortal stream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded stone:

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair heaven, that dost the stars include,
Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
On the great champions who support his throne,
And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic string,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory should recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confess'd,
The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
Born to protect and love, to help and please;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records ſhall Ca'ndiſh ſtand,
Aſſerting legal power and juſt command:
To the great houſe thy favour ſhall be ſhown,
The father's ſtar tranſmiſſive to the ſon.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their ſire's immortal ſteps ſhall trace.
Happy, may their ſons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canſt give!

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky numbers guide;
If ſure Apollo o'er the verſe preſide;
Jerſey, belov'd by all, (for all muſt feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and conſtant virtue dwell,
Like mingled ſtreams, more forcible when join'd)
Jerſey ſhall at thy altars ſtand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That faireſt mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

cience to raiſe, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great maſter's future charge;
'o write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
ligh ſchemes of government, and plans of wars;
y fair rewards our noble youth to raiſe
'o emulous merit, and to thirſt of praiſe;
'o lead them out from eaſe ere opening dawn
Through the thick foreſt and the diſtant lawn,
Where the fleet ſtag employs their ardent care,
And chaces give them images of war;
'o teach them vigilance by falſe alarms,
aure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
ractiſe them now to curb the turning ſteed,
ſocking the foe; now to his rapid ſpeed
'o give the rein, and in the full career
'o draw the certain ſword, or ſend the pointed
ſpear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
lanting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
ome that in nature ſhall true knowledge found,
nd by experiment make precept ſound;
me that to morals ſhall recal the age,
nd purge from vicious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
me that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
d to juſt idioms fix a doubtful ſpeech;
at from our writers diſtant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
ll ſchools profeſs our tongue through every
land,
t has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

his high power the drooping Muſes rear;
Muſes only can reward his care:
they that guard the great Atrides' ſpoils;
they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils;
hem by ſmiling Jove 'twas given to ſave
nguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
hem, great William's glory to recal,
n ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.
let the Muſes, with ungrateful pride,
he ſources of their treaſure hide;
hero's virtue does the ſtring inſpire,
n with big joy they ſtrike the living lyre.

On William's fame their fate depends;
With him the ſong begins; with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the laſting lamp they feed,
Whoſe beams diſpel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each diſtant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ſhips export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaded with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's ſhores.
As our high veſſels paſs their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With haſty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy ſway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard; our maſter's fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new India's to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear,
The liſtening people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from Heaven he
came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd;
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd,
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
With the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the hero's mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd, and power that bleſt.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither Nature caſts our common eye)
Pierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light;
And comets march with lawleſs horror bright;
Theſe bear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
Through threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction
throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.

But the bright orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred fire, the real ſon of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by juſt laws, he goes for ever right:
Man knows his courſe, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conſpire
To grant what Britain's wiſhes could require;
Above, that Sun ſhould ceaſe his way to go,
Ere William ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs Deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once muſt mourn
The Demi-God; the earthly half muſt die.
Yet if our incenſe can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great God! thy intereſt in the ſky,
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the diſmal miſchief far away!
O! long as utmoſt nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our maſter's life thy happy care:
Still let his bleſſings with his years increaſe:
To his laborious youth, conſum'd in war,
Add laſting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twiſted olives bind thoſe laurels faſt,
Whoſe verdure muſt for ever laſt!

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bleſs his ſway;
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the Hero through his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian and the Britiſh throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing Majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſperous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light:

THE

REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was ſo ill,
That other Doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulſe, preſcrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd yeſterday of my diſeaſe,
I dy'd laſt night of my Phyſician.

AN ODE,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, I OD. XXVIII.

"Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
"Menſorem cohibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, deareſt Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus ſuddenly muſt end);
Say, what did all thy buſy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didſt ſail,
Ere on thy chin the ſpringing beard began
To ſpread a doubtful down, and promiſe man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and care,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till cloſe of night in heavy arms;
To ſcorn the ſummer's ſuns and winter's ſnows,
And ſearch through every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'ſt Fortune to thy ſide engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her ſoldier's hoary age?
In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To haſten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.
Alike muſt every ſtate and every age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journies which their ſires have led.
The ancient Sage, who did ſo long maintain
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Aſgyll, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.
Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some, who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by eaſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's power:

And when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-ſtone, or a hair, can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years:
Oh! deſtin'd head! and oh! ſevere decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, ſhalt ſee;
Nor war haſt thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread.
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, ſtrong Deſtiny replies:
Weep, you on earth; for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores,
Cleanſe the pale corpſe with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt Heaven ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domeſtic ſtrife!
And, when th' infernal judge's diſmal power
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When, yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou buriеſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred power
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate heaven;
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain aſks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power expreſs,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wiſh of bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue ſtill the ſame.
Entire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds her greatneſs on her ſubjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd wills that pleaſing force obey,
Her goodneſs takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.
Let the young Auſtrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in Thunder ſpeak to both his Spains,
That in theſe dreadful iſles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her ſubjects ſhower
The gentle bleſſings of her ſoiter power;
Gives ſacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ſtage;
Bids the chaſte Muſe without a bluſh appear;
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.
Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromeda unchain'd.
Mean time, amidſt her native temples ſate
The Goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whilſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' glory roſe.

A LETTER

TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, 1704.

" —Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
" Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
" Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos"—
HOR. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy ſervile Muſe muſt ſing
Succeſſive conqueſts, and a glorious king;
Muſt of a man immortal vainly boaſt,
And bring him laurels, whatſoe'er they coſt:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that ſuperior day,
In which one Engliſh ſubject's proſperous hand
(So Jove did will; ſo Anna did command)
Proke the proud column of thy maſter's praiſe,
Which ſixty winters had conſpir'd to raiſe?

From the loſt field a hundred ſtandards brought
Muſt be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's ſtars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic ſun:
Some Dæmon, envying France, miſſed the fight;
And Mars miſtook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy * young Muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine;
What work had we with Wugenheim, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the Poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroics—Wurts;
But, tell me, hadſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign?
The Danube reſcued, and the Empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſoftet vein,
To ſing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maeſe?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names?
Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a ſound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?

Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And though rough Churchill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command;
With eaſe the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for ſuch we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd ſayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to thoſe,
Who let their fancy looſe in rambling proſe:

For inſtance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verſe agree!
"'In one great day on Hochſtet's fatal plain,
"' French and Bavarians twenty thouſand ſlain:
" Puſh'd through the Danube to the ſhores of Styx
" Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-ſix:
" Officers captive made, and private men,
" Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten,
" Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
" Cannon, and kettle drums!"——ſweet numbers theſe!

But is it thus you Engliſh bards compoſe?
With Runic lays thus tag inſipid proſe?
And, when you ſhould your Hero's deeds rehearſe,
Give us a commiſſary's liſt in verſe?

Why, faith! Deſpreaux, there's ſenſe in what you ſay:
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous, were great Blenheim's ſpoils,
They ſcorn the bounds of verſe, and mock the Muſe's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the ſum of Gallia's loſs to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what Poet would eſſay
To count the ſtreamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the ſeveral diſhes dreſt
By honeſt Lamb, laſt coronation feaſt?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ſtyle repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had ſhar'd a portion of thy ſkill;
Had this poor breaſt receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verſe might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muſe ſhould ſtrive
Beneath the ſhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aſpiring Gods to bleſs her choice,
And to their favourite ſtrains exalt their voice,
Arms and a Queen to ſing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To ſave the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cauſe,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen ſhould ſit in Windſor's ſacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both ſhould with equal zeal her ſmiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons ſhould appear;
And, as great Anna's ſmiles diſpel their fear,
With active dance ſhould her obſervance claim;
With vocal ſhell ſhould ſound her happy name;
Their maſter Thames ſhould leave the neighbouring ſhore,
By his ſtrong anchor known, and ſilver oar;
Should lay his enſigns at his ſovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her, his dear defence, he ſhould complain,
That, while he bleſſes her indulgent reign,
Whilſt furtheſt ſeas are by his fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maeſe, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppreſſive war;
That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Seine,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

* "En vain, pour te louer, &c." Ep. 4.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul:
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd;
Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.
The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind;
When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame
(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name);
Me the great father down to thee has sent:
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have:
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.
Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling son:
At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings again,
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.
His high commission is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails:
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores;
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:
His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlborough to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recall'd, was gathered to his kindred gods;
Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and swift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France:
The British general dooms the fight; his sword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign
The standards move; the adverse armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands:
The ninth, Victoria comes:——o'er Marlborough's head
Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:
Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.
The eagle, by the British lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's shore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise;
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by human eyes.
But we must change the style—just now I said,
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost:
Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either laurel does in Britain grow;
That, though among ourselves, with too much heat,
We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause;)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

"Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel Vin ils
"boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel La-
"tin ils parlent pourveu que ce soit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine:
They never taste, who always drink;
They alwa,s talk, who never think.

TO A

CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704.
THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

I.

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous bands
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To shew their passions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Leſt thoſe bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my paſſion,
And I may write till ſhe can ſpell.

IV.

For, while ſhe makes her ſilk-worms beds
With all the tender things I ſwear;
Whilſt all the houſe my paſſion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the ſtricteſt prudes ſhould know it,
She'll paſs for a moſt virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too, alas! when ſhe ſhall tear
The lines ſome younger rival ſends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I ſhall be paſt making love,
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.

THE ſturdy Man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The ſubtile Woman, if ſhe ſhould ſucceed,
Diſowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though He, for all his boaſt, is forc'd to yield,
Though She can always keep the field;
He vaunts his conqueſts, ſhe conceals her ſhame;
How partial is the voice of Fame!

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch;

The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath; and

The chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active ſtreams, where'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and fartheſt nations know
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought,

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapſu,
Diviſis latè terris, populiſque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tameſis narravit & Iſter,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CAMELEON.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'ſquire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a ſtateſman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He ſaunters wildly up and down,
Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the ſect purſues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their myſterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have ſaid the week before;
His wiſdom ſets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And ſettles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how ſtocks will fall or riſe;
Holds poverty the greateſt vice;
Thinks wit the bane of converſation;
And ſays that learning ſpoils a nation.
But if, at firſt, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toaſts the towering laſſes;
Repeats you verſes wrote on glaſſes;
Is in the chair; preſcribes the law;
And lies with thoſe he never ſaw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the laſt Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the mayor);

At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he
shew'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, ſir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worſhip mean?
Quoth Andrew, Honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble—(what d' ye call 't) is heathen
Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That buſy fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And, dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O, deareſt Andrew, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controul;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill.
Bow then, ſays Andrew; and, for once, I will.
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor
wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your
tongue.
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and ſix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of ſimile)
A ſquirrel ſpend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with thoſe merry blades,
That friſk it under Pindus' ſhades.
In noble ſong, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verſes' ſound;
Brought back, how faſt ſoe er they go,
Always aſpiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

SAY, ſire of inſects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out) what blue bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch fury drive?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raiſe ſuch a cloud of duſt as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour ſav'd the ſinking ſtate.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toſs up their heads, and ſtretch their wings.
But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither ſpoke, nor t'other fought;
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

IN grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms
My deareſt, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle;
Alas, ſir! what ſhould you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange ſtay and fight,
For danger's his diverſion;
The wiſe will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your perſon;
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe who pen your ſtory.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyrick writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.
When foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly;
Put ſix good horſes in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Bouflers, to ſecure your fame,
Go take ſome town, or buy it;
Whilſt you, great ſir, at Noſtre-dame,
Te Deum ſing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in
fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful ſire.
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.

To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral ſays; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM,

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break;
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak;
For of late I invite him, but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonſtration Ned can ſhew it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leaneſt things alive!
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee;
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf;
Then why ſhould I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read thee?
Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.
Purſue me with ſatire; what harm is there in't?
But from all *vivæ voce* reflection forbear;
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print;
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE—"

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe
May ſpoil what you to night propoſe;
England may change; or Cloe ſtray;
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD
OF THE
NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

*Written three hundred years ſince.**

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among on women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour ſpent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them purſue, theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and ſayd,
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, all utterly decayed;
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytneſſe in this caſe might be layed,
That they love true, and contynde; recorde the notbrowne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart: for in her hart ſhe loved but hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus what was all the manère
Betwayne them two; we wyll alſo tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in; nowe I begyn, ſo that ye me anſwere;

*So *Prior*—Firſt printed about 1521, ſays *Capel*.

Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be, I pray you gyve an ere;
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus ſtandeth the caſe, I am a banyſhed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtynge to ſhewe in wordes fewe, that men have an yll uſe
(To theyr own ſhame) women to blame, and cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe, all women to excuſe;
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do, whereof grete harme ſhall growe;
My deſtiny is for to dy a ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to flie: the one muſt be; none other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true! none other rede I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe, that chaungeth as the mone!
The ſomers day in luſty May is derked before the none.
I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay, we depart not ſo ſone:
What ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have ye done?
All my welfare to ſorowe and care ſholde chaunge yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve, and ſomwhat you dyſtrayne:
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me the ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye ſhall me fynde:
Syth it is ſo that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall it never be ſayd, the nobrowne mayd was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for ſo am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde it ſhall be tolde, that ye be gone away:
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge, that I ſholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large in hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe, to part wyth you, the ſame;
To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo, true lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out to wode with an outlawe:
For ye muſt there in your hand here a bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus muſt you lyve, ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but as ye ſay, it is no maydens lore:
But love may make me, for your ſake, as I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote, to get us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company may have, I aſke no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe, that men hym take and bynde;
Without pyte, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.

Yf I had neede, (as God forbede!) what ſecours coude ye fynde?
For ſothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and night,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to ſave; as women have from deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies, the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for, dry, or wete, we muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other roſe but a brake, buſh, or twayne:
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your woe endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one pleſûre; and ſhortely it is this,
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè, I coude not fare amyſſe
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche that we were ſhortely gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye muſt conſider,—whan y have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne ſhetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes, to cover your hed and myne:
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyéte ſholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère as men ſay that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is ſo grete plente;
And water clere of the ryvére ſhall be full ſwete to me;
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele endure, as ye ſhall ſee;
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more, yf ye wyll go with me;
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above the kne:
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande your enemyes, yf nede be:
And, this ſame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it ſhortly as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede;
To ſhorte my here, a bow to bere, to ſhote in tyme of nede:—
O my ſwete mother, before all other for you I have moſt drede:
But nówe, adue! I muſt enſue where fortune doth me lede.—
All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day cometh faſt upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhal nat go, and I ſhall tell you why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele eſpy:
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, in lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwère, whoſoever it were, in way of company.
It is ſayd of olde,—ſone hote, ſone colde; and ſo is a woman:
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede ſuch wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of aunceſtry a barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a ſquyer of lowe degre;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall; to dy therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde! it were a curſed dede:
To be feláwe with an outláwe! Almighty God forbede!
Yea, beter were, the pore ſquyère alone to forest yede,

Than ye ſholde ſay another day, that by that curſed dede
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd, the beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo, than have ye me betrayed,
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,
Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the notbrowne mayd.
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy ſone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent: for in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than you;
Another fayrére than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe with other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe; ſo wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll commaunde me, to my power:
For had he, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I ſe the prove that ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beſt that ever I knewe.
Be merry and glad, be no more ſad, the caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd to you, whan I began,
I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyſhed man.

B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure: but it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke the wordes on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle, and ſtele from me I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was, and I more wo-begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede; I will not dyſparage
You, (God defende!) ſyth you deſcend of ſo grete a lynage.
Nowe underſtande,—to Weſtmarlande, which is myne herytage,
I wyll you bringe; and with a rynge, by way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, as ſhortely as I can;
Thus have ye won an erles ſon, and not a banyſhed man.

B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be, in love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than, ...
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,
Which ſometyme proved ſuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.
For ſoth, men wolde that women ſholde be meke to them eche one;
Moche more ought they to God obey, and ſerve but hym alone.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Though low my voice, though artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay:
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heavenly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.
No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame:
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my Muſe;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, Love, the juſt reward of verſe!

As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the ſtory with thy life agree;
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt:
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft' in ſport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);
Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.
As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Through all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that Virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair!
From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant ſtrove
By glorious deeds to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt ſongs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.
While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtified their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name and falſe attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound:
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.
A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.
A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves:
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While with ſoft ſorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain.

With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.
A frantic Gipſy now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his fly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft' had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.

While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd:
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another Love may gain her eaſy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire!
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heaven, beſtow
Or cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Other ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With naufeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Gladly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
And deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
One great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
Scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
Will fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
Live a ſlave to Hymen's happy power.

But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in Reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.
South of the caſtle in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent Nature ſhed her kindly ſhowers.
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown
His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid;
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, laſt, that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid.
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind.
The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:

With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move.
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break:
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph:—the Man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate;
To some more happy Knight reserve thy charms;
By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd;
The God of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run:
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy Demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, decay
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the emale breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner power inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds, my fineſt lawn I'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid:
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte: and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;
The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit to wait my lord's return
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food
With humole duty, and officious haſte,
I'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freſh'ſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound;
No longer ſhall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double every charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining air,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſeman's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comeline's of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free.
And, with a bolder ſtride and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws ſhall offend thy view.
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverſe fortune mixt in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:

With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jests obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love:
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has essay'd no danger gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the Syrens sing the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress:
Condemn'd them or absolv'd them, by thy test
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Left by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis Man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords?
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness, and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut brown Maid?
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did ever my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did ever my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By Nature prompted and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new;

Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of Youth and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms,
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If Beauty's force to constant Love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee: and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my Lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she ev'd but thee alone.

HENRY

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy course shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on:
While yet superior Love shall mock his power:
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.

Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtand,
And ſheds her treaſure with unwearied hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and Love's ſuperior powers,
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chooſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore;
That, when their God ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.
The Queen of Beauty ſtopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as ſhe calls the God is always near.
Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But, when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall complete
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,
The ſwift-wing'd power ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant Beauty ſhall reward their care
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great God of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe;
As on the Britiſh earth, my favourite iſle,
Thy gentleſt rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From every annual courſe let one great day
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſoſteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe
And everlaſting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN, ON THE GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1705.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpet's tune, his lyre he ſtrung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands,
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenſer found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:

He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wondrous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe
Nor yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to ſmile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verſe in Spenſer's native ſtyle.
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe;
And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage and hoſtile care.
Plays round the rocky cliff or cryſtal flood
Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives his ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving ſweet repoſe and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our General's fame:
Graſps he the bolt?—we aſk—when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold,
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:
He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
Whoſe proweſs there repell'd the Boyan power,
And ſent them trembling through the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve:
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only gives him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlborough's ſtronger ſtar,
Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet did greatly gain,
While, bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed,
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human griefs confeſs;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is ſtill the ſame;
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds her equal ſcales,
Till ſtronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cauſe that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power muſt Jove's decrees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter-ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæſar gave the Britiſh peer.
He took the gift: Nor ever will I ſheathe
This ſteel ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain),
The General ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down through Ruſſia's lands.

Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing through the Gallic hoſt:
Through ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt,
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great!
Whence look the ſoldiers's cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful lo's ſound:
I ſaw him fall their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground.
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory and with fuller light:
The evening ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love:
Again France flies, again the duke purſues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice:
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils,
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlborough paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made.
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill fighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone remain'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:
And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cuts the air;
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our Britiſh foes to open fight:
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by ſurpriſe to gain:
'Tis their's, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By Heaven ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his ſable ſhield,
Talbot, to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:

Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Cavendiſh, terrors of the ſea:
Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And every age ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds and mutual jars:
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
The Woman Chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd Heaven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where ſemblling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heaven, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the Queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms, that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive, by winds and waters toſt,
Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, inſtomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
O virtue to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terror and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſent to war;
Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſter, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,
Leading his iſlanders, renow'd in arms,
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or ſounded his alarms;
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet:
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy power,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;

And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix, or Montmorency's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty.
The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death
That Muſe deſire, the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing;
And when thy will and when thy ſubject's hand,
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, ſhe ſaid; but tell me true;
The Nymph who could your heart ſubdue.
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair-one; I'll confeſs
With pleaſure, I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory boſom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate, by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard. I weet,
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet;
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke.—
The gipſey, turning to her glaſs
Too plainly ſhew'd ſhe knew the face;
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid.
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong:
Ten thouſand little Loves around,
Liſtening dwelt on every ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all amorous cares releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why did I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Through flowery maids and cryſtal ſtreams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every ſtate, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

OVID is the ſureſt guide
You can name, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe,

But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftenest crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said
(Her careless but afflicted maid),
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.
Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night Astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belyed;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron le-Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was hunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est.*
Why do the Gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town to let us Moderns know,
How woman lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Ismena would resign her breast;
And every dear Hippolytus be blest
But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,
Something at leaſt in juſtice ſhould be ſaid;
But this Hippolytus ſo fills one's head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtely as ſhe cou'd;
For ſhe was Father Jove's own fleſh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo?*
There was no harm, you ſee, or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.
But, if theſe gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take;
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her noſe fell.

EPILOGUE,

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE Female Author who recites to-day,
Truſts to her ſex the merit of her play.
Like Father Bayes ſecurely ſhe ſits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad all's our own.
In ancient Greece, ſhe ſays, when Sappho writ,
By their applauſe the critics ſhew'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her lyric ſtring;
Though they could all do ſomething more than ſing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all ſucceeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian ſtages,
Rough ſatyrs, ſly remarks, ill-natur'd ſpeeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapinno man,
Drew a ſharp pen upon a naked woman.
The bluſtering bully in our neighbouring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop ſecures whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their ſweethearts their attention fix
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clattering ſticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt,
Your ſympathetic hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears;
I plead her ſex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire who ſo long have boaſted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night,
Or every mortal woman hers ſhall write:
Rural pathetic, narrative, ſublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we'll take your very money;
Female third-days ſhall come ſo thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unleſs you yield for better and for worſe:
Then the She-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe;
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD;

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.
There Death breaks the ſhackles which Force had put on,
And the Hangman completes what the Judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.
Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own:
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce doſt thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.
'Twas there then in civil reſpect to hard laws,

And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe.
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhould begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon? ſays the Prieſt:
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies:
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of ſorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero replied in a fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat;
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit.
The feaſt I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold friendſhip you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.
Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt,
That kills the heart it heats too faſt,
Take half my paſſion to your breaſt:
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

AN EPITAPH.

"Step quicunque volet potens
"Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c." SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone
Lie ſauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires roſe or fell,
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away;
They did juſt nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor ſiſter either had, nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor cenſure they regarded;
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:
So every ſervant took his courſe;
And, bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable,
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor chear'd they relations poor;
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Norgood, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE, AFTER THE PEACE, 1713

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile,
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

Written at Paris, 1714; but left unfinished, by the sudden news of her Majesty's death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last; that, as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen:
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty Empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain.
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
Here, Crotator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her grandsons painted.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest,
If She created, or He painted best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She still form'd fairer; He still liker drew.
In these seven brethren they contended last.
With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,
The Goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:
For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd
Only yourself thus often multiply'd.
When Heaven had You and gracious Anna* made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
With all that world of charms, which soon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;
His very grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, because they 'ere all like you.
If every Candish great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is express,
But on their brow firm courage stands confest;
There, their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
Wiessen seven times one great perfection drew:
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.
So when the parent-sun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.
So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She saw the Deity in every son:
And to what God so e'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

* *Eldest daughter of the Countess.*

In ſhort-liv'd charms let others place their joy,
Which ſickneſs blaſts, and certain age deſtroys:
Your ſtronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis ſtill renew'd, and ſtamp'd in all your race.
Ah! Wieſſen, had thy art been ſo refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would ſurvive,
And living rules to faireſt virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould ſtill be wonderful, and ſtill be new,
Againſt what time, or ſpite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendiſh's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the Medley, 1710.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him ſay:
"What noble part canſt thou ſuſtain,
"Thou ſpecious head without a brain?"

TO THE

RIGHT HON. MR. HARLEY.

HORACE, I EP. IX. IMITATED.

"Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
"Quanti me facias, &c."

DEAR Dick,* howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great:
Though I plain Mat, you Miniſter of State:
One word from me, without all doubt, he ſays,
Would fix his fortune in ſome little place.
Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems, he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes;
And, anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.
From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.
To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by,
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, Sir, with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

* *Richard Shelton, Eſq.*

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

"Ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Inflix'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame:
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws,
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land:
No ſon of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with ſacrificing breath
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by Heaven!
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

Lord High Treasurer, 1712.

MY LŌRD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl;
Among the guests which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

In Chaucer's Style.

I WAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.
As guests sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playsant rhyme on yonder mice:
They seem, God shield me! Mat and Charles,
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes I have this mauy days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks;
Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat:
Elk simile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
Matthew is augged on the spleen
Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.
That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court:*
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and go:
And therein elke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eyne survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other *tells*.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth say:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz † dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wis-hede well mainteine,
Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer trial;
Full marveillous, I vote, were silk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

* *The Exchequer.*

† *The person here satirized was Sir Richard Blackmore.* N.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY.
AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

On a column of her drawing.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the Father's praise.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothick forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes:
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece:
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their name at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'sying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir—at six o'clock.
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.
She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.

I.

I MY dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth;

Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe:
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda,* thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH,
EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care,
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

*Mrs. Anne Durham.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Affectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens sophiâ, Samiisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cavo.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitâi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicoli- media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitâsse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil, esse velit:
Nam sophia ars illa est, q æ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I see to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' æthereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;

On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future ſky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve,
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou aught to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant memory of the bliſs they gave.
The preſent hours in preſent mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE

FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſtall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who ſlew the Earth-born race, and meaſures right
The heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft'
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! ſithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The ponderous birth; ſhe ſought a neighbouring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy) now aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the Goddeſs water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmoak'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: ſhe wrapt them
In purple bands: ſhe gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and ſecret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldeſt. Smiling, ſhe receiv'd thee,
And, conſcious of the grace, abſolv'd her truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful ſtream.
Faſt by her flowery bank the ſons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care proteſt
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, God, to Cnoſſus Neda brought; the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their ſacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-ſtars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat diſtent
With milk, thy early food: the ſedulous bee
Diſtill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order ſolemn
To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their myſtic dance, and clang'd their ſounding arms,
Induſtrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous ſtrength
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant: high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forage, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleaning armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier, from ſucceſsful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,

Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſeeſt impartial
How they thoſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to thoſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months, revolving years to ſome;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of every good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs power,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth: for both are of thy gift!

THE

SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulſe: and the ſever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering ſwans, their throats releaſ'd
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence; and the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt, by ardent prayer, and clear luſtration,
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flouriſh, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With ſilver hair, and fair deſcent of children!
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies increaſe!
Pay ſacred reverence to Apollo's ſong;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſide, obedient to the ſound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offſpring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He, that reſiſts the power of Ptolemy,
Reſiſts the power of heaven; for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs,
Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lyctian bow, are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow mineral riſes,
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head
Perfumes diſtill their ſweets; and cheerful Health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial,
The ſpearman's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bleſt the cattle,
On which Apollo caſt his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant deity,
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of ſtags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
Theſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range
(Young as thou wait), and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhew'ſt where towers or battlements ſhould riſe,
Where gates ſhould open, or where walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh paſtime man receiv'd
The future ſtrength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan ſtrand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the aight before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettled in Cyrene; there w' appointed.
Thy annual feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!
The yellow crocus there and fair narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of their winter-ſtore,
To deck thy temple; till returning ſpring
Diffuſes Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pave-
ment.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging ſwords and ſhields
they beat
The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's
banks,
And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair-one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt
her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy power! The monſtrous Python
Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore
thee.
Envy, thy lateſt foe, ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal: therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? Vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the
nymphs
Meliſſan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeaſurable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels ſung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw
When Moſes gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt,
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded prayer;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair;
A tymbal's ſound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bound and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its power,
And, finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe re-
ceive.
As, through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs,
A little we diſcover, but allow
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow;
So, whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to ſurvey
Dawning of beams, and promiſes of day.

Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive—
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

CUPID in AMBUSH.

IT oft' to many has ſucceſsful been,
Upon his arm to let his miſtreſs lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently ſqueeze her knees, or preſs her feet.
All public ſports, to favour young deſire,
With opportunities like this conſpire.
Ev'n where his ſkill the gladiator ſhows,
With human blood where the Arena flows:
There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to deſtroy:
While the ſpectator gazes on the fight,
And ſees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty miſtreſs entertains,
And wagers with her who the conqueſt gains;
Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
Add in the wounds he ſees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX;

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this ſpire by meaſure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabrick riſes high as heaven,
Whoſe baſis on devotion ſtands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare;
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Bleſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his GOD this column rais'd:
Though lightning ſtrike the dome again,
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd:
Yet ſpires and towers in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themſelves ſhall die,
While deathleſs Charity remains.

ALMA:
OR,
THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.
IN THREE CANTOS.
CANTO I.

MATTHEW* met Richard †, when or where
From ſtory is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they ſpoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret.
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt!
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here Matthew ſaid,
Alma in verſe, in proſe the Mind,
By Ariſtotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, ſlap-dash, is all again
In every ſinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghoſt;
While every where ſhe rules the roaſt.
This *ſyſtem*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth they ſpeak
With ſmall reſpect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits cock-horſe on her throne the brain;
And from that ſeat of thought diſpenſes
Her ſovereign pleaſure to the ſenſes.
Two *optic* nerves, they ſay, ſhe ties,
Like ſpectacles, acroſs the eyes;
By which the ſpirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or ſtirr'd,
How quick at park and play they ſtrike;
The duke they court; the toaſt they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.
Without theſe aids, to be more ſerious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conſpir'd her ruin,
And ſhe not known what they were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
Wiſe Nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Could Alma elſe with judgment tell
When *cabbage* ſtinks, or *roſes* ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an *oyſter* and an *onion*?
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;
And, as through theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.

* *Himſelf.* † *Mr. Skelton.* ‡ *Tonſon.*

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small beer for *citron*-waters.
Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.
Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in),
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As if he had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country council and attornies,
As on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their Modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain:
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure of the head,
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why should all honour then be taken
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receive it,
It is the artist's hand that gave it;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ache.
Nor matters, it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Num-scull's* self should take the place:
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.
Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is moy'd by Chance alone.
A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet Poet and Philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with-child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *alternate* verse.
Verse! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade;
As if she haply had sat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *theft* find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an *ideal* goddess.
No error near his shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
Your spectacles upon your toes:
Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see,

But Wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppoſ'd, to be ſuſtain'd;
And ſtill your knowledge will increaſe,
As you make other people's leſs.
In arms and ſcience 'tis the ſame:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks miſtook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.
The commentators on old Ariſtotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Juſt as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the ſky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells ſound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *ſcheme*;
Thus ſpirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *ſecond-ſight*;
And Germans, free from gun-ſhot, fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Atteſt, that, if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t'other ſect deny;
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand,
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The *tenets* of their maſter's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and ſeiz'd by death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilſt we our own affairs purſue.
Theſe different *ſyſtems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now, to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſt'an ink's effuſion,
Let me propoſe an healing *ſcheme*,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus,
Hay many would admire our toil!
And yet how few would comprehend us!
Here, Richard, let my *ſcheme* commence:
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple *ſyſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She nettles ſomewhere near the waiſt;
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter,
As we ſhall ſhew at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and ſhort, ſays Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion.
Firſt, I demonſtratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs deſire to come and go,
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind thoſe parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt Alma, newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own chriſtening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young Alma's caſe;
As in a luckleſs gameſter's place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again; as ſhe grows ſomething ſtronger,
And maſter's feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or ſhews his *loco-motive* tricks;
Theſe firſt aſſaults fat Kate repays him;
When half aſleep, ſhe overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly ſtage,
Broom-ſtaff or poker they beſtride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With ſupplemental hobby-horſes:
And happy be their infant courſes!
Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will;
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can ſay.
To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the thighs,
With *ſympathetic* power ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Suſan is at ſtool-ball ſeen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms ſpontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now ſhe makes:
O need I name the ſeat ſhe takes?
His thought quite chang'd the ſtripling finds;
The ſport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in ſecret grieves.

In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove:
Their parley but augments their love:
So to the priest their case they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.
But, O my Muse, just distance keep:
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
From that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.
Love's advocates? Dick, who are those?—
The Poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case).
Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur*;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
What signifies too long quotation?
In Ode and Epic, plain the case is,
That Love holds one of these two places.
Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
First, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord-mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare;
Hence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard:
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the peel and flowers;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows.
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit:
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.
Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater:
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart*;
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure, he must transfix the *liver*:
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And found has right to govern sense.
But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
Else we should want both gibe and satyr;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love in all delight and sweetness.
My *logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same:
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.
The like may of the *heart* be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo*;

And mighty phyſical their fear is;
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,
Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The ſtrings of which, in battles heat,
Againſt their very *corſlets* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure,
And yield them moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itſelf exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate?
Muſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
Theſe notions then I think but idle;
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conqueſt muſt aſſuage,
He grows diſpirited and low;
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe.
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter,
Till they brought back the Parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing. As a loſt:
His ſails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Deſign'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—
France's fourth Henry we may ſee
A ſervant to the fair d'Eſtree;
When, quitting Coutras' proſperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Diſguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly dame;
And in his pleaſure loſt his fame.
Bold is the critic who dares prove
Theſe heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to thoſe parts was gone,
Which Love more juſtly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe four:
For when one's proofs are aptly choſen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew near home.
For ſome in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write;
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT ſhall we take the Muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip,
Straight gathering all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his ſlight,
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
Falſe *mimic* of my maſter's dance;
Around the cord awhile I ſprawl,
And thence, though low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your *ſimile*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the *clare obſcure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they ſpread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the ſtuffs they vary,
And things are beſt as moſt contrary;
The gown with ſtiff embroidery ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure ſtain,
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *furbelow* the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *theme*,
However thou may'ſt praiſe or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle,
Fierce Love abates his uſual mettle,
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares,
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft a' airs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or ſolid whimſes move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country-ſeat near Banſted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:

In t'other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmokes his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Laſh'd on by time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For ſtory and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends ſecure;
He ſighs for freedom, ſhe for power:
His wiſhes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus paſſion flags by ſlow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted leſs,
The buſy mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once-charming ſeats below;
But, in the breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man ſuſpects his lady's crying
(When he laſt autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could ſwoon when ſhe was ſick;
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Suſan for his ſecond.

Thus having ſtrove ſome tedious years
With feign'd deſires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with anſwers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endleſs altercation,
The mind affects a higher ſtation.

Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very caſe.
All Aſia now was by the ears,
And Gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis ſat
In quiet governing his ſtate.
And whence, ſaid the pacific king,
Does all this noiſe and diſcord ſpring?
Why Paris took Atrides' wife—
With eaſe I could compoſe this ſtrife:
The injur'd hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young lover want a ſpouſe.
But Helen chang'd her firſt condition,
Without her huſband's juſt permiſſion.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honeſt wives,
For whoſe poſſeſſion no man ſtrives.
One to Atrides I will ſend,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince ſhall thus with honour have
What both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The wrath of Gods and man ſhall ceaſe,
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this ſtory pleaſeth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er ſwift Alma's flight may vary.
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs ſhe finds the very ſame,
In place, and dignity, and name:

Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient diſtance,
That each may give his friend aſſiſtance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma truſt,
She ne'er regards which goes the firſt.
Teague could make neither of them ſtay,
When with himſelf he ran away.
The man who ſtruggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilſt one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay ſtill.
And, when you ſhoot, and ſhut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilſt he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the ſurer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
Some limbs again, in bulk or ſtature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Becauſe one ſerves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more ſlow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A ſtander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himſelf perceives he gave it.
The amorous eyes thus always go
A-ſtrolling for their friends below;
For, long before the ſquire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere viſits yet are brought about,
The eye by ſympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he ſees, is ſure to greet her,
Though at ſaſh-window, on the ſtairs,
At court, nay (authors ſay) at prayers.—
The funeral of ſome valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; theſe declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt ſpurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The ſword hang dangling o'er the ſhield?
Which ſhews the breaſt, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to truſt to:
And, by the peep-holes in his creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt
That there's eyes took diſtant aim,
And glanc'd reſpect to that bright dame,
In whoſe delight his hope was center'd,
And for whoſe glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general *ſyſtem*
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them;

But I can call to my aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and diſtance;
Can prove that all things, on occaſion,
Love union, and deſire adheſion;
That Alma merely is a ſcale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither ſide turn down nor up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſent equal rays
Upon two diſtant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or ſtale:
In this ſad ſtate your doubtful choice
Would never have the caſting voice;
Which beſt or worſt you could not think,
And die you muſt for want of drink;
Unleſs ſome chance inclines your ſight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles beſt agree:
Your ſenſe reſolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—ſo drink your fill.
Have you not ſeen a baker's maid
Between two equal bannier's ſway'd?
Her tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle,
But, forc'd from this unactive ſtate
By virtue of ſome caſual weight,
On either ſide you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, muſt take its courſe;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unſeen,
Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As ſtraw and paper are by amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *embre* or *baſſet*),
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſtuffed them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a ſtander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus, to ſave further contradiction
Againſt what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country ſquire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.

She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Through the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges,
As youth, caprice, or faſhion, changes.
Fair Alma, careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits confeſt
On Florimel's experter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waiſt;
And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter,
Of the large round herſelf the centre.
Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature),
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
Engraved printed on the amorous breaſt.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide,
And, ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The God ſhall to his votaries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe!
Next, Dick, as youth and habit ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
His feet, however lame, you find
Have got the better of his mind.
If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.

In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldſmiths-hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her ſtay,
And age or palſey bar the way.
But, if thoſe images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
Soe ſtills renews the ancient ſcene,
Forgets the forty-years between:
Outwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her ſon, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change ſides, and you increaſe your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again: if in the female ſex
Alma ſhould on this member fix
(A cruel and a deſperate caſe,
From which Heaven ſhield my lovely laſs!);
For ever more all care in vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or ſtone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any ſins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though juſt, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till death ſhall bring the kind relief,
We muſt be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who ſaw me when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three hours,
Of *plaſtic* forms, and *mental* powers;
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting ſtation
Before this vile terrene creation;
And leſt I ſhould be weary'd, madam,
To cut things ſhort, came down to Adam;
From whence, as faſt as ſhe was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Perſia, Greece, ſhe goes,
And takes the Romans in the cloſe.

But we'll deſcant on general nature:
This is a ſyſtem, not a ſatire.

Turn we this globe, and let us ſee
How different nations diſagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you ſmell and taſte
The ſoils through which it roſe and paſt;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where ſhe was born and bred,
One people from their ſwaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to theſe limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma ſettled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe neighbouring lands
The different uſe of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles theſe, and thoſe in tropes.
In Britain's iſles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit, but on ſome great occaſion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverſe appears;
Long coats the haughty huſband wears,
And greets his wife with angry ſpeeches,
If ſhe be ſeen without her breeches,
In our fantaſtic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove,
At once his breakfaſt and his love:
And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.
We ſimple toaſters take delight
To ſee our women's teeth look white,
And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, *Ivory Teeth.*
At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half ſo kind.
Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt.
Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;
The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd ſlaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or ſtate,
His eyelet-holes are more and ampler;
The King's own body was a ſampler.

Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.
Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter,
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—
To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way;
Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young staring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.
Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—
The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spight and death.

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door;
But by the flattering glass of nature
Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport:
Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.

Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure,
Till airy ſeeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget;
And pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
Beyond what you at firſt intended,
The happy whimſey you purſue,
Till you at length believe it true,
Caught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.
Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his liſtening ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;
Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his ſubtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force!
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philoſophic* ſtone,
If you more powerful reaſons bring,
To prove that there is no ſuch thing?
Your chiefs in ſciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though ſhe has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can *ſyllogiſm* ſet things right?
No: *majors* ſoon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The *concluſion* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak,
And from his ſhort notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the account the loſer brings,
The Conjurer knows who ſtole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking what ſome wiſe man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant, though few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor that y'are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he muſt break.
Ideas, *forms*, and *intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
Subſtance, or *accident*, divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.
Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe;
In *philoſophic* matters ſo
Your judgment muſt with other's go:
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hill and dales does doubtful err;
With panting haſte, and quick ſurpriſe,
From every leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue, if they dare lead;
As their example ſtill prevails,
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool:
As party man, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *whimſical** at beſt.
Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Dike Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be liſted in your feet,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure, and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did ever diſcloſe
In ſmooth-pac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finiſh'd her aſcending ſtages,
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surpriſe my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*!
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater*!

* *Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.*

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life,
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming,
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour:
Each—whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!
My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.
Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which makes us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabrick roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread:
But by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke:
He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But, give him port and potent sack,
From *milksop* he starts up *Mohock*;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking lasses;
Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.
Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
To push this argument no further;
To starve a man, in law is murther.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though those gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But, if the *beryl* orbit ceases,
The whole stands ill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetorick* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end:

Soon ceases all the worldly bustle
And you consign the corpse to Russel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *system*, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course;
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horse was dead.
Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine*:
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love:
They must describe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Tost up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came,
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out,)
Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave,
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can shew,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride.
And false to all the world beside.
That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still,
And he who, reading on the heart
When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat),
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate;
Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As nature silly had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our *system* still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To shew thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my *system* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Sill bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.
Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on,
Now, Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung, or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife;

Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *surtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *sonata* on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?
When Rarus shews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind so much is croft,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang'd and shew'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles alive pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And simple odes too many shew ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving,
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.
Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or tost'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
And t' oth r fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wise,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd,
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My Poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that:
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and and a hundred lies.
O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk:
Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to shew us scurvy play);
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:

* *Mr. Shelton's son.*

Yet then, ev'n then one crois reflection
Would ſpoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy ſon, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time ſome uncouth heir ſupply,
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known
But ſpoiling all that thou haſt done.
Who ſet the twigs ſhall he remember
That is in haſte to fell the timber?
And what ſhall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or ſkim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures ſell
To ſmart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And ſet the price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books beſt, as richeſt bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned juſtice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears,
I know we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet, let the Goddeſs ſmile or frown,
Bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne* or muddled *port*.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion:
But, if you would depreſs my thought,
Your *ſyſtem* is not worth a groat—
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
E'en let him of ideas ſpeak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be ſad is to be wiſe,
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift, * to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Ariſtotle;
Here! Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

* *Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.*

SOLOMON
ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.
A POEM
IN THREE BOOKS.

KNOWLEDGE:
THE FIRST BOOK.
THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, ſeeking happineſs from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; diſcourſes of vegetables, animals, and man; propoſes ſome queſtions concerning the origin and ſituation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the ſyſtem of the viſible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly anſwered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curioſity; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
That, in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares;
And, at approach of death, ſhall only know
The truth, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.
Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, miſtaking: fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe, ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whoſe dancing beams miſlead our fond deſire,
Cauſe of our care, and error of our mind;
Oh! hadſt thou ever been by Heaven deſign'd
To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for Solomon;
On me the partial lot had been beſtow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our ſearch, ordain'd
That joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This ſad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
Born, as I was, great David's favourite ſon,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treaſures bleſt,
My name extended to the fartheſt eaſt,

My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound:
Arise (I commun'd with myself), arise;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.
I said; and sent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand;
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said:
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall:
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.
I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in *cones* forms arise,
And with a pointed spire divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an evil plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root?
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast;
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shewn
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.
Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire:
How the mute race engender, or respire,
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food;
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?
Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song?
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?
Why every land has her specific brood?
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky?

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose?
How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;
And through the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass?

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores; and, bringing home the corn, ear

By what inſtruction does ſhe bite the grain,
Left, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foreſight of her care?
Diſtinct in either inſect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yeſterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhew their paſſions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their ſtings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digeſt his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and ſinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to ſuſtain,
Though the whole fabric ſmaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reaſon grant
To the large whale, or caſtled elephant;
To thoſe enormous terrors of the Nile,
The creſted ſnake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in ſhape and name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs or larger frame?
For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract;
Now forms her work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the meaſures of our feeble ſenſe.
The object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled ſight,
Becomes mixt blackneſs, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The ſtraight looks crooked, and the ſquare grows round.
Thus, while with fruitleſs hope and weary pain,
We ſeek great Nature's power, but ſeek in vain,
Sate ſts the goddeſs in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endleſs ſhapes, which the myſterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our loſt purſuit ſhe wills, to hide
Her cloſe decrees, and chaſten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the tiger ſtill remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He ſeeks his keeper's fleſh, and thirſts his blood:
While the ſtrong camel, and the generous horſe,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the ſpur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On ſecret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverſes the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind ſpaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likeſt that fox in ſhape and ſpecies found,
Refuſes through theſe cliffs and lawns to roam,
Purſues the noted path, and covets home,
Does with kind joy domeſtic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd maſter's feet.
By what immediate cauſe they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they ſhun, and covet good;
Abhor the poiſon, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With ſeeming thought their action they intend,
And uſe the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philoſopher avers,
That reaſon guides our deed, and inſtinct theirs.
How can we juſtly different cauſes frame,
When the effects intirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
With the ſame folly, ſure, man vaunts his ſway,
If the brute beaſt refuſes to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaſter's word
Proclaims himſelf the univerſal lord,
Does he not tremble, left the lion's paw
Should join his plea againſt the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the ſchools or porches ſhould appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?
The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the ſword is girded to his loins.
When the ſwift veſſel flies before the wind,
Too late the ſailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward ſhe ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
Conſider with me this æthereal ſpace,
Yielding to earth and ſea the middle place.
Anxious I aſk you, how the penſile ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving ſun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beaſt, or colony of man;
If any nation paſs their deſtin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring ſun's direſter rays;
If any ſuffer on the Polar coaſt
The rage of Arctos and eternal froſt.
May not the pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of theſe ſome ſecret good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?
See daily flow'rs rejoice the thirſty earth,
And bleſs the flowery buds' ſucceeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer ſphere;

While by fix'd laws, and with a juſt return,
They feel twelve hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighbouring ſun, whoſe conſtant flame
Enlightens them with ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not thoſe, whoſe diſtant lot is caſt
North beyond Tartary's extended waſte;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six ſhining months purſue their even way,
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky flight,
Obſcur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I aſk, the natives of theſe climes
(As annals may inform ſucceeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own viciſſitude, and equal ſhare
Of day and night, diſparted through the year?
May they not ſcorn our ſun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſtening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our climes upbraid
Shortneſs of night, and penury of ſhade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſome ſleep, and neceſſary reſt,
Another ſun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the ſolar beams ſalute their ſight,
Bold and ſecure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remoteſt wood, and fartheſt lake;
Manage the fiſhing, and purſue the courſe
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And, when declining day forſakes their ſky,
When gathering clouds ſpeak gloomy winter nigh,
With plenty for the coming ſeaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, proceſs, clamour, woe,
Which our ſad ſcenes of daily action know:
They light the ſhining lamp, prepare the feaſt,
And with full mirth receive the welcome gueſt;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſtening fair;
And, rais'd in pleaſure, or repos'd in eaſe
(Grateful alternate of ſubſtantial peace),
They bleſs the long nocturnal influence ſhed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
In foreign iſles which our diſcoveries find,
Far from this length of continent diſjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or ſpotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infeſt the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hiſſing ſnake,
Lurk in the troubled ſtream and ſunny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beaſt,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and ſtream, infeſt;
Deriv'd theſe men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's ſhade, and one created man?
Or, grant this progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting boats from next adjacent ſhore;
Would thoſe, from whom we will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs lands and poiſon bring?
Would they on board of bears or lynxes take,
Feed the ſhe adder, and the brooding ſnake?
Or could they think the new-diſcover'd iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, ſince the ſavage lineage we muſt trace
From Noah ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd race;
How ſhould their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he ſet,
To ſow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy ſhrine;
While the great ſire's unhappy ſons are found,
Unpreſs'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in queſt of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

How ſhall we next o'er earth and ſeas purſue
The varied forms of every thing we view:
That all is chang'd, though all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of thoſe materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine ſprings and parents of the reſt,
Each become other. Water ſtopp'd gives birth
To graſs and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it riſes in a higher ſphere,
Dilates its drops, and ſoftens into air:
Thoſe finer parts of air again aſpire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies reſplendent duſt, and ſhining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its ſhape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its leſſen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and riſes into tides,

Diſparted ſtreams ſhall from their channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the diſtant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the ſkies,
Shall fall; the plain by ſlow degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than e'er it had ſtood the ſummit-hill;
For Time muſt Nature's great behoſt fulfil.

Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus Jordan's waves ſhall future clouds appear,
And Ægypt's pyramids reſine to air:
Thus later age ſhall aſk for Piſon's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel ſtood,
Now where we ſee theſe changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought theſe cloſe uneanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:
Are all things miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove we not too little, or too much?

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;

Is this more ſtrange, than that the mountain's brow,
Sripp'd by December's froſt, and white with ſnow,
Should puſh in ſpring ten thouſand thouſand buds,
And boaſt returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each ſucceſſive night from opening heaven
The food of angels ſhould to man be given?
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and ſeed, conſum'd in earth,
Raiſes its ſtore, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller ſows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harveſt flows?
Then, from whate'er we can to ſenſe produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful ſoul this general inference draws,
That an effect muſt pre-ſuppoſe a cauſe:
And, while ſhe does her upward flight ſuſtain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.
This great Exiſtence thus by reaſon found,
Bleſt by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may ſee?
Say then, is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plough-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage,
May not our power and learning be ſuppreſt,
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt?
Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul? what ſees ſhe white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas? An *iſle* the ſeat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known;
Virtues ſublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation given.
Yet farther weſt the weſtern *iſle* extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet ſhe ſends
To climates ſoiled yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.
Long ſhall Britannia (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame:
Long ſtall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:
Revered and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
Of human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet all muſt with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, though laſt, muſt die.
Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure ſky:
Behold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the morning-red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chooſing ſable for the peaceful night.
Aſk Reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were given,
And whence this great variety of heaven.
Reaſon our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
Than that the ſun illuminates the ſky;
Than that night riſes from his abſent ray,
And his returning luſtre kindles day?
But we expect the morning-red in vain:
'Tis hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears;
Our joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
With ſtars unnumber'd and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring thought;
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke:
Yet this ſolution but once more affords
New change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words:
In other garb my queſtion I receive,
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.
Lo! as a giant ſtrong, the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his courſe, yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again, when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day.
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his lamp with different luſtre crown'd;
Each knows his courſe with different periods bound;
And, in his paſſage through the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have ſhewn)
Daſt furtive beams and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun?
Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor caſt in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build;)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite,
How mean the order and perfection fought,
In the beſt product of the human thought,

Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains!
Now if the ſun to earth tranſmit his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day;
How ſmall a portion of his power is given
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter heaven?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each, by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diffuſe kind heat,
(Itſelf a ſun) and with tranſmitting light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight.
Around the circles of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe,
And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll:
Yet theſe great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different ſphere
Makes or their diſtance or their light appear)
Be ſeen a nobler or inferior ſtar,
And, in that ſpace which we call air and ſky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and ſuns, may lie,
Unmeaſur'd and unknown by human eye.
In vain we meaſure this amazing ſphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;
Whilſt its circumference, ſcorning to be brought
Even into fancy'd ſpace, illudes our vanquiſh'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant *meaſters* driven,
With which your gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd heaven?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper-ſchemes, and the Chaldean's brain?
This problem yet, this offspring of a gueſs,
Let us for once a child of truth confeſs;
That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
And terror to our ſearching dazzled ſight,
Are worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride?
Thyſelf but duſt, thy ſtature but a ſpan,
A moment thy duration, fooliſh man?
As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
That Caucaſus was raiſ'd to pave his way;
The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was deſtin'd only for his walk and food;
The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
That rounds the ample ſeas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy rock projects above the ſky,
That he in ſafety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.
A higher flight the venturous goddeſs tries,
Leaving material worlds and local ſkies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the ſpace,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);
Embattled cherub againſt cherub roſe,
Did ſhield to ſhield, and power to power oppoſe;
Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes.
What were theſe forms of which your volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting load,
Durance of chain, and baniſhment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched ſtrength to tire,
To ſwim in ſulphurous lakes, or land on ſolid fire:
While thoſe exalted to primæval light,
Exceſs of bleſſing, and ſupreme delight,
Only perceive ſome little pauſe of joys
In thoſe great moments when their Gods employs
Their miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, on the rebellious ſtate;
Or to reverſe Jehovah's high command,
And ſpeak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious ſtate in aſhes mourns?
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that preſence, which no ſpace can bind:
Is God above, beneath or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of ſight?
What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, ſpirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That theſe had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Elſe how could Abraham waſh their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah pleaſe their taſte with ſavoury meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did Lot engage
To ſave their bodies from abuſive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling angel's might?
How could a form in ſtrength with matter try?
Or how a ſpirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By ſtronger blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in whirlwinds loſt?
Have they again (as ſacred ſong proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilſt our bodies ſicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt we ſtruggle in this vale beneath
With want and ſorrow, with diſeaſe and death,

Do they, more bleſs'd, perpetual life employ
On ſongs of pleaſure, and in ſcenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world ſurvey'd,
And found, that nothing by itſelf was made;
When thought has rais'd itſelf, by juſt degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From ſmoaking mineral, and from riſing ſtreams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the ſhore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly;
Through the aërial or the watery ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reaſoning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd light;
From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlightening ſpirits, and miniſterial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sovereign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand years are but a day;
Who bade the light her genial beams diſplay,
And ſet the moon, and taught the ſun its way:
Who, waking Time, his creature, from the ſource
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd courſe;
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould has caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if he wills may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll;
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;
Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made;
And it was ſo:—and when he ſhall ordain
Another ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: Of this great theme,
His glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
His GOD, I would diſcourſe.—

The learned elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor anſwer frame
(Too plain, alas! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame);
Till one, in whom an outward mein appear'd,
And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's fartheſt reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;
That mine to ſpeak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did ſway:
And the aſtoniſh'd world in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and Jeſſe's ſon excell'd.
Humble a ſecond bow'd, and took the word;
Foreſaw my name by future age ador'd:
O live, ſaid he, thou wiſeſt of the wiſe;
As none has equall'd, none ſhall ever riſe
Excelling thee.—
Parent of wicked, bane of honeſt deeds,
Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant ſeeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With riſing pride amidſt the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harveſt of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my queſtions, in my praiſe loud,
Echo'd the word: whence things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dulleſt ſee!
My prophets and my ſophiſts finiſh'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not ſo my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring, ſtill they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the ſubterfuge of art.
To ſpeak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the ſimple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their ſchools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by falſe gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious ſcience againſt reaſon charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverſe ſect deny'd what this had taught;
And he a length the ampleſt triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.
O wretched impotance of human mind!
We erring ſtill excuſe for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing ſire eſſay'd
His folly with connected leaves to ſhade,
How does the crime of thy reſembling race
With like attempt that priſtine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedneſs of ſoul eſpy'd,
Why doſt thou ſtrive the conſcious ſhame to hide
By maſks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward ſmiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick mind by their diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myſelf, again
Perplex'd, theſe matters I revolv'd in vain.
My ſearch ſtill tir'd, my labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,

Impartial; both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing ſcale, the doubtful heavy weigh'd.
Forc'd by reflective reaſon, I confeſs,
That human ſcience is uncertain gueſs.
Alas! we graſp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that ſpirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell me what is ſpace or time?
In vain we lift up our preſumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The ſearcher follows faſt; the object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitleſs ſearch of ſomething yet behind.
Various diſcuſſions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; ſtill doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increaſes pain.
How narrow limits were to wiſdom given!
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure Heaven:
Through miſts obſcure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.
Remember, that the curs'd deſire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy ſource of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded ſtrife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming ſwords and angry cherubs guard?

PLEASURE:

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again ſeeking happineſs, inquires if wealth and greatneſs can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of muſic and feaſting; and proceeds to the hopes and deſires of love. In two epiſodes are ſhewn the follies and troubles of that paſſion. Solomon, ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of libertiniſm and idolatry; recovers his thought; reaſons aright; and concludes that, as to the purſuit of pleaſure and ſenſual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope, and Pleaſure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where ſtudy brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path that lead
To jocund mirth, ſoft joy, and careleſs eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe;
Eſſay amuſing art, and proud expence,
And make thy reaſon ſubject to thy ſenſe.
I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride;
Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond birth,
And bade a foreign ſhade grace Judah's earth:
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former ſands grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native courſe,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large caſcades in pleaſing tumult roll'd;
Or roſe through figur'd ſtone, or breathing gold;
From furtheſt Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the ſpacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the penſile garden, grows.
The workmen here obey the maſter's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various ſtone,
And on the jaſper ſteps to rear the throne:
The ſpreading cedar, that an age had ſtood,
Supreme of trees, and miſtreſs of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thouſand artiſts ſhew their cunning power,
To raiſe the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thouſand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confeſſes her exhauſted ſtore,
That on her coaſt the murex* is no more;
Till from the Parian iſle, and Libya's coaſt,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble loſt;
And India's woods return their juſt complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.
My full deſign with vaſt expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtleſs haſte,
For, the work perfected, the joy was paſt.
To my new courts ſad thought did ſtill repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe,
And reſtleſs oft' from purple couches roſe;
Vexatious thought ſtill found my flying mind
Not bound by limits, nor to place confin'd.
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and purſued my ways,
Nor ſhut from artful bower, nor loſt in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my ſoul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add muſic to magnificence:
Eſſay if harmony my grief control,
Or power of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.

* *The murex is a ſhell-fiſh, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.*

Often our ſeers and poets have confeſt
That muſic's force can tame the furious beaſt;
Can make the wolf, or foaming bear, reſtrain
His rage; the lion drop his creſted mane,
Attentive to the ſong; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minſtrel's feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe muſe ſure may human cares appeaſe.
I ſpake my purpoſe; and the cheerful choir
Parted their ſhares of harmony: the lyre
Soften'd the timbrel's noiſe; the trumpet's ſound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both ſweeter found
When mixed); the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every ſtrength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly lay;
Of opening Heaven they ſung and gladſome day.
Each evening their repeated ſkill expreſs'd
Scenes of repoſe, and images of reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain; for muſic gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The ſoft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot;
The ſolemn violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief deſcry
The fickly luſt of the fantaſtic eye;
How the weak organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of thought!) I found
The fickle ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper muſic with the ſprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions ſeem;
What takes our heart muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the muſician's hand
Hal'o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank: I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noiſe,
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;
And, as at dawn of morn fair Reaſon's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once chanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And, in the flowers that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiſs, and poiſonous ſerpent roll,
Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair hope, ſolicit young deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy's myſterious power.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my friends; my ſervants, fly; employ
Your inſtant pains to bring your maſter joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dreſs'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feaſt;
All Iſrael's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the ſpoils of war:
Before their monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs,
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the feaſt was ſerv'd, the bowl was crown'd:
To the king's pleaſure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On one (O that diſtinguiſh'd one!) I caſt
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace ſhap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her boſom roſe; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh roſes bring
To ſtrew my bed, till the impoveriſh'd Spring

Confeſs her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber ſhed,
Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight! and thou, fair nymph! draw nigh,
Thou, in whoſe graceful form and potent eye,
Thy maſter's joy long-ſought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd:
O favourite virgin! that haſt warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſovereign dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!
I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne,
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep, I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive thy honours deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſovereign word obey;
Riſe up, my love, my fair-one, come away.
What pangs, alas! what ecſtacy of ſmart,
Tore up my ſenſes, and tranſfix'd my heart,
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt,
And ſullen I forſook th' imperfect feaſt,
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper care
Our Eaſtern grandeur gives th' impriſon'd fair,
To lead her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd bower,
And bid her dreſs the bed, and wait the hour.
Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the ſteps that Love and Anger tread);
Approach'd her perſon, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my diſgrace;
By turns put on the ſuppliant and the lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or inſtant death.
Averſe to all her amorous king deſir'd,
Far as ſhe might ſhe decently retir'd,
And, darting ſcorn and ſorrow from her eyes,
What means, ſaid ſhe, King Solomon the Wiſe?
This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could fortune, but ſhe can no more.
Free to herſelf my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis ſaid, that thou canſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of ſeers! of angel, man, and brute;
Canſt plead, with ſubtle wit and fair diſcourſe,
Of paſſion's folly and of reaſon's force;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canſt ſhow,
Whence their misfortunes or their bleſſings flow;
That thou in ſcience as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With juſt advice and timely counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Iſrael! does it rove?—
What in one moment doſt thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or ſorrow, peace or ſtrife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human miſery muſt begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's ſon, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a Heathen, and a ſlave?
Or, grant thy paſſion has theſe names deſtroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all diſtinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breaſt
His flames and torments only are expreſt;
His rage can in my ſmiles alone relent,
And all his joys ſolicit my conſent.
Soft love, ſpontaneous tree, its parted root
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot;
Whilſt each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleaſing ecſtaſy which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows:
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe,
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies;
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief, it dies.
By force beaſts act, and are by force reſtrain'd;
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs ſtrength, miſtaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harveſt, though thou ſpoil'ſt the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of ſway;
Contract thy brow, and Iſrael ſhall obey:
But wilful Love thou muſt with ſmiles appeaſe,
Approach his awful throne by juſt degrees,
And, if thou would'ſt be happy, learn to pleaſe.
Not that thoſe arts can here ſucceſsful prove,
For I am deſtin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each ſwore with truth, with pleaſure each believ'd
The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd;
In equal ſcales the buſy angels weigh'd
Its ſolemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and ſpread
The laſting roll, recording what we ſaid.
Now in my heart behold the poniard ſtain'd;
Take the ſad life which I have long diſdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-ſtarr'd paſſion and my ſtedfaſt hate:
For, long as blood informs theſe circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its laſteſt power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O King, deſpair.

Now ſtrike, ſhe ſaid, and open'd bare her breaſt;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confeſt,
That David's ſon, by impious paſſion mov'd,
Smote a ſhe-ſlave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
Aſham'd, confus'd, I ſtarted from the bed,
And to my ſoul, yet uncollected, ſaid,
Into thyſelf, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again ſhalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleaſure ſought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my ſenſe, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my ſervant's ſmiles implore,
And one mad damſel dares diſpute my power?
To raviſh her! that thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the monarch to the beaſt.
To ſend her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon muſt never come?
To that inſulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, diſdaining me, ſhe keeps her charms?
Fantaſtic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape thy anger, who refuſe thy ſway,
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt who moſt obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canſt thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to ſome ſimple ſhepherd does ſhe run
From the fond arms of David's favourite ſon?
Why flies ſhe from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleaſure may thy reign ſupport,
To ſome poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with ſnow,
Where pinching want muſt curb her warm deſires,
And houſehold cares ſuppreſs thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the ſhrines of Love.
His myſtic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded ſtone, or molten gold, expreſs;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fat in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his ſide ſuſtains his ſtore
Of pointed darts; ſad emblems of his power:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous maid:
I felt him ſtrike, and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal ſhafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'ſt thy courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The damſel back, and ſave the love ſick king!
My ſoul thus ſtruggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd;
Till, hopeleſs, plung'd in an abyſs of grief,
I from neceſſity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to aſſuage my pain,
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd rein.
But O, how ſhort my interval of woe!
Our griefs how ſwift! our remedies how ſlow!
Another nymph (for ſo did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain);
Another nymph, amongſt the many fair,
That made my ſofter hours their ſolemn care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, ſhe ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſte
To grace my preſence; Abra went the laſt:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals firſt obſerv'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloſs'd, that Abra ſerv'd ſo well,
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the maid.
The ſun declin'd had ſhot his weſtern ray,
When, tir'd with buſineſs of the ſolemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I ſat to waſh my hands
(For ſo the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the ſweets, and miniſter the urn.
With awful homage, and ſubmiſſive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: ſhe trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded look ſhe now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide, a ſudden ſigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of ſorrow mean;
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Haſt thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure I added, ſure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.
Abaſh'd ſhe bluſh'd, and with diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing ſhame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble ſeries of his handmaid's care;
O! while ſhe tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death ſevere in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain:
And, though to mention be to ſuffer pain,

If the king ſmile whilſt I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his ſight,
Flow faſt, my tears, full riſing his delight.
O! witneſs earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am ſick of love;
If madneſs may the name of paſſion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed deſpair.
Thou Sovereign Power! whoſe ſecret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our ſouls!
Why haſt thou plac'd ſuch infinite degrees
Between the cauſe and cure of my diſeaſe?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra muſt expire,
Had he been born ſome ſimple ſhepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy ſheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's froſt and ſummer's ſun,
Still aſking where he made his flock to reſt at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected gueſt,
I had with haſty joy prepar'd the feaſt;
And from the cottage, o'er the diſtant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the ſwain.
Wavering, impatient, toſs'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together ſhould appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his maſter near.
On my declining neck and open breaſt
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely youth to reſt,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With ſofteſt care have ſtol'n my arm away,
To viſe and from the fold releaſe the ſheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his ſleep,
Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For ſure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had bleſt my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I deſir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the ſons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous ſong,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kiſſes of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native ſouth,
Likening his grace, his perſon, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as ſolar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from cryſtal ſtreams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his boſom fair
As ſilver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eaſtern coral, or the ſcarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the ſunny rock.
Ivory, with ſapphires interſpers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins,
Columns of poliſh'd marble, firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his legs and feet;
His ſtature all majeſtic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, ſtrong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments ſhed,
And everlaſting ſweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die; too plainly haſt thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high embrace,
And bleſſing ſtamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bleſs thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail,
O fooliſh maid! and O unhappy tale!
My ſuffering heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's diſgrace,
Imperial reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by paſſion, as ſubdued in war,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err,
This Abra then——
I ſaw her, 'twas humanity; it gave
Some reſpite to the ſorrows of my ſlave.
Her fond exceſs proclaim'd her paſſion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often, for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her perſon eaſy to my ſight,
And caſe inſenſibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer hours),
The apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet,
The cake ſhe kneaded was the ſavory meat:
But fruits their odour loſt, and meats their taſte,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raiſing their voices to the maſter lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too ſhrill;
One ſhew'd too much, and one too little ſkill;
Nor could my ſoul approve the muſic's tone,
Till all was huſh'd, and Abra ſung alone.
Fairer ſhe ſeem'd diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And better mien diſcloſ'd, as better dreſt.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juſter bounds confin'd its riſing pride;
The bluſhing ruby on her ſnowy breaſt
Render'd its panting whiteneſs more confeſs'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundneſs to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her ſenſes plea'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd,
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompenſe to prove
The certain joys that lie in proſperous love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?

The damsel's sole ambition is to please:
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
She sooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.
O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.
Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd,
We think we see through reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here generous softness warms the honest breast;
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
And against love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?
Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Insulting there does reason's power deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay;
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:
Her absence made the night, her presence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.
To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.
To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
Till Abra comes: she comes; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use),
And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her side
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise; the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound,

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watry beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love;
Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the wave.
O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no; Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phœnix 'scapes—
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide,
I shew her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Korah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she lately spoke.
Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cause,
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
The artists grieve; the labouring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfinish'd.—
The wise and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
Whose active soul through every science ran?
Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expressive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?
In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame.
Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see
How aptly luxe and empire might agree;

Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife,
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
To him who *was* the king, the friend replies.
The king, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thousand he has made.
Sadly, O Reason, is thy power express'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
For our wisdom we our pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve:
Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
And, changing sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more strictly bound!
But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!
Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
Virtue for once shall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Israel! this unhappy maid
Shall be dismiss'd; the crowd shall be obey'd:
The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.
I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far, as to expect relief
From my despair alone——
Those to write the thing I durst not speak
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
How inconsistent majesty and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well,
But never see her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the world.
Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft', all day, recall'd Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and Love alone?
How oft' all night pursued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?
When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its stronger course,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain,
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground;
The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways, my wishes took,
How they the monarch and the man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:

O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief!
Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their sway;
They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride:
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.
Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living GOD inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven?
Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
A wise child better than a foolish king.
Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.
O Reason! once again to thee I call;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth;
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If restless Passion by rebellious sway
Compels the weak usurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.
Oft' have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall.
The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.
Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store;
And, fleet weep, that, while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.

Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods asham'd;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all, and vain.

POWER.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is Vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my Soul; I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am;
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?
For various of thee priests and poets sing.
Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of will;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death?
Or, if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies?
Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest,
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade:
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear.
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amaz'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as she may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears:
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toil expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they have.

Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.
Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again;
Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power,
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noisome pestilence, that in open war
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
That worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
The blade: while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.
Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the sorest ill: while death and ease,
Oft' and in vain invok'd or to appease
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vext patient and the sickly bed.
Naught shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamel'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, the moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.
Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring time, the silver cord
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And after utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,
And view we man with health and vigour blest.
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase;
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;

The judge corrupt, the long-depending cauſe,
And doubtful iſſue of miſconſtrued laws;
The crafty turns of a diſhoneſt ſtate,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wiſdom ſhun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Eſteem we theſe, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their eſſence may we draw
From deſtin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from accident or fate?
Yet ſuch we find they ere as can control
The ſervile actions of our wavering ſoul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal ſearch! in which the labouring mind,
Still preſs'd with weight of woe, ſtill hopes to find
A ſhadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive,
Againſt experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at laſt
Has through this doleful vale of miſery paſt,
Who to his deſtin'd ſtage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut braſs, or wounded marble, ſhews
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yeſterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond deſcription happieſt he,
Who ne'er muſt roll on life's tumultuous ſea;
Who, with bleſs'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming womb,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor ſink into the tomb!
Who breathes, muſt ſuffer: and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.
"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear:
"Are not theſe general maxims too ſevere?
"Say: cannot power ſecure its owner's bliſs?
"And is not wealth the potent fre of peace?
"Are victors bleſs'd with fame, or kings with eaſe?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.
"But is no rank, no ſtation, no degree,
"From this contagious taint of ſorrow free?"
None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder ſtrain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire;
For I adapt my voice, and raiſe my lyre.
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very fear of death ſhall make you try
To catch the ſhade of immortality;
Wiſhing on earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive you to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
Falſe hope! vain labour! let ſome ages fly,
The dome ſhall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will ye think it ſtrange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old ſtation, and primæval frame,
And loſe their ſhape, their eſſence, and their name?
Reduce the ſong: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is ſorrow, and our portion pain.
What pauſe from woe, what hopes of comfort bring,
The name of wife or great, of judge or king?
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd ſome angry faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a victim to the people's eaſe;
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nouriſh'd in flattery, and eſtrang'd from truth;
At home ſurrounded by a ſervile crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and ſwords, and ſpears,
His very ſtate acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidſt a thouſand guards, he ſhews
His ſecret terror of a thouſand foes:
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a ſlave;
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with conqueſt on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and abſolves the vow:
The captive generals to his car were ty'd;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madneſs, ſhouts, and noiſe,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate;
The ſpoils and trophies, borne before him, ſhew
National loſs, and epidemic woe,
Various diſtreſs, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thouſands ſlain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the ſoldiers blood, and widows tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
In the vaſt joys of this ecſtatic hour,
And full fruition of ſucceſsful power,
One moment and one thought might let him ſcan
The various turns of life, and fickle ſtate of man.
Are the dire images of ſad diſtruſt,
And popular change, obſcur'd amid the duſt

That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise;
Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the ivory chair?
Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful crowd,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go,
Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass anew to his renown.
O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes;
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse,
What did these golden promises produce?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd;
One day, I think, in paradise he liv'd;
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring sweat must flow;
His limbs must ache, with daily toils oppress'd
Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own must grieve;
Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice;
His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft' his view
Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the stern Cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger son on the polluted ground,
First-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldest birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.
Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time;
The son still added to the father's crime;
Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made!
Withdraw thy light, thou sun! be dark, ye skies!
And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!
The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch float,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood,
The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
Present (sad prospect) can he aught descry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from nations drown'd;
And of three sons, the future hope of earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriah's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.
Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage;
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age:
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the godhead wrote, the prophet broke.

His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliah's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must and persecuted fly,
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.
For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice?
He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will,
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell,
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition must the crime atone;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The penfive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;
So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shews us what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wise,
To such advice the reasoner still replies.
Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since Time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?

Does the great word, that gave him ſenſe, ordain
That life ſhall never wake that ſenſe again?
And will no power his ſinking ſpirits ſave
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
Each evening I behold the ſetting ſun
With downward ſpeed into the ocean run:
Yet the ſame light (paſs but ſome fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;
Starts the bright race again: his conſtant flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
Theſe neither ſeaſons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their ſpeed, but endleſs is their courſe.
From his firſt fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the ſea each brook and torrent flows:
Through ſundry drops or leave or ſwell the ſtream,
The whole ſtill runs, with equal pace, the ſame;
Still other waves ſupply the riſing urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then muſt man obey the ſad decree,
Which ſubjects neither ſun, nor wind, nor ſea?
A flower, that does with opening morn ariſe,
And, flouriſhing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eaſtern blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore;
A fire, whoſe flames through crackling ſtubble fly;
A meteor ſhooting from the ſummer ſky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe: but, O my ſoul! ſo faſt
Muſt life run off, and death for ever laſt?
This dark opinion, ſure, is too confin'd;
Elſe whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does ſomething ſtill, and ſomewhere yet remain,
Reward or puniſhment, delight or pain?
Say: ſhall our relicks ſecond birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the ſad wife has cloſ'd her huſband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpſe not yet entirely dead,
The ſpirit only from the body fled;
The groſſer part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, deſtroy'd;
The ſoul, immortal ſubſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of joy, and capable of pain?
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay ſhe deign'd to dwell,
Shall ſhe with ſafety reach her priſtine ſeat?
Find her reſt endleſs, and her bliſs complete?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to ſee his better half return?
But, if ſhe has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and ſeditious ſtrife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe angels driven
From the æthereal ſeat, and bliſsful heaven,
In everlaſting darkneſs muſt ſhe lie,
Still more unhappy, that ſhe cannot die?

Amid two ſeas, on one ſmall point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we ſtand:
On either ſide our thoughts inceſſant turn?
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
Loſing the preſent in this dubious haſte,
And loſt ourſelves betwixt the future and the paſt.
Theſe cruel doubts contending in my breaſt,
My reaſon ſtaggering, and my hopes oppreſs'd,
Once more, I ſaid, once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
How does ſhe act? and where is ſhe confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe evils, that obſtruct our eaſe?
We happineſs purſue; we fly from pain;
Yet the purſuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be bleſt,
By day with pleaſure, and by night with reſt,
Some ſtronger power eludes our fickly will,
Daſhing our riſing hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which we fancy free.
That Power ſuperior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for ſacrifice our ſorrows eaſe?
And can our tears reverſe his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reaſon fails;
Throw loads of incenſe in, to turn the ſcales;
And let the ſilent ſanctuary ſhew,
What from the babbling ſchools we may not know,
How man may ſhun or bear his deſtin'd part of woe.
What ſhall amend, or what abſolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate ſtate,
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundleſs terms, whoſe doubtful ſenſe confounds.
Unequal thought! whilſt all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes muſt riſe, our ſorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.
I ſaid;—and inſtant bad the prieſts prepare
The ritual ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls aſcend the ſacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or ſtrike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and inſtruct the dance.
Follows the choſen tribe from Levi ſprung,
Chaunting, by juſt return, the holy ſong.
Along the choir in ſolemn ſtate they paſt:
—The anxious king came laſt:
The ſacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of Heaven! (I ſaid) and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe word call'd out this univerſe to birth;
By whoſe kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more;
Omniſcient Maſter, omnipreſent King,
To thee, to thee, my laſt diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that canſt ſtill the raging of the ſeas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempeſts ceaſe!
Redeem my ſhipwreck'd ſoul from raging guſts
Of cruel paſſion and deceitful luſts:
From ſtorms of rage and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy ſtrong hand this little veſſel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my courſe, and bring me ſafe to land!
If, while this weary'd fleſh draws fleeting breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
Haply be thy will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of delight, or pauſe from anxious woe;
From Now, from inſtant Now, great Sire! diſpel
The clouds that preſs my ſoul; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from Now inſpire
My tongue to ſing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous proſpects raiſe,
And for thy mercy let me ſing thy praiſe.
Or, if thy will ordains I ſtill ſhall wait
Some new Hereafter and a future ſtate,
Permit me ſtrength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raiſe my mind ſuperior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confeſs thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering ſtill adore.
So in my conqueſt be thy might declar'd,
And for thy juſtice be thy name rever'd.
My prayer ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder ſhakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle ſucceed
An awful ſilence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The ſacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambroſial odour, ſuch as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan roſe,
Does round the air evolving ſcents diffuſe:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews:
Celeſtial muſic (ſuch Jeſſides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecſtacy too fine, and pleaſure hard to bear.
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring ſoul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel ſaid:
Ceaſe, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppreſs thy paſſions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to ſorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decreaſe, and haſten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, ſtrife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the ſucceſſive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his ſon,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the ſorrows he receiv'd.
The child, to whoſe ſucceſs thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art ſcarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To luſt of arbitrary ſway inclin'd
(That curſed poiſon to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And loſe his great defence, his people's love;
Ill-counſel'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's ſtrength eraſ'd;
Shall ſigh the king diminiſh'd, and the crown
With leſſen'd rays deſcending to his ſon;
Shall ſee the wreaths, his grandſire knew to reap
By active toil and military ſweat,
Pining, incline their ſickly leaves, and ſhed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to aſſuage
Domeſtic horror and inteſtine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquiſh'd fear,
From Iſrael's arrow, and from Judah's ſpear;
Shall caſt his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with kindred-blood.
Hence labouring years ſhall weep their deſtin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, ſully'd with diſgrace.
Time, by neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Through ſcenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, leſſen'd in a parted ſtream,
Shall loſe its courſe—
Indulge thy tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme;
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by grief and ſhame,
And men ſhall from her ruins know her fame.
New Egypts yet and ſecond bonds remain,
A harſher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive ſons ſhall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their ſervitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
Theſe pointed ſpires, that wound the ambient ſky,
(Inglorious change!) ſhall in deſtruction lie
Low, levell'd with the duſt; their heights unknown.
Or meaſur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For laſting glory built, deſign'd the ſeat
Of kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred lead
Of gold, and veſſels ſet apart to GOD,
Then, by vile hands to common uſe debas'd,
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken feaſt,
With ſacrilegious taunt, and impious jeſt.
Twice fourteen ages ſhall their way complete;
Empires by various turns ſhall riſe and ſet:
While thy abandon'd tribes ſhall only know
A different maſter, and a change of woe,

With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghaſt,
Shall dread the future or bewail the paſt.
Afflicted Iſrael ſtall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the ſtreams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd limbs aſpiring but to reſt.
In the reflective ſtream the ſighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abaſh'd, ſhall hide
Her penſive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom ſhall foreſee his ſickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their cloſe embrace.
With irkſome anguiſh then your prieſts ſhall mourn.
Their long-neglected feaſts deſpair'd return,
And ſad oblivion of their ſolemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted ſeers
Shall call for fountains to expreſs their tears,
And wiſh their eyes were floods; by night, from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black ſtorms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the people ſhew
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and myſtic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant ſhall require
That they ſhould breathe the ſong, and touch the lyre,
Shall ſay: can Jacob's ſervile race rejoice,
Untun'd the muſick, and diſus'd the voice?
What can we play (they ſhall diſcourſe), how ſing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king? 815
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary laſh, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-caſt of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, ſoft, or gay? 820
Alas! when we have told the longſome day,
The fulleſt bliſs our hearts aſpire to know
Is but ſome interval from active woe,
In broken reſt and ſtartling ſleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the ſcourge, return.
Bred up in in grief, can pleaſure be our theme? 826
Our endleſs anguiſh does not nature claim?
Reaſon and ſorrow are to us the ſame.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleaſure's ſire? 830
Madneſs, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.
This is the ſeries of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illuſtrious wretch! repine not, nor reply: 835
View not what Heaven ordains with Reaſon's eye.
Too bright the object is; the diſtance is too high.
The man, who would reſolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked ſtraight:
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy ſenſe, 840
Nor let duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who muſt diſpoſe, and man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy ſum of life muſt his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill; 845
And that alone is good which centres in his will.
Yet, that thy labouring ſenſes may not droop,
Loſt to delight, and deſtitute of hope,
Remark what I, God's meſſenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err. 850
The land, at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn,
Shall from her ſad captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple ſhall ariſe, 855
And with new luſtre pierce the neighbouring ſkies.
The promis'd ſeat of empire ſhall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race diſtinguiſh'd, One ſhall ſpring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king 860
In dignity and power; ſent down from heaven,
To ſuccour earth. To Him, To Him, 'tis given,
Paſſion, and care, and anguiſh, to deſtroy.
Through Him, ſoft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd ſhall flow; 865
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.
Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth; be ſtrong: with patience and with care
Perform, and ſuffer: to thyſelf ſevere, 870
Gracious to others, thy deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; firſt of men! be beſt.
Thy ſum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be juſt. The angel ſaid.— 875
With upward ſpeed his agile wings he ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy ground I proſtrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I ſpoke: 880
Supreme, all-wiſe, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Power divine! 885
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plaſtic hand
Diſpoſe its own effect; let thy command
Reſtore, Great Father! thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may thy great will be done! 890

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP, GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY,

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
é Muſeo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Καμπάλια ſua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame!
Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

THE
TURTLE AND SPARROW.
AN
ELEGIAC TALE.
OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
PRINCE GEORGE,
1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The sparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be sure he did the turtle greet;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts express,
The margin shews by *T.* and *S.*
T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
Ye pious redbreasts, deck his hearse:
Fair swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
" For him, my friends, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant Woods;
The sound let Echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more.
" Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me stood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
" To sigh for him, with me to moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear:
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
" For him I sigh, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;
" 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
" Nor birds nor goddesses can move
" The just behests of fatal Jove.
" I saw thy mate with sad regret,
" And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
" Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
" Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
" I saw him bleeding on the ground,
" The sight tore up my ancient wound;
" And, whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
" Weep, all ye Streams; ye Mountains,
" groan;
" I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
" Still let my tender grief complain,
" Nor day nor night that grief restrain:"
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine;
" For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
" Some Passerella dead and gone."
S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou should'st avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die!—
T. —— It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.
S. When widows use this canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.
T. When Widowers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real Love.
S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one,
Alas! the pleasing game is done;
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right—" nor tears can move,
" Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All must obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withstood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You see how deeply I am read):

With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to shun his general power,
In vain absconded in a flower;
An idle scene Tithonus acted,
When to a grasshopper contracted;
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles perish, plants decay;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice discover
That folks may die some ten times over;
But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may say
(For each, you know, will have his way),
With great submission I pronounce,
That people die no more than once;
But once is sure; and death is common
To bird and man, including woman;
From the spread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers first or last
Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their hearse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verse.
As sure as Lesbia's sparrow I,
Thou sure as Prior's dove, must die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
Return to Adige, or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
"I therefore must for ever moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of brass, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t'other the collected sound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What Time itself can ne'er retrieve.
By nature lost, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, *I* to make a second choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird?—

T. — No, Sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish, nor love, again:
Distress'd, for ever let me moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad excess of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And "wept Columbo dead and gone."

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
And I for ever must deplore
"Columbo dead and gone."—*S. Encore!*
For shame! forsake this Bion-style,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with sense or health agree,
To sit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on; I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours?
"Example draws where precept fails,
"And sermons are less read than tales."

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As such will hear thee; I descend;
Hop on, and talk; but honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word
May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear.
By method things are best discours'd,
Begin we then with Wife the *first*:
A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had she,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'assemblée, her supreme delight;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great care set all amiss;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all *God knows why*:
Short was her reign, she cough'd, and dy'd.
Proceed we to my *second* bride:
Well born she was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
"No other fault had she in life,
"But only that she was my wife*."
O widow Turtle! every she
(So Nature's pleasure does decree)
Appears a goddess till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and gods are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's swan?
Ah! madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
What sparrow-dame, what dove alive,
Though Venus should the chariot drive,
But would accuse the harness weight,
If always coupled to *one* mate;

* See '*The Wife's Excuse, a Comedy.*'

And often wish the fetter broke?
Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
T. Impious! to wish to wed again,
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest;
He brought me sons; but (Jove be blest!)
He dy'd in child-bed on the nest.
Well, rest her bones! quoth I, she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory ty'd?
Must I not live, because she dy'd?
And thus I logically said
('Tis good to have a reasoning head!)
Is this my wife? *Probatur* not;
For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot:
He was, *concedo*, during life;
But, is a piece of *clay* a wife?
Again; if not a wife, d'ye see,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.
T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.
S. My children then were just pen-feather'd;
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother;
I left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Jockbones! I now again do stand
The jolliest bachelor i' th' land.
T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My *first*, my *only Love*, is dead:
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss!—
S. —Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my cousin Philly Sparrow,
Of th' elder house of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease
We liv'd, extremely at her ease;
Nor, when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercast;
We kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw;
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
The more we knew each other's mind;
Love soon grew sullen, I hard hearted;
We scolded, bated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town! I went;
Me boarded at a farm in Kent.
A magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.
My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or false; our troubles spring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
Must ill become a sparrow's head;
But then, to set that balance even,
Our cuckold sparrow goes to heaven.

The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be that you suspect:
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside of the head
Their branches shoot, their antlers spread;
Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echoed word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But those of finer taste have found
There's nothing in't beside the sound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And household peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend:
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing says
Is serious truth, in such a case;
"Who slights the evil finds it least,
"And who does nothing, does the best."
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:
In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much caress'd nor strove,
But good dissembling pass'd for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind sisters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail—
S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My *fifth*, she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to-day; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it *their's* who told it *her*.
One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor soul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,

And down she fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.
T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.
S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
"We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow!"
Then what avails superfluous sorrow?
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
"Two happy hours;" and which are they?
The *first* and *last*, perhaps you'll say.
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;
"Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
Be they of holland, or of lead.
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest.
(Ah, Turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free!)
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;
To vex one bird, in her bandore
He had at least a hundred more.
And, soon as Time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In short, she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would Heaven this mourning year were past!
One may have better luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend.
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.
T. Thy tale has vais'd a turtle's spleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old pent-house near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men;
Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under heaven.
To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where passion does with interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter * of two dearest friends,
To thee my Muse this little tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms.
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, "Ere I could write or spell,
"The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
"Told me I should the prating sparrow blame,
"And bad me imitate the turtle's flame."

DOWN-HALL: A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, 1715.

I SING not old Jason, who travell'd through Greece,
To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek,
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes, call'd Matthew and John†:
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose;
For before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;

* *Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of Edward Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Duchess of Portland.*

† *Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halstead.*

And, though I ſtill carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have juſt ſuch a place in my eye.

There are gardens ſo ſtately, and arbours ſo thick,
A portal of ſtone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week ſhall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! muſt be paid in an hour.

For things in this world muſt by law be made certain:
We both muſt repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to ſee: he muſt fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You've ſold all our premiſes over and over:
And now, if your buyers and ſellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpoſe: to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll ſee what to-night you ſo highly commend;
And, if with a garden and houſe I am bleſt,
Let the Devil and Coningſby go with the reſt.

Then anſwer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray get a calaſh,
That in ſummer may burn, and in winter may ſplaſh;
I love dirt and duſt; and 'tis always my pleaſure,
To take with me much of the ſoil that I meaſure.

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot ſo trim and ſo tight,
That extremes both of winter and ſummer might paſs:
For one window was canvas, the other was glaſs.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; Pull down, quoth friend John,
We ſhall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus, talking and ſcolding, they forward did ſpeed;
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodſon, the ſign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

Come here, my ſweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily ſo cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hoſtler that ſung about eight years ago?

And where is your ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear?
Whoſe voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! ſhe replies, you grow younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon truſt,
If I know to which queſtion to anſwer you firſt:
Why things, ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
The hoſtler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the pariſh to nurſe;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purſe;
And as to my ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her aſhes! what ſignifies grief?
She roaſted red veal, and ſhe powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely ſhe knew to cook up a fine diſh;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fiſh.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'ſquire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford;
I ſhould look on myſelf as unhappily ſped,
Did I yield to a ſiſter, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breaſt
Shall ſwim in the water in which they were dreſt:
And, becauſe you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs ſhall be next courſe, toſt up with rank bacon,

Then ſupper was ſerv'd, and the ſheets they were laid,
And Motley moſt lovingly whiſper'd the maid.
The maid! was ſhe handſome? why truly ſo-ſo:
But what Morley whiſper'd we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe heroes as briſk as the ſun,
And their horſes, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt aſk'd for the ſcore,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did eat,
A cuſtom in travellers mighty diſcreet;
And thus with great friendſhip and glee they went on,
To find out the place you ſhall hear of anon,
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to noon?
Why, of ſpots in the ſun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the ſtocks in the city,
The wiſe men of Greece, and the ſecret committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are you all?
Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no life;
Well, maſter, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

Come this very inſtant, take care to provide
Tea, ſugar, and toaſt, and a horſe and a guide,

Are the Harriſons here, both the old and the young?
And where ſtands ſair Down, the delight of my ſong?

O 'Squire, to the grief of my heart I may ſay,
I have bury'd two wives ſince you travell'd this way;
And the Harriſons both may be preſently here:
And Down ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt year.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toaſt,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine hoſt:
But we clear'd our extempore banquet ſo faſt,
That the Harriſons both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted: the horſes did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

O thou Popiſh guide, thou haſt led us aſtray,
Says he, How the Devil ſhould I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, anſwer'd Matthew, when ſhe went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps ſhe met friends, and brought pence to thy houſe,
But thou ſhalt go home without ever a ſous.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it,
We have loſt our eſtate here, before we have ſeen it,
Have patience, ſoft Morley in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our guide.

O here I ſpy Down: caſt your eye to the weſt,
Where a wind-mill ſo ſtately ſtands plainly confeſt.
On the weſt, reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find:
As well thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the weſt-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I ſpy,
But, faithful Achates, no houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
The mill ſtands before, and the houſe lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white ſhed I diſcern,
Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.

A barn! why you rave: 'tis a houſe for a ſquire,
A juſtice of peace, or a knight of our ſhire.

A houſe ſhould be built, or with brick, or with ſtone.
Why 'tis plaſter and lath; and I think that's all one;
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down,

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The ſame with the building will ſuddenly fall.
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about building agree;
My buſineſs is land, and it matters not me.

I wiſh you could tell what a duce your head ails:
I ſhew'd you Down-Hall: did you look for Verſailles?
Then take houſe and farm as John Ballet will let you,
For better for worſe, as I took my Dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wiſe is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old ſtuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow ſimple!
Are you young and rich, like the maſter of Wimple?*

If you have theſe whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er ſee five farthings;
And in yours I ſhall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finiſh your houſe, you'll have ſpent your eſtate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and, here, Mat, is my heart.
To Halſtead I ſpeed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the Firſt Part of the Ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

In the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, November 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna viſited the Muſes' ſeat
Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brighteſt of thy ſex, and beſt,
Moſt gracious neighbour†, and moſt welcome gueſt.
Not Harley's ſelf, to Cam and Iſis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;

* *Edward Earl of Oxford.*

† *The family ſeat was then at Wimple.*

Not he ſuch preſent honour ſhall receive,
As to his conſort we aſpire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neg-
leſts,
To pay due homage to the ſofter ſex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this houſe has
bred,
To ſtudy leſſons from thy morals given,
And ſhining characters, impreſs'd by Heaven.
Science in books no longer we purſue,
Minerva's ſelf in Harriet's face we view;
For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the ſemblance of a form divine.
Their pious incenſe let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of ſome bounteous king;
With grateful hand due altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good knight's* or holy prelate's† praiſe:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bleſs, your praiſes we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by ſtatute, to the fair we bow:
In ſpite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE‡ TO THE ORPHAN,

Repreſented by ſome of the Weſtminſter Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing-Room, February 2, 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN WHO ACTED CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Whom you may clap or hiſs for half a crown.
Our generous ſcenes for friendſhip we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at leaſt we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be aſk'd "whoſe patent we act under?"
How ſhall we gain you, *a la mode de France?*
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
In cutting capers we ſhall never pleaſe;
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you ſymphony and ſound?
Then you muſt each ſubſcribe two hundred pound.
There we ſhould fail too, as to point of voice:
Miſtake us not; we're no Italian boys,
But true Britons born; from Weſtminſter we come,
And only ſpeak the ſtyle of ancient Rome.

We would deſerve, not poorly beg, applauſe,
And ſtand or fall by Freind's and Busby's laws.
For the diſtreſs'd, your pity we implore:
If once refuſe'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan ſqualling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppreſt!
W. Be ſtill, you ſenſeleſs calf!
What if the gods ſhould make you bleſt?
H. Why then I'd ſing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD,
A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in ſun-ſhine weather,
Falſehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As oppoſites will ſometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itinerant maid
To reſt awhile beneath the ſhade.
Under a ſpreading beach they ſat,
And paſs'd the time with female chat;
Whilſt each her character maintain'd;
One ſpoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falſehood, ſiſter Truth
(For ſo ſhe call'd her from her youth),
What if, to ſhun yon' ſultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream;
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying ſhepherd near!—
With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
And threw her ſnowy robes aſide,
Stript herſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
Falſehood more leiſurely undreſt,
And, laying by her taudry veſt,
Trick'd herſelf out in Truth's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.
From this curſt hour, the fraudful dame
Of ſacred Truth uſurps the name.
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns, and artful tears,
And ſtarts with vain pretended fears:
In viſits ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church her ſaint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing ſtock * her conſcience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She ſecrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on ſhe will, and ſecrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one ſhe knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;

* *Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.*

† *Archbiſhop Laud alſo was a generous benefactor.*

‡ *A few lines of this prologue occur in another, which is printed in Vol. IV. p.* 313.

* *South Sea, 1720.*

As times do ſerve, ſhe ſilly pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhew her needs,
With promiſes as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil.
To-day a ſaint, to-morrow devil.
Poor Truth ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, ſcorning from her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the company you meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret danger,
In talking much before a ſtranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fix'd;
The perſons were but oddly mixt;
When ſober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
"I now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
"Have held for modeſty and truth.
"The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
"In life's great voyage never err:
"Upon this point I dare defy
"The world. I pauſe for a reply."
"Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,"
Said one who ſat a little diſtant;
"Truth decks our ſpeeches and our books,
"And modeſty adorns our looks;
"But farther progreſs we muſt take:
"Not only born to look and ſpeak:
"The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
"Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
"Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
"That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
"This queen of virtues is confeſt
"To regulate and bind the reſt.
"Thrice happy, if you once can find
"Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
"All different graces ſoon will enter.
"Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening Poſt;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth.
"Methinks we're in the like condition,
"As at the treaty of partition:
"That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
"Begat another tedious war.
"Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
"Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league:
"In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
"Poor man! he found enough to do.
"Sometimes to me he did apply:
"But down-right Dunſtable was I,
"And told him where they were miſtaken,
"And counſel'd him to ſave his bacon:
"But (paſs his politicks and proſe)
"I never herded with his foes;
"Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
"I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
"Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
"Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
"Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
"The women all were on my ſide.
"For Alma I return'd him thanks;
"I lik'd her with her little pranks.
"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme.
"Was much too grave to be ſublime."
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in and ſpoke.
"Of all the gifts the gods afford
"(If we may take old Tully's word),
"The greateſt is a friend, whoſe love
"Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove:
"From ſuch a treaſure never part,
"But hang the jewel on your heart:
"And, pray, Sir (it delights me), tell,
"You know this Author mighty well—"
"Know him! d'ye queſtion if? Ods-fiſh!
"Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
"I lov'd him; as I told you, I
"Adviſ'd him"—Here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke;
"Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire:
"The man you talk with is Mat Prior."
Patron through life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorſet! to thee, this Fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth:
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorſets live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
Whilſt wit and beauty reign'd:

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt *ſhe* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

* *Lady Catharine Hyde, now Duch. of Queenſberry.*

What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl as well as she*,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown,
The Goddess spy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand)
So shone, says she, my eyes†,
When from two goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind‡
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

Like this§, disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air;

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddess cry'd,
Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

* *The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.*
† *Lady Ranelagh.*
‡ *Lady Salisbury.*
§ *Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.*

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

" Nympha, precor, Penei, mane."

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (aside)

This care is for himself, as sure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown am I:
I Claros isle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Pish! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!—
That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig;
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I sing—

DAPHNE.

—That never shall be Daphne's choice;
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, caress'd —

DAPHNE.

— Ours is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town, and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks, and brother beaux.
Memorials only and Reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not kill,
In yond'r thicket exercise your skill;

Shoot there at hearts; but for the human heart,
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'st be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come;
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics; how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
These sort of folks will to each other tell,
That you respect me; that, you know, looks well.
Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way.
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
And now and then a jewel from the East;
A lacquer'd cabinet, some china ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore:
Fourscore; your're good at numbers; let us see,
Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noise and strife.
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They'll quickly end, you see; what finality
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your business takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear;
Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.
Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these!
She said; but what the amorous God reply'd,
(So fate ordain'd) is to our search deny'd;
By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay in infant years,
Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind.
The sire being under ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd and numerous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd; and shew'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.
Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyster'd from common joys and just delights;
How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first care, by numerous griefs oppress
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful how soe'er, may'n't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.
But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it seems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.
Well then, dear brother——
As sure as Hudi's * sword could swaddle,
Two mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted; (did they so, an't please you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir), to ease you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages!)
Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.

* *Hudibras.*

After much buſs, and great grimace
(Uſual you know in ſuch a caſe),
Much chat aroſe, what had been done,
What might before next ſummer's ſun;
Much ſaid of France, of Suffolk's goodneſs,
The gentry's loyalty mob's rudeneſs.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle:
Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in ſenſe;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raiſe poſterity:
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll ſave, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propoſe is juſt, I ſwear it;
Or may I periſh, by this claret!
The dice are thrown, chooſe this or that
('Tis all alike to honeſt Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After ſome thought, ſome Portugueſe *,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:
Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Truſt me, I'll do for't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purſe from money;
He got a luſty ſqualling boy
(Doubtleſs the dad's and mamma's joy).
In ſhort, to make things ſquare and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And ſends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a baſket
(Granted as ſoon as e'er I aſk it):
A coat not of the ſmalleſt ſcantling,
Frocks, ſtockings, ſhoes, to grace the bantling;
Theſe too were ſent (or I'm no drubber),
Nay, add to theſe the fine gum-rubber;
Yet theſe won't do, ſend t'other coat,
For, faith the firſt's not worth a groat;
Diſmally ſtrunk, as herrings ſhotten,
Suppoſ'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of ſtuff more durable, and ſtronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the Fable.
From this, and letters of the ſame make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-ſake.
Cold and hard times, Sir, here (believe it).
I've loſt my curate too, and grieve it.
At Eaſter, for what I can ſee,
(A time of eaſe and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiſs your hands, and viſit London.
Molly ſends greeting; ſo do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

* *Snuff.*

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monſter that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle Riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus was reſolv'd to go,
And try what Strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis Man, ſaid he, who, weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts a ſtick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater ſtranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE,

TO THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE* 1712.

I *ſtood*, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a biſhop's throne your ſeat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great ſoul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a biſhop's throne,
Pay *homage* † to the Queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney ſtood decently crying,
'Tis in vain, ſaid the woman, to make ſuch ado,
For to our long home we muſt all of us go!
True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the worſt
For us that remain, the beſt always go firſt;
Remember, dear wife, that I ſaid ſo laſt year,
When you loſt your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

* *See the hiſtory of this epigram, Gent. Mag.* 1774, *p.* 16.

† *Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Maſter of St. John's, as a Fellow of that College, thought ſome reſpect was due to the public character which he had juſt before ſuſtained in France.*

Trim the boat, and ſit quiet, ſtern Charon reply'd:
You may have forgot; you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou ſpoil'ſt the beſt project of life!
Said Gabriel, who ſtill, as he bury'd one wife,
For the ſake of her family, marry'd her couſin;
And thus, in an honeſt collateral line,
He ſtill marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full ſorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

POOR Hal caught his death, ſtanding under a ſpout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'ſt theſe moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jeſt, looking wiſtly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you ſeem ſomething round in the belly.
Nell anſwer'd him ſnappiſhly, How can that be,
When my huſband has been more than two years at ſea?
Thy huſband! quoth Dick: why that matter was carry'd
Moſt ſecretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

ON A FART, LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I ſmelt, and ſo I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæſar's was my death,
Who in the Senate loſt his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia ſhares,
First writes a *billet-doux*, then ſays her prayers:
Her maſs and toilet; veſpers and the play;
Thus God and Aſhtaroth divide the day:
Conſtant ſhe keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Eaſter calls all Iſrael to her tent:
Looſe without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She ſtill repeats the ſins ſhe would conceal.
Envy herſelf from Silvia's life muſt grant,
An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd ſomething like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miſcarry;
He, that does heaven and earth controul,
Alone has power to form a ſoul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
'Squire Wallis, you will ſcarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, Madam, may with ſafety go,
Decrees of deſtiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happineſs ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To choſen favourites of Heaven.
But, ſuch is my uncertain ſtate,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate,
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predeſtinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No ſecrets elſe, that mortals learn,
My cares deſerve, or life concern:
But this will ſo important be,
I dread to ſearch the dark decree;
For, while the ſmalleſt hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain diſtant views my fancy pleaſe,
And give ſome intermitting eaſe:
But, ſhould the ſtars too plainly ſhow
That you have doom'd my endleſs woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild deſpair.
This ſecret then I dare not know,
And other truths are uſeleſs now.
What matters, if unbleſt in love,
How long or ſhort my life will prove?
To gratify what low deſire,
Should I with needleſs haſte inquire
How great, how wealthy I ſhall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It muſt proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM

IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had treſpaſs'd on the fold,
And the robb'd ſhepherd his ſad ſtory told;
"Call in Alcides," ſaid a craſty prieſt;
"Give him one half, and he'll ſecure the reſt."
No! ſaid the ſhepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,

To their commands I willingly reſign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there ſeems but little odds,
Who prove the greateſt robbers, wolves or gods!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay bleſt in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights in one he preſt her in his arms;
The ſun lay ſet, and conſcious Nature ſtrove
To ſhade her God, and to prolong his love.
From that auſpicious night Alcides came;
What leſs could riſe from Jove, and ſuch a dame?
May this auſpicious night with that compare,
Nor leſs the joys, nor leſs the riſing heir;
He ſtrong as Jove, ſhe like Alcmæna fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY-MASTER-GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

WILL Piggot * muſt to Coxwould † go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unleſs Sir Thomas ſay, No, no;
Th' allowance is too ſcant.
The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings n'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will muſt live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal ſoul regale.

Spare diet, and ſpring-water clear,
Phyſicians hold are good:
Who diets thus, need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But paſs—The Æſculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the beſt,
They ſeldom miſs to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their faſt.

Could Yorkſhire-tyke but do the ſame,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To ſtarve thou doſt him drive.

In Will's old maſter's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be bleſt!
What need of ſpeaking in his praiſe?
His goodneſs ſtands confeſt.

At his fam'd gate ſtood Charity,
In lovely ſweet array;
Ceres and Hoſpitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be conciſe,
Truth muſt Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in diſguiſe,
For naked ſtill is ſhe.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can ſet the Pilgrim free,
And make him ceaſe to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! ſave him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he muſt hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends aſtray,
At Coxwould he muſt die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but ſtand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'ſt command;
Thus William's wiſhes crown.

* *This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.*

† *Twelve miles north beyond the city of York.*

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muſes ſpoke the Cyprian Dame;
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
"My ſon ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts,
"Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!"
The Muſes anſwer'd, "Venus, we deride
"The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
"Send him to nymphs who ſleep on Ida's ſhade,
"To the looſe dance, and wanton maſquerade;
"Our thoughts are ſettled, and intent our look,
"On the inſtructive verſe, and moral book:
"On female idleneſs his power relies;
"But, when he finds us ſtudying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aſide,
A ruſtic wallet o'er his ſhoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new miſchief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whiſtled, and his wheat he ſow'd;
Then ſat and laugh'd, and to the ſkies above
Raiſing his eye, he thus inſulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful ſtorms reſtrain,
And, as I bid you, let it ſhine, or rain;
Elſe you again beneath my yoke ſhall bow,
Feel the ſharp goad, and draw the ſervile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.
Talking of you, ſaid he, my dear,
Two of the greateſt wits in town,
One aſk'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.
Her own! moſt certain, t'other ſaid;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was ſign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent ſhe,
Who values wit much leſs than ſenſe,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)
Reply'd, theſe friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to ſatire!
But pr'ythee, huſband, let one hear
Sometimes leſs wit, and more good-nature.
Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have ſpoil'd your friend's conceit:
Some hair I have, I'm ſure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to ſee't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when ſtars appear,
And ſtrong Boötes turns the bear;
When mortals ſleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there! ſays I, who knocks ſo late,
Diſturbs my dreams, and breaks my reſt?
"O fear not me, a harmleſs gueſt,
He ſaid, but open, open, pray!
A fooliſh child, I've loſt my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light."
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haſte I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtleſs of my fate:
I ſet the child an eaſy chair
Againſt the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton miſchief bent,
Said, Deareſt friend, this bow you ſee,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Obſerve, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has ſpoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and ſtruck I found
Within my breaſt a ſecret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leapt away, and laughing ſaid,
"Kind hoſt, adieu! we now muſt part;
"Safe is my bow, but ſick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muſe's ſenſe,
Young Hinchinbroke ſo very proud is,
That Sachariſſa and Hortenſe
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
Yet ſhe to one muſt ſtill ſubmit,
To dear Mamma muſt pay her duty;
She wonders, praiſing Wilmot's wit,
Thou ſhould'ſt forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any ſubject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He ſhould poſſeſs to all degrees
The art of talking, he practiſes
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a wife doth Liſſy make,
That from all company ſhe flieth;
Such virtuous courſes doth ſhe take,
That ſhe all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her deareſt ſpouſe's ſake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boaſt of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at thoſe who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,
And Stella's plumpneſs into dropſy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their diſtempers ſeen.
But thou, for all thy ſeeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's ſkill;
No lenitives can thy diſeaſe aſſuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHIST I in priſon or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deſerve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, haſt thou try'd
By taking from my ſtate, to quell my pride:
Inſulting girl! thy preſent rage abate,
And, would'ſt thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields ſeek new delight:
My Phillis does ſuch joys inſpire,
No other objects pleaſe my ſight.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landſcape grace:
No ſhade ſo lovely as her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as in her face.

Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Tranſparent is her ſkin ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt yield.

Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Though ſung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the ſun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cheriſh'd by them, my love takes root,
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' inchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

NO—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply,
Oh, Sir! no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high!

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the pressing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by Love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd.
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the Squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friend she is betray'd?

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rochester † preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another.
We are not for carping; but, this I can tell,
He preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM ‡

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is the ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due;
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

* *Bishop of Gloucester.*
† *Bishop Atterbury.*
‡ *See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.*

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest, or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, though knave, still "Brother dear," he cries;
And who can say the reverend Prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Ostermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The trade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Ashmole's † books)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And Kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA

ON PAM AT LOO.

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your hands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

* *Titles of Honour.* † *Order of the Garter.*

ANOTHER.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We ſiſters owe to art our ſecond birth;
The ſmith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are ſtraiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They ſerve the poor for uſe, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, ſwim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam firſt began,
None but ungodly Woolſton doubts;
And that his ſon, and his ſon's ſon,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his ruſtic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's ſons,
And ſons of Anſtis* by election,

Kinſale! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plough;
When this in ſtory ſhall be told,
Add, that my kindred do ſo now,

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent ſtate,
Who never begs, and ſeldom eats,
Himſelf can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE PREACHILL admires what we laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleaſure are ſway'd:
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid.

To ſuppreſs all his carnal deſires in their birth,
At all hours a luſty young huſſy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thouſand a year.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

WHY thus from the plain does my ſhepherdeſs rove,
Forſaking her ſwain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you ſee how I die,
Oh! give ſome relief to the ſwain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to ſay,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my ſheep run aſtray?

Need I tell what I mean, that *I* languiſh alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may gueſs 'tis for one.

A CASE STATED.

NOW how ſhall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear Dick*, give me counſel, if friendſhip be any;
Pry'thee purge, or let blood! ſurly Richard reply'd,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny†.

While I pleaded with paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than a year;
She look'd in an almanack, whence ſhe obſerv'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'lemew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her ſpark ſaying nothing talks better than I.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted ſight,
And therefore pardon'd when ſhe did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as ſhe wanted eyes, ſhe could not hear;
I begg'd that ſhe would give me leave to loſe,
A thing ſhe does not commonly refuſe!
Two matadores are out againſt my game,
Yet ſtill I play, and ſtill my luck's the ſame:
Unconquer'd in three ſuits it does remain,
Whereas I only aſk in one to gain;
Yet ſhe, ſtill contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives ſucceſs in every ſuit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents ſpoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond deſire.

Oh! raiſe thy voice! one ſong I aſk,
Touch then thy harmonious ſtring;
To Thyrſis eaſy is the taſk,
Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

Two kiſſes from my mother dear,
Thyrſis, thy due reward ſhall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I ſtraight reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone
That brighteſt Chloe rules my breaſt;
I'll ſing thee two inſtead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me bleſt.

* *Garter King at Arms.*

* *Mr. Shelton.* † *Mrs. Durfey.*

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more,
I crave: He promis'd me success;
I play'd with all my skill and power,
My glowing passion to express.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And, by thy grant, his power show?

To the EARL of OXFORD,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER TO THE *Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley,* WHEN A CHILD.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere:*
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON THE SMALL-COAL-MAN, PAINTED BY MR. WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Muse's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere:
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Next Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
"You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now?"

WRITTEN IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not shew the dart:
What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I PRAY, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble servant,
ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I PRAY Lady Harriot the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine,
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd;
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due;
Here lies the mortal part of True:
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better those that are alive.
His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.
By long obedience he confest
That serving her was to be blest—
Ye murmurers, let True convince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er skull'd from whence his sovereign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were safe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then, that the packets were lost?
These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Post.

THE VICEROY,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

OF Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthral.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curse and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot * of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land†,
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterously he did abuse
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

On all provisons destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick.

The sutlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which provisons were so scant,
That hundreds there did die.
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie*.

That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straightway should hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile:
With Satan who dispute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done't, I trow,
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewise traiterously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the King's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sous had they:
His excellence had each man sobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

* *Lord Coningsby, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.*

* *The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.*

† *Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris.* 1693.

Nero, without the leaſt diſguiſe,
The papiſts at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Proteſtants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To reſt themſelves content.

For he did baſely them refuſe
All legal remedy;
The Romans ſtill be well did uſe,
Still ſcreen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I ſhall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The beſt of Queens he hath revil'd,
Before and ſince her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, ſmil'd
When ſhe reſign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him beſtow'd,
Like Luciſer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But liſten, Nero, lend thy ears,
As ſtill thou haſt them on;
Hear what Britannia ſays with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! ſacred be her memory,
"For ever dear her name!
"There never was, nor e'er can be,
"A brighter, juſter dame.

"Bleſt be my ſons, and eke all thoſe
"Who on her praiſes dwell!
"She conquer'd Britain's fierceſt foes,
"She did all queens excel.

"All princes, kings, and potentates,
"Ambaſſadors did ſend:
"All nations, provinces, and ſtates,
"Sought Anna for their friend.

"In Anna they did all confide,
"For Anna they could truſt:
"Her royal faith they all had try'd,
"For Anna ſtill was juſt.

"Truth, mercy, juſtice, did ſurround
"Her awful judgment-ſeat,
"In her the Graces all were found,
"In Anna all complete.

"She held the ſword and balance right,
"And ſought her people's good;
"In clemency ſhe did delight,
"Her reign not ſtain'd with blood.

"Her gracious goodneſs, piety,
"In all her deeds did ſhine,
"And bounteous was her charity;
"All attributes divine.

"Conſummate wiſdom, meekneſs all,
"Adorn'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
"When they from her fair lips did fall;
"And ſweet her lovely look.

"Ten thouſand glorious deeds to crown,
"She caus'd dire war to ceaſe:
"A greater empreſs ne'er was known;
"She fix'd the world in peace.

"This laſt and godlike act achiev'd,
"To heaven ſhe wing'd her flight:
"Her loſs with tears all Europe griev'd;
"Their ſtrength, and dear delight.

"Leave we in bliſs this heavenly ſaint,
"Revere, ye juſt, her urn;
"Her virtues high and exoellent,
"Aſtrea gone we mourn.

"Commemorate, my ſons, the day
"Which gave great Anna birth:
"Keep it for ever and for aye,
"And annual be your mirth!"

Illuſtrious George now fills the throne,
Our wiſe benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions ſing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raiſe to high degree!
Well thou thy honours haſt ſuſtain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancetry.

But paſs—Theſe honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou haſt ſhed,
Thy guilty ſoul affright?

Oh! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliſs and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And ſet thy wit to ſale.

How thou art loſt to ſenſe and ſhame,
Three countries witneſs be:
Thy conduct all juſt men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Juſtice waits thee, well I ween,
Her ſword is brandiſh'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance ſcreen,
Nor canſt thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering ſteel is ſure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once ſincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY Mr. PRIOR*.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

FAIR Sylvia, ceaſe to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thouſand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I ſaw theſe eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the ſkies,
And vaniſh into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never ſettle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

FOR many unſucceſsful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Deſpair'd, but durſt not pray.

No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of any ſaint above,
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful dame look'd down
With an inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or toſs'd her head aſide.

When Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
"Uſe more prevailing charms,
"Fond, whining, modeſt fool, draw near,
"And claſp her in your arms.

"With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
"From Cynthia's feet depart;
"The lips he warmly muſt invade,
"Who would poſſeſs the heart."

With that I ſhook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what ſhe for years
Had fooliſhly deny'd.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN IN THE SPRING.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's ſhade,
With folded arms and eyes caſt down,
Gently repos'd his love-ſick head:

Whilſt Thyrſis ſporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the diſcontented youth complain:

"Aſk not the cauſe why ſickly flowers
"Faintly recline their drooping heads;
"As fearful of approaching ſhowers,
"They ſtrive to hide them in their beds,
"Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
"And feel with him a ſympathy of woe.

"Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
"Regardleſs of her dying ſwain,
"Leaves him to languiſh, to deſpair,
"And murmur out in ſighs his pain.
"The fugitive to fair Auguſta flies,
"To make new ſlaves, and gain new victories.

"So reſtleſs monarchs, though poſſeſs'd
"Of all that we call ſtate or power,
"Fancy themſelves but meanly bleſt,
"Vainly ambitious ſtill of more.
"Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
"Not ſatisfy'd with private ſway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

"In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
"In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A LADY once (ſo ſtories ſay)
By rats and mice infeſted,
With gins and traps long fought to ſlay
The thieves; but ſtill they ſcap'd away,
And daily her moleſted.

Great havock 'mongſt her cheeſe was made,
And much the loſs did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin ſwift as lightning flew,
Thouſands of mice he daily ſlew,
Thouſands of rats defeated.

Ne'er cat before ſuch glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-ſhone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him ſhe did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

* *By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have aſcribed them. N.*

* *The hints of this and the following Fable appear to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in "The General Poſtſcripts," Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both aſcribed to Dr. Swift. N.*

She cannot bear, ſhe ſwears ſhe won't
To ſee the cat regarded;
But firmly is reſolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatſoe'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat diſcarded.

She begs, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe fawns, ſhe frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pet,
Grimalkin coſt her more in meat
Than all the rats deſtroy'd.

At length this ſpiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To ſatisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again reſtor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuouſly kept at bed and board,
And he (ſo Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin ſave her.

Nab much exults at this ſucceſs,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does careſs,
And tells her, Fubb can do no leſs
Than all her foes deſtroy.

But vain ſuch hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's diſcarded;
Whilſt Fubb till ten, on ſilken bed,
Securely lolls his drowſy head,
And leaves cheeſe unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatſoe'er the vermin ſpare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them ſhare,
Nor pie nor pipin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and ſlander Grim;
Nab ſays, the cat comes out of ſpight,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn ſecure in garret high,
Nor cheeſecake ſafe in cloſet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every ſhelf the vermin prey;
And ſtill Grimalkin does it.

The grains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had ſpoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheeſe alſo.

With this ſame lady once their liv'd
A truſty ſervant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And haſten'd to her aid.

Much art ſhe us'd for to diſcloſe
And find out the deceit;
At length ſhe to the lady goes,
Diſcovers her domeſtic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the ſenſe of her miſtake,
The lady, diſcontented,
Reſolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forſake,
Leſt ſhe again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT;
A FABLE*.

A WIDOW kept a favourite cat;
At firſt a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown ſleek and fat,
With many a mouſe, and many a rat,
He ſoon diſclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly ſtunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces ſold;
And Puſs grew lion-hearted.

He ſcratch'd her maid, he ſtole the cream,
He tore her beſt lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'ſcapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wiſely did decree,
For fear he ſhould diſpatch more,
That the falſe wretch ſhould worried be;
But in a ſaucy manner he
Thus ſpeech'd it like a Lechmere*;

"Muſt I, again all right and law,
"Like pole-cat vile be treated?
"I, who ſo long with tooth and claw,
"Have kept domeſtic mice in awe,
"And foreign foes defeated!

"Your golden pippins, and your pies,
"How oft have I defended!
"'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
"I tore in frolick; to your eyes
"I never harm intended.—

"I am a cat of honour."—"Stay!"
Quoth ſhe, "no longer parley;
"Whate'er you did in battle ſlay,
"By law of arms, became your prey:
"I hope you won it fairly.

"Of this we'll grant you ſtand acquit,
"But not of your outrages:
"Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
"To make my cream a perquiſite,
"And ſteal, to mend your wages?

"So flagrant is thy inſolence,
"So vile thy breach of truſt is,
"That longer with thee to diſpenſe,
"Were want of power, or want of ſenſe—
"Here, Towzer!—do him juſtice."

* *In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII 454, this Fable is ſaid to be by Prior or Swift, In Beyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is applied to the Duke of Marlborough, it is ſaid to be by Swift or Prior. N.*

* *The celebrated lawyer. N.*

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. Abel.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diſeaſes;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendſhip truly pleaſes.
My wealth, my books, my flaſk, my Molly;
Farewell all, if friendſhip ceaſes.

II. Set by Mr. Purcell.

WHITHER would my paſſion run,
Shall I fly her, or purſue her?
Loſing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breaſt,
Love and Reaſon! ceaſe your war,
And order Death to give me reſt;
So each will equal triumph ſhare.

III. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With ſuch rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I ſo much prize,

But I plainly ſee the reaſon,
Why in vain I you purſued;
Her to gain 'twas out of ſeaſon,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. Set by Mr. Smith.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now muſt part.

You ſigh and weep; the Gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall;
Our joy and grief with like reſpect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our ſtate:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourſelf to grief reſign;
Who knows but that thoſe powers may,
The pair they now have parted, join?

But ſince they have thus cruel been,
And could ſuch conſtant lovers ſever;
I dare not truſt, leſt, now they're in,
They ſhould divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what ſcore;
This our laſt parting look believe,
Believe we muſt embrace no more.

Yet ſhould our ſun ſhine out a little,
And Fortune, without more delay,
Throw out one reconciling caſt,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleaſure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to ſee
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But ſay, ſhould Heaven bring no relief,
Suppoſe our ſun ſhould never riſe;
Why then what's due to ſuch a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her ſake I undergo,
Tell her for her how I ſuſtain
A lingering fever's waſting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only ſhe can cure.

But, oh! ſhe ſcorns to hear, or ſee
The wretch that lies ſo low as me;
Her ſudden greatneſs turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. Set by Mr. Smith.

PHILLIS, ſince we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleaſure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainſt her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
Keep in ſome glowings of deſire;
But ſtill thoſe glowings which remain,
Are only aſhes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's ſoul,
And laugh at the dull conſtant fool,
Who would Love's Liberty control,
And teach us how to wiſhe by rule.

Let us no impoſitions ſet,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleaſure firſt we met,
So now for pleaſure let us part.

We both have ſpent our ſtock of love,
So conſequently ſhould be free;
Thyrſis expects you in yon' grove,
And pretty Chloris ſtays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modeſtly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me ſo dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a ſham:
Since any one may plainly ſee,
You'd only ſave yourſelf with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. Set by Mr. Smith.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myſelf to leave you.

Staying, I my vows ſhall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows ſtronger;
Fierce deſires will ſure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare truſt myſelf no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Leſt I ſhould have gain'd the treaſure,
Made my vows and oaths deſtroy
The pleaſing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleaſure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in ſilence hid my anguiſh,
But I cannot promiſe too,
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languiſh.

For in thee ſtrange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof againſt thoſe eyes,
Beſt reſolves and ſtricteſt ties
To their force muſt ſoon ſurrender.

But, Dorinda, you're ſevere,
I moſt doating, thus to ſever;
Since from all I hold moſt dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myſelf for ever.

IX. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts ſo ſeldom ſympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'ſt make two youthful hearts
One amorous ſhaft obey;
'Twould ſave thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy ſway.

Forbear, alas! thus to deſtroy
Thyſelf, thy growing power;
For that which would be ſtretch'd by joy,
Deſpair will ſoon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentleſs fair,
For thy own ſake and mine;
That boundleſs bliſs may be my ſhare,
And double glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. Smith.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you ſo ſad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you ſtark-mad.
'Tis the miſtreſs, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleaſure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the moſt cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it ſtrengthens the other.

XI. Set by Mr. Smith.

SINCE my words, though ne'er ſo tender,
With ſincereſt truth expreſt,
Cannot make your heart ſurrender,
Nor ſo much as warm your breaſt:

What will move the ſprings of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou myſterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,
Thus, by ſeeming not to know
What ſo plainly all diſcover,
What his eyes ſo plainly ſhew.

Fair one, 'tis yourſelf deceiving,
'Tis againſt your reaſon's law:
Atheiſt-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to diſbelieve the cauſe.

XII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without deſign,
Can never loſe the ſmalleſt part
Of ſuch a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thouſand ſeveral ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While paſſion, which her beauties raiſe,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Muſt it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor diſſembling art.

Tell the ſecret, ſhew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am loſt if we're aſunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

TOUCH the lyre, on every ſtring,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will ſing
A ſong which ſhall immortal be;
Since ſhe I ſing's a deity;
A Leonora, whoſe bleſt birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. Set by Mr. Smith.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been ſo ſtill!
Enjoying ſweeteſt liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not maſter of my heart,
Cupid does ſo decide,
That two ſhe-tyrants ſhall it part,
And ſo poor me divide.

Victoria's will I muſt obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has ſuch a taking way,
She charms my very ſoul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and ſmiles,
Into her ſnares I run:
Victoria ſhews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not ſhun.

From one I fancy every kiſs
Has ſomething in't divine;
And, awful, taſte the balmy bliſs,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though ſhe be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis ſweet with ſuch a laſs
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you ſee a ſhared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecaſt,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches faſt,
When both muſt quit the field.

XVI. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we muſt part;
The charm has loſt its power,
Which held ſo faſt my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadſt thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er ſo ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee ſtill.

But know, my ſoul diſdains thy ſway,
And ſcorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliſs you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much diſdain'd
By me, and ſcorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have ſpent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almoſt relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Becauſe thou hadſt my love.

XVII. Set by Mr. Smith.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart,
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your ſlave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have ſent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow ſhall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

NANNY bluſhes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly ſays, I ſhall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! ſhe cries.

But her breaſts while I am preſſing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd ſhe ſeems to taſte the bleſſing,
And her kiſſes anſwer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently puſh me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. Set by Mr. Smith.

SINCE we your huſband daily ſee
So jealous out of reaſon,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him ſo with reaſon.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A ſot, within thy arms,
Taſting the moſt divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While fretting I muſt lie alone,
Curſing the powers divine,
That undeſervedly have thrown
A pearl unto a ſwine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning paſſion cool;
Let me, at leaſt, in thee have part
With thy inſipid fool.

XX. Set by C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over.
We too long have time abus'd;
I ſhall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's ſtill refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonſenſe out of meaſure,
Without ending, thus to ſee
Women forc'd to taſte a pleaſure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly ſhare you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or cenſure ſpare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
  Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
  Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the ſwains on you attending
  Show how much your charms deſerve;
But, miſer-like, for fear of ſpending,
  You amidſt your plenty ſtarve.

While a thouſand freer laſſes,
  Who their youth and charms employ,
Though their beauty their's ſurpaſſes,
  Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
  Haſte to the bower thy ſwain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And ſtrew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my ſheep ſhall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my ſheep are dumb.
Great God of Love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the ſheep, to her ſo dear;
My own, alas! are leſs my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the ſheep ſtray.

XXII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
  And ſnatch'd ſo ſoon from thoſe dear arms,
Againſt my will I muſt obey,
  And leave thoſe ſweet endearing charms.

Yet ſtill love on, and never fear,
  But you and conſtancy will prove
Enough my preſent flame to bear,
  And make me, though in abſence, love.

For, though your preſence fate denies,
  I feel, alas! the killing ſmart;
And can, with undiſcerned eyes,
  Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
  To eaſe his tortur'd breaſt;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
  And makes his pain a jeſt.

Ah! fair-one, why to me ſo coy?
  And why to him ſo true,
Who with more coldneſs ſlights the joy,
  Than I with Love purſue?

Die then, unhappy Lover! die;
  For, ſince ſhe gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
  A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your ſcorn outlive,
  'Twere folly: ſince to me
Not love itſelf a joy can give,
  But, Amorec, in thee.

XXIV. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

WELL! I will never more complain,
  Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But ſelf-conceitedneſs does reign
  In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
  Nor would permit a ſight:
I rag'd: for I could not eſpy,
Or think that any harm could lie
  Diſguis'd in that delight.

At laſt, my wiſhes to fulfil,
  They did their power reſign;
I ſaw her; but I wiſh I ſtill
Had been obedient to their will,
  And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
  Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will ſubmit,
And think that beſt which they think fit,
  Without the leaſt regret.

XXV. Set by Mr. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
  And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
  Fit to make a handſome woman.

But we do not only find
  Here a lovely face or feature;
For ſhe's merciful and kind,
  Beauty's anſwer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
  Of her favours never ſparing,
And, as all good Chriſtians ſhould,
  Keeps poor mortals from deſpairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
  And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainſt all harms,
  Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
  When her black eyes have rais'd deſire,
Should ſhe not her bucket bring,
  And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
  How can I help deſpairing?
Let cruel fate us ſtill purſue,
  There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas ſhe alone could calm my ſoul,
  When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could controul,
  And into joys deceive me.

Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
  Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or ſong,
  Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever:
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight:
And shall soon be broken hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph, or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely as fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair,

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose.
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory inchas'd,
Her teeth are well-plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis Heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay;
The Graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA

AD

COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM 1684.

AD JANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora sertis,
Nestoreos poscant fœmina virque dies;
Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras:
O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies;
Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pene dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, solicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solum ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM

AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces;
Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu:
Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.
Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.
O si Mæcenas major mihi riserit, O si
Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
Inciperet præsul grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

" —Dum bibimus—
Obrepit non intellecta senectus."

SISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.
I brevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.
Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de sertis lapsa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor. M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI
THOMÆ SPRAT,
EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis.
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, auctæ sacerdos,
Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma viri decuit tempora, mitra senis. M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus bonorumque omnium studia insulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum cliens eôminus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, et tuos in ecclesiâ honores & ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM,

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi.
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O si te canerem, præsul venerabilis, O si
Fistula cum titulis crescret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota supersunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimè pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari
Favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

" QUICQUID VULT, VALDE VULT."

DUM tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet,
Nil facit instantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,
TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM.
1689.
Lemma, " Sustentare et Debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidit major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra Cæciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem:
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitêre Deos.

EPITAPHIUM
M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,

Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantoniensi
Filius natu sextus,
Henrici Comitis de Manchester nepos,
Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasterienſis Alumnus,
Collegi S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conspectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, justitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Republicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam consecutus,

Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus accessit.
Summo denique Perisscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, et meruit, vix tandem assecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis M. DCC. XV.
Ætatis suæ LIV.
Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight;
As to his Profession,
In accusing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings sedate, clear, and strong;
In all his decisions unprejudic'd and equitable:
He studied, practised, and governed the Law
In such a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence:
Nothing excelled both, except his justice.
As to his Life,
He possessed, by a natural happiness,
All those civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to these, by divine goodness, were added
That fervent zeal and extensive charity,
Which distinguish the perfect Christian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving husband, and an indulgent father,
A constant friend, and a charitable patron:
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends;
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this stone,
Be wise, and be instructed.

POEMS

BY

MR. CONGREVE.

EPISTLE
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.

TO you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.
By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre:
In high Parnassus she no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams:
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows; and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
Whose towering head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.
O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven states divide.
But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost,
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.
But still, my Lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood):
Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise,
How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party crost, or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction, and survive:

And Poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.
W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.
Lamenting the death of

QUEEN MARY.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."
VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air:
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen;
No ſweetly-budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here baleful eugh with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs,
Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan ſwain;
Or melting words and moving numbers chooſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrofel;
Then might I raiſe my voice (ſecure of ſkill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſtening Echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind, and murmuring ſtream ſhould tell
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd;
Yet would nor all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears;
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my cheerful ſong:
Begone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chooſe,
Begone, Thalia; Sorrow is my Muſe.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet, theſe flowery plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers cheerfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight:
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth;
Loſt is that day which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs night:
In endleſs night and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched ſwains;
Stray all ye flocks, and deſart be ye plains;
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye cryſtal floods.
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye rocks, and falſely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.
O ſhe was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flower, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;

To which excelling height, she bore a mind
Humble, as others bending to the wind.
Thus excellent she was——
Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets arise.
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no dismal eugh nor cypress grow,
No holy-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the sighing doves that sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And see the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills;
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.
The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak,
Dejected lies, his pipa in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see you fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can declare,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can shew, nor floods, nor air.
See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled!
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid!
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous death the shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
"With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!
"And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
"Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
"While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
"Of whitest fire, whose flight to heaven extends!
"On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as sight
"Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;
"Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
"And, fixing there, a glorious star remains."
Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

TO THE KING,
ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.
IRREGULAR ODE.

"Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
"Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes."
Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

OF arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string;

New fire informs my ſoul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I ſoar.
O power unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courſe;
For fancy wild and pathleſs ways will chooſe,
Which judgment rarely, or with pain, purſues:
Say, ſacred nymphs, whence this great change proceeds,
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds;
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
And ſing heroic deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raiſe;
What voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his praiſe;
The liſtening world each whiſper will befriend!
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
The hovering winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound.
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard;
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the ſpheres, I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whoſe exalted ſize
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted ſkies:
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes and ever-open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks with huge gigantic pace,
Meaſuring the globe, like time, with conſtant race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to William's praiſe:
Of him her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongue ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change, aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold, new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial! or does air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong ideas ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe?
O ſacred poeſy! O boundleſs power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Through ſeas, earth, air, and the wide-circling ſky,
What is not fought and ſeen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.
Unthought preſage of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew:
And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing flowers,
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.
Defenſive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the ſtorm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to Gallia's power.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands.
A wondrous taſk it is th' aſcent to gain,
Through craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or ſkill
(And great is human force and wit in ill),
Are join'd; on every ſide wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverſe power appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear:
Though thus oppos'd they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and rattling claſh of arms.
Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And Echo loſt in one continued ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulf of Tartarus diſgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that broke,
Reddening with horrid gloom the duſky ſmoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder ſweat,
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;
Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.

A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls his harmless by:
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t' assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadless seem.
And now, with desperate force, and fresh attack,
Through obvious deaths, resistless way they make;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of earth did heaven aspire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown,
With threatening hurl, that shock th' aerial firmament!
Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove desponding sate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.
Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
Sea, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is spread,
And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!
The skies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Ios sing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd
Heroic harmony prepare,
And charm to silence every wind,
And glad the late-tormented air.
Far is the sound of martial music spread,
Echoing through all the Gallic host,
Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm survey'd:
But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,
Unmov'd behold the fortress lost.
William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd.
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!
Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe,
Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid
And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid:
Or more heroic was the deed;
Or sure to surer chains decreed,
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too-daring height,
Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
To him who sung the Boyne; or him to whom he sung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."—Hor.

DESCEND, celestial Musa! thy son inspire
Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;
Say, from what source thy heavenly power arose,
Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down
The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals started to the race:
And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preserve what t' other cannot save,
And rescue virtue rising from the grave.
To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre strung;
For every grace of every Muse is thine;
In thee their various fires united shine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my song commend,
Whose nature can forgive, and power defend,
And shew by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
Thy song of right does first to Jove belong:

For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates.
Then Time had first a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which, ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage through the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign:
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight,)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn.
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heavenly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame;
Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.
When deep revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene;
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect Fate's universal book:
Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.
A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where Nature's bloom presents the golden age.
The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines.
Of baser brass, the next denotes the times;
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes.
The foureh yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.
He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,
Who under him should govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.
All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die,

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd:
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.
Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
Conscious, she seeks from day to shrowd her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, ploughs the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.
Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The Fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And wind in foreign fields a deathless name;
For William's genius every soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.

Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius fear'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And every rolling surge recedes in peace.
And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the folds, the whispering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.
No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who dar'st the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelfy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.
No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign:
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal pass'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.
And shall remorseless Fates on him have power!
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contend
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.
The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant Nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the sire himself his joy disguise,
But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke.
" To thee, immortal Maid, from this blest hour,
" O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power.
" Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
" Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.
" To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his fame;—
" To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.
" Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
" And long as Time in sacred verse survive.
" And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
" The first of men, mature for endless fame,
" Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
" Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
" On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
" Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
" Through him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;

And he, through them, shall deathless fame acquire:
Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows."
This said; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host
Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.
The Father, now within his spacious hands,
Incompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave,
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead,
No, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sovereign force to soften cares;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds,
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
For no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare;
Nor very tendrest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here.
Her let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

III.

Hark! hark! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend shade!
On ancient sigh he sits upon,
The memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Hush, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
Which he seems to sink his softer feet.
Melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound.
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
And listen to her song;
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear;
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of music and of love,
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join:
Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILES, FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

Argument introductory to this Translation.

Hector's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles: for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and

Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war;
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And every rolling surge resides in peace.
And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the folds, the whispering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.
No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the stormy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.
No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sweet arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign:
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.
And shall remorseless Fates on him have power!
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.
The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant Nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the sire himself his joy disguise,
But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke.
" To thee, immortal Maid, from this bless'd hour,
" O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power.
" Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
" Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.
" To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his fame;—
" To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.
" Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
" And long as Time in sacred verse survive.
" And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
" The first of men, mature for endless fame,
" Thy future songs shall grace, and all for his,
" Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
" On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
" Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
" Through him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;

obtains the body of his ſon. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the body, leſt Agamemnon ſhould be informed of his being in the camp: he himſelf helps to harneſs the mules and horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without noiſe, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOw did the ſaffron morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Caſſandra flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and Idæus firſt appear,
Then Hector's corpſe extended on a bier;
At which her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the ſtreet ſhe ran:
" Hither ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
" Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
" If e'er you went with joy to ſee him come
" Adorn'd with conqueſt and with laurels home,
" Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
" What once was all your joy; now all your miſery!"
She ſpake, and ſtraight the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtay'd;
Common conſent of grief had made them one,
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:
In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their breaſts, and tore their hair,
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuffering air.
Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
" Trojans, enough; truce with your ſorrows make;
" Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
" Firſt let me bear my Hector's body home,
" Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding like waves of a divided ſea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were ſkilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of univerſal mournful harmony.
When firſt Andromache her paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my loſt huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft?
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born? I am with bleſſings curs'd;
For long ere thou ſhalt be to manhood grown,
Wide deſolation will lay waſte this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and huſband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loſs.
Soon will the Grecians now inſulting come,
And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
And all alike be priſoners of the war;
'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman lord a ſlave.
Elſe ſome avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only ſon or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſuage;
For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle ſpare;
Thence come theſe ſufferings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;
For I ſhould never, never words forget,
Which night and day I ſhould with tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling paſſions in her aged breaſt,
Mingling her words with ſighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling ſon.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my ſoul more dear
Than all my other numerous iſſue were;
O my laſt comfort, and my beſt-belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe fall even Jove himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpſe was freed,
So kind a fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other ſons, made priſoners by his hands,
Were ſold like ſlaves, and ſhipt to foreign lands.
Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had ſlain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his life again.

Now fresh and glowing ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.
Her weeping Hecuba her passion slay'd,
And universal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half so large a part!
Net less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one unkender word, or look of scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my sisters or the queen reviled,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This said, she wept; and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:
"Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
"And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
"Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
"For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.
He spake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the mighty Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Behold the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends search'd every where,
And gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were inter'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

"Mater saeva Cupidinum, &c."

I.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double return.
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyness warms;
And with a grateful fullenness she charms;
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rustles in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest.
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their sport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our sacrifice and prayer,
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

"Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
"Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unweary'd pace):
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much
cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and
flowers,
Nought shalt thou save;
Or but a spring of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The rest all live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again shall rise;
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the sky:
Trembling, the groves sustain their weight, and
bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares
mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven still for me:
Those winds which rend the oaks and plough
the seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom?
That is not ours, which is to come:
The present moment's all our store;
The next should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won;
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.

Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet.
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd;
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither ſhould ſpeak,
The pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing:
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now, repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting,
And ſparkling inclination.
Like Citherea ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.
In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I.

I Love and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting.
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is complete in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceived.
That Cloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very women:
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing:
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the God reply'd:
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.

SONG

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S HAVING WRIT VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, UNDER HER PICTURE DRAWN PLAYING ON A LUTE.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine!
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY. MDCCI.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet-resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

CHORUS.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound,
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung;
Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains
Apollo play'd,
And Music first began by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppress,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troub mind.

V.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise
The harmony of peace destroys.

CHORUS.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong night
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O sooth her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And lafting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd,
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown,
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, entitled

RELIQUIAE GETHINIANAE.

AFTER a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo complete the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt opening page,
And there the beauty, ſex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' æthereal ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.
Some heavenly miniſter we ſtraight conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form endued,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON, OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid;
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man ſhould be, to ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd worth ſhould do, or ſhun,
At full was in the father ſhown;
What youth could promiſe in the ſon.

But death, obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic ſtory tells,
Of knights impriſon'd long by magic ſpells,
Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have, for ages paſt,
O'er Perſius' too long ſuffering Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſic, and poetic fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know;
So unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles in myſteries.
Perſius before in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith miſled);
Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſic worth will paſs;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you we all this following treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old ſtoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern brilliant ſhines;
And as before, for Perſius, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:

So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.
So ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But through your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH
SATIRE OF JUVENAL.
THE ARGUMENT.

The deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans in their feaſting. The Poet draws the occaſion from an invitation which he have makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhews us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs in the care of heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at feaſts, and by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

IF noble Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts,
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate.
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all he's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs; for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feaſts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no power, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongſt common fencers practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his diſgrace is owing to his ſword.
Many there are of the ſame wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous; of theſe
The pooreſt wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ranſack every element for choice
Of every fiſh and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.
In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken relic he with ſpeed devours,
As he would all the reſt of's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to ſerve
Fencers for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now you ſee a plenteous feaſt;
The queſtion is, at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man who knows
How far you mount above this mole-hill ſhows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heaven to mortals ſure that rule was ſent,
Of "Know thyſelf," and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites, though the moſt preſumptuous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all the advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of ſenſe:
Fools only make attempts beyond their ſkill;
A wiſe man's power's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all
Both land and ſtock, intereſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhould welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villainy which thoſe
Obſerve to tread and follow by degrees:
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Left Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:

For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds, and noise, and business, to retreat.
One only grief such fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
The plays and loose diversions of the place;
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astrea gone, not to return.
This day, my Perseus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see;
That poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tendereſt kid,
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
Together with the hens which laid them, dress;
Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator:
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste,
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
The well dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry ditch of bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had, at least, thrice consuls been;
Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure the land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y' have seen the good old general haste,
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then when pious consuls bore the sway,
And vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n Power itself of Justice stood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field;
If cups of silver or of gold be brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show
As threatening death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol gold.
His golden statues hence the god have driven;
For well he knows where our devotion's given.
'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to Heaven.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.
But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory;
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsavoury haut-gout from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught;
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have drest them both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son;
A chearful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return;
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which buffands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love,
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me nor my estate;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind;
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the [illegible] can tell.
It matters not with what ill [illegible] they're sung;
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneasy passion still.
What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the servants' theft;
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen;
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat;
Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away,
"The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous youth to active sports inclin'd.

On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll baſk in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common cenſure fear:
On feſtivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent uſe would the delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a toil when conſtantly purſued.

PROLOGUE TO QUEEN MARY,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S COMING TO SEE THE OLD BACHELOR, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE DOUBLE DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we ſee
Wit is again the care of Majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud ſtage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flouriſh'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian ſtage.
Whoſe wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, ſeen
So fair a circle, and ſo bright a Queen.
Long has the Muſes' land been overcaſt,
And many rough and ſtormy winters paſt;
Hid from the world, and thrown in ſhades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing cold:
So does it ſtill through oppoſition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by ſnow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every ſide the gathering winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit, which froſts would ſpare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.
O would ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads ſhould various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, IN THE HAY-MARKET WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHATEVER future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhould be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true till you have time to change.
A week, at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we protend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what! alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted foreſts ring,
In notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the thing.
To ſound and ſhew at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, ſure they'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger-muſe.
The day's at hand when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to yourſelves ſhew your dear ſelves again:
Paint the reverſe of what you've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE TO PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

A TRAGEDY, BY CHARLES HOPKINS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdued.
And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the foes' proviſion.
Let fools with knocks and bruiſes keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other,
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foreſight fail us;
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muſter up our rhymes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe ravenous birds of prey,
But, Heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth; or, if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE TO OROONOKO.

YOU ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together;
Like rain and ſunſhine mix'd in April weather.

Your different tastes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the sock, t' other the buskin wears:
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profession:
We damsels fly, to save our reputation:
So they their valour show; we, our discretion,
To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go:
We to those islands where rich husbands grow:
Though they're no monsters, we may make them so.
If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
Had she once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding!
Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
Their law no christian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen school where she was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE
TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,
A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blasted plays:
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd.
Our authors too, by their success of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
For our parts, we confess, we're quite asham'd,
To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
When christenings fall, and funerals increase.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, sirs, when you write.
You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on't, but up and ride;
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get astride.
Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,
But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
How shall we make this mode of writing last?
A mode, said I? 'tis a disease I think,
A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For still it spreads, till each th' infection takes,
And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
Our play to-day is sprung from none of these;
Nor should you damn it, though it does not please,
Since born without the bounds of your own seas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a stranger, there is something due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant:
Though there the poet may his dwelling choose,
Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the fire may for the son atone.
There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE
TO A VERY GOOD WIFE.
A COMEDY, BY POWELL.
SPOKEN BY MR. HAINES.

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whose person, perhaps, you all may know well;
And he has writ a play—this very play
Which you are all come here to see, to-day;
And so, it being an usual thing to speak
Something or other for the author's sake,
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.
First know, that favour which I'd fain have shown,
I ask not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean-time then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.
For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods destroy us all!
I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;
Fair, gentle sirs, most soft alluring beaux
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity sues.
Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than shew my face.
Next then, you authors, be not you fierce;
Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.
All would be poets; well, your fortune's fine
To this day's author, for he's one of you.

Among the few which are of noted fame,
I'm safe; for I myself am one of them.
You've seen me smoke at Will's among the wits;
I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.
Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make sure elbow-room:
While spouse, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like troll with budget,
And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and judge it;
Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,
Or else—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.
Well now, I have but one thing more to say,
And that's in reference to our third day;
And odd request—may be you'll think it so;
Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
And if you'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,
If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you!

PROLOGUE TO THE COURT, ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;
And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the satyr's mask.
Happy her future days! which are design'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:
By just originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultless fair:
Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
And shame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this design her eager thought pursues,
Such various virtues all around she views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to choose.
Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with superior light.
From that attempt the conscious Muse retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aspires;
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.
Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day:
On that bright star, to whose indulgent power
We owe the blessings of the present hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.
Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliss begun;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed,
And by whose arm the christian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS, A PASTORAL; LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England.

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
"Amissos queritur fœtus—
"——— miserabile carmen
"Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet."
VIRG. GEOR. 4.

'TWAS at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bower, and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress, and new compassion show;
As taught by her to taste of human woe.
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Lest repetition should her accents drown;
The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
No noise, no whispering sigh, no murmuring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.
"Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and sylvan gods,
"Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
"Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
"Hear my complaint—you would not hear my prayer;
"The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
"And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
"Have I not cause, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
"Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
"Tell me, thou sun that round the world doth shine,
"Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
"Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
"And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
"Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
"Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before?
"Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide spreading base
"The wretched load is laid of human race,
"Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?
"Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
"When hoary winter on thy shrinking head
"His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,

" Haſt thou not felt loſs chillneſs in thy veins?
" Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
" But why to thee do I relate my woe,
" Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe,
" Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
" Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
" What is't to me, though on thy naked head
" Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
" Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endleſs froſt,
" And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
" To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
" Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
" Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
" Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
" No, never! never! ſay then, rigid earth,
" What is to me thy everlaſting dearth?
" Though never flower again its head ſhould rear,
" Though never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear,
" Though never graſs ſhould clothe the naked ground,
" Nor ever healing plant or wholeſome herb be found.
" None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
" Nor wholeſome herb was found, nor healing plant,
" To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains;
" In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
" But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
" Or poiſonous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
" And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
" To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
" Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
" A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
" Witneſs to this, ye fawns of every wood,
" Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
" Well I remember what ſad ſighs ye made,
" What ſhowers of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
" How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
" When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave.
" For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
" And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
" Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,
" And ſcreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
" The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
" And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
" With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
" Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd;
" While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
" Of every help, of every hope bereft;
" To every element expos'd I lay,
" And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
" For thee Amyntas, all theſe pains were borne;
" For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
" For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
" Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
" To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
" And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
" For thou wert light and life, and health to me;
" The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
" Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
" The joy of ſight, the talk of every tongue?
" Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
" Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
" Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
" Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
" For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
" And every Muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe,
" For thee the buſy nymph ſtripp'd every grove,
" And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
" But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
" To loud lamentings turn the cheerful ſong.
" Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
" And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
" There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
" There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die."
This ſaid, her loud complaint of tears ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultering ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour
Of ſoftly-falling rain a ſilver ſhower;
Her looſely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs,
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now looſ'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were now expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively-ſpringing green.
And Amaryllis ſaw, with wondering eyes,
A flowery bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From every tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lovely flower will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks, and take them ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you weep,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

TO CYNTHIA WEEPING AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe hours, which Heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can Diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part;
I am no ſtranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet for, humble love, unkind diſdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealouſy—and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Through each returning year may that hour be
Diſtinguiſhed in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heaven of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn and frowns forbid the fire;
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair-flower
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O ſpeak—for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cauſe which words can not expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afreſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part?
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For though my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears and reſtleſs doubts increaſe,
And fears and doubts to jealouſy will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, every lover;
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wandering ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, though both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

With ſkill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect them;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And, while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LESBIA.

WHEN Leſbia firſt I ſaw ſo heavenly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his who ſnatch'd cœleſtial fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Fort from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wiſe obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs heart.

Of native bluſh, and roſy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph ſupply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her ſparkling eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furniſh'd front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of ſize, ſhe is nor ſhort, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther her perſon to diſcloſe
I leave—let it ſuffice,
She has few faults but what ſhe knows,
And can with ſkill diſguiſe.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd.
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Look almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs:
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

TO SLEEP. ELEGY.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd;
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what tortures does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.
And all for thee—what had I well-nigh said!
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L——Y——'S PICTURE.

YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:

But thy unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhewn my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heart thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts; when brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt; how complete they ſtill!
The power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy ſkill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light conſents with ſhade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made;
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert is kept in ſtore,
Unpaid, till the deſerver is no more.
Yet thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt could judge, and beſt could praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applauſe by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

TO A CANDLE. ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay;
At once are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure, and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK OF THE ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. WHEREIN HE RECOMMENDS THE RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FAIR SEX IN THE CONDUCT OF THEIR AMOURS; AFTER HAVING ALREADY COMPOSED TWO BOOKS FOR THE USE OF MEN UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair;
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But ſome exclaim, "What phrenzy rules your mind?
"Would you increaſe the craft of woman-kind!
"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
"Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine firſt impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Though twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire;
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if, to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportive Loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.

But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her women does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid affails,
And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must
mourn.
And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room;
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male kind are debarr'd access.
'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A Lady at her toilet once surpris'd;
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she
wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every such disgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;
A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.
But think not these instructions are design'd
For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, some homely, and some
fair,
But of the former sort, the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of art.
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's
part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.
Faults in your person, or your face, correct:
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,
Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should
choose,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;
If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least;
And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution
take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.
What cannot art attain! Many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they
please.
Others, through affectation, lisp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends,
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
But female grace allures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind.
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
And every step and graceful motion show.
Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust;
Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.
If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.
Syrens, though monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain:
Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
When first he litten'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates: learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perswades.
Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.
Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd:
Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.
And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays,
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.
Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But softest Sappho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latin bards the noblest Muse.
Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these,
My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I 've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epistles too by me are frame'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:

That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.
Of ſome old trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn every game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay, weep at laſt.
Good Jove, avert ſuch ſhameleſs faults as theſe
From every nymph whoſe heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed in full career.
Though martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Cæſar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory complete.
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Iſis' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the Circus ſee the noble ſport.
In every public place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties ſtill beneath the waves had been.
Poets, inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph purſue;
That 'tis her intereſt oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In every place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd:
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women ſure ſhould hate;
Light as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I ſay is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy hearts enſnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.
Poor Chloe, robb'd, runs crying through the ſtreets;
And as ſhe runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy Appian votaries!
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt every nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a Theſeus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theſeus' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
Promiſe for promiſe equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband in her arms for hire;
Who firſt to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my Muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
If love-epiſtles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are ſent, to ſound your heart;
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care;
When feign'd a paſſion is, and when ſincere.
Ere in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe deſire:
Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain:
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increaſe,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write;
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too coarſe takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (though chaſtity be not your care),
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who, raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcoveries ſure as lightning blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhould with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſeveral hands you learn'd to write!
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now greater things to tell, my Muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quite aſide:
"Nor is thy muſic ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles, be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So Love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties ſullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my ſoul;" or ſpeak endearing words.
Why from compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent generals uſe,
And how their ſeveral officers they chooſe;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horſe is thought more fit.
So you your ſeveral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt, Lycoris' praiſes ring;
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And both to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the Poet's prayer,
The God that fills him, and the Muſe revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heaven
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone can be given.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.
As ſkilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure:
No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſs's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How ſurely to enſlave yourſelves we ſhow!
To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Would you retain him long, then long refuſe.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
"Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny."

The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide;
No doubt, against myself to see them try'd.
When first a lover you design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser, to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
Though free as Thais, still affect a fright,
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window steal,
Though he might enter at the door as well;
And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere;
Left, quite disheartened with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.
That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law:
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies:
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.
When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen:
Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.
Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of brass a grandsire made.
Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursued,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat;
Or to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.
With presents, fools and wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
Left she sometimes should intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your stead;
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.
But whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But, all self-ends and interest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceless and unarm'd, expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.
Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid,
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay.
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.
Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your passion o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects credulity.
Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flowering hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade;
There rosemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.

The tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſus and garden-pines abound:
While through the boughs ſoft winds of Zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt;
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
But ſome tale-bearing, too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place:
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her friends,
And all alone the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (ſuch was thy thought),
She now ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears;
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which all it fears, too eaſily believes.
And now a chilneſs runs through every vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day ſun:
With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr; Aura, come: allay this heat:"
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms,
But Cephalus, the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold, hold, unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
"Me, me (ſhe cries) thou'ſt wounded with thy dart!
"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
"Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
"Since, though untimely, I unrival'd die:
"Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
"Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made;
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.

Now, to purſue our voyage we provide,
Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhould teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind
From candle-light no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And ſtill before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own, I think, of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loathe, you have no power to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: nor more, my Muſe
With weary wings the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple ſwans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their maſter is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS ſtrange, dear Temple, how it comes to paſs,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace ſings—and ſure as ſtrange is this,
That no one man's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch to ſecreſy pretends,
Whiſpering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art.
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverſe againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.

lautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
ld Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games,
loiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
hough at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
ull in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
lor mends his manners, tho' you hold your noſe.
herſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
rom uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
ſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
ttempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
aucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
nd Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper ſphere,
ut, that forſaken, we like comets err:
oſs'd thro' the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
nd all her boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or eaſe,
ſen moſt affect in general to pleaſe;
f this affection vanity's the ſource,
nd vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;
hat teleſcope of fools, through which they ſpy
erit remote, and think the object nigh.
he glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
nd in juſt ſcales his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
urſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
nd to his proper force adapt his mind;
arce one but to ſome merit might pretend,
erhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Vho would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
ſuſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaff.
Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
Ve bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
nd wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
f Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior write,
Ve ſtudy them with profit and delight:
ut when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
Ve grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
ll rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
Affect not any thing in Nature's ſpite."
aboons and apes ridiculous we find;
or what? For ill-reſembling human-kind.
None are, for being what they are, in fault;
But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
s to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem
y Nature form'd for love, and for eſteem.
ffecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
nd really are what others but profeſs.
ll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
loathe to flatter, though I love to praiſe.
ut when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
nd antedates the fame which waits on years;
can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
ot to confeſs it in the man I love.
hough now I aim not at that known applauſe
ou've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;
or patriot now, nor hero I commend,
ut the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay
hat I preſume too much in this eſſay.
ow ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
rule, to which I never could attain?
o this objection I'll make no reply,
ut tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I have read, or heard, a learned perſon once
(Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
Till time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was ycleped, Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my caſe: like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1728.

"Albi, ſermonum noſtrorum candide judex."

SINCEREST critic of my proſe or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war, or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whoſe ſlighteſt trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart
With glory paſt, where thou thyſelf hadſt part?
Or doſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory;
To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdued,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they fued,
As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that peace ſhe wonted to beſtow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that ſhame!
That England ſhould retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luſtre of her ſword.
Or doſt thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,

Though in all numbers ſkill'd,
To ſing the hero's matchleſs deed,
Which Belgia ſav'd, and Brabant freed;
To ſing Ramillia's day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd Pharſalia's field?

II.

In the ſhort corſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight, and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still would the willing Muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
Till Europe thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Reward ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The Queen's juſt favour, and thy Country's love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREATBRITAIN

PINDARIC ODE.

"——*Quemvis medià ervæ turbâ:*
"*Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſerâ ambitione laborat.*
"*Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——*
"*Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo*
"*Veſpertina tepet regio: quin par mala præceps*
"*Fertur——*
"*Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas.*"

HOR. L. i. Sat. 4.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition ſome excites;
And ſome deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas, and air;
Preſſing the doubtful voyage till India's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatening ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe;
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, Caſtalia, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove, yet how ſeven,
Is thy ſupreme decree,
That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſe's harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompenſe
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous Typhœus thus new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far Campania's ſhore;
While all his hundred mouths at once reſpire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong!
And thus moſt pleaſing are the Muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cauſe and Europe's fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight:
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd!

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice,

And now she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid flight.

III.

And see! the air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, passing, print the plain!
The winds themselves, who with their swiftness vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchless speed thy coursers pass
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-strain'd coursers breathe;
And now my Muse, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the sounding beach; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, swift as light,
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous sight!
Neptune for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended (noble strife,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who most should do to soften anxious life,
And most endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin, dost with Marlborough strive,
From whose joint toils we rest derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
Sweet Peace at home thy care secures,

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING,

A TALE.

To thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I'll it with some variation
(Altogether a translation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.
The subject is of that same kind,
Which thy heart seems most inclin'd:
Your verse may alter it, God knows;
But you lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose

So without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in suspence,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind,
To help a lover in distress,
Contriv'd a charm with such success,
That in short space the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his salvation,
And Satan stak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To serve his friend, and shew his art),
That madam should by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiss and coo like any dove.
In short, the woman should be his,
That is upon condition—Viz.
That he the lover, after tasting
What one would wish were everlasting,
Should, in return for such enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
"That's all, quoth Pug; my poor request
"Is, only, never to have rest.
"You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
"That I should have been serv'd, not you:
"But what? upon my friend impose!
"No—though a devil, none of those.
"Your business then, pray understand me,
"Is nothing more but to command me.
"Of one thing only let me warn ye:
"Which somewhat nearly may concern ye;
"As soon as e'er one work is done,
"Strait name a new one; and so on:
"Let each to other quick succeed,
"Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—
"For if through any hums or haws
"There haps an intervening pause,
"In which for want of fresh commands,
"Your slave obsequious idle stands,
"Nor soul nor body ever more
"Shall serve the nymph whom you adore;
"But both be laid at Satan's feet,
"To be dispos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can hesitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
"Why, after all, I venture nought;
"What mystery is in commanding?
"Does that require much understanding?
"Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
"He'd go the better of the lay:
"But he must do what I think fit—
"Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The spell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses,
And riots in the bliss of blisses.

" O joy," cried he, " that has no equal!"
But hold—no raptures—mark the ſequel.
For now when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear:
In haſte, he names a thouſand things;
The goblin plies his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to aſk
Another and another taſk.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now ſhowers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll ſend;
And Pug ſoon reach'd his journey's end,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the Squire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woeful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counſel, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake.
" And is this all?" replied the fair:
" Let me alone to cure this care.
" When next your Dæmon ſhall appear,
" Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
" And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
" To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait."
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
'Your Goblin's ſkill ſhall now be try'd."
She ſaid; and gave—what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp, and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or ſprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spaniſh race.
The ſpark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He iſſues, thus, his ſtrict command:
" This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
" Render direct, and perpendicular;
" But ſo direct, that in no ſort
" It ever may in rings retort.
" See me no more till this be done;
" Hence, to thy taſk—avaunt, be gone."
Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:
Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtic fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
" This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe,
" When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze."
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides ſtung
The huge Antæus, whence he ſprung,
From every fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſlight to practiſe next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phænomenon.
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurpriſe,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never was yet wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, refiſt
Both wind and rain, and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter which could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his coſt,
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdued, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that Superb Muſtach.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the man the Dæmon went:
" I grant," quoth he, " our contract null,
" And give you a diſcharge in full.
" But tell me now, in name of wonder,
" (Since I ſo candidly knock under)
" What is this thing? where could it grow?
" Pray take it—'tis in ſtatu quo.
" Much good may't do you; for my part,
" I waſh my hands of't from my heart."
" In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, " you're too ſoon weary.
" What, leave this trifling taſk undone!
" And think'ſt thou this the only one?
" Alas! were this ſubdued, thou'dſt find
" Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind;
" Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
" Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE

PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT ſo befel: a filly ſwain
Had ſought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charm's diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight
(With wonder, much; more with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, "What?
"What ſee I, gods! What ſee I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight ſtopt him ſhort in mid career;
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honeſt friend,
"That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
"Doſt ſee the heifer that I ſeek?
"If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak."

HOMER'S HYMN

TO VENUS,

SING, Muſe, the force and all-informing fire,
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beaſts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Thro' pathleſs air, and boundleſs ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and ſcaly race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.
Of all the numerous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art:
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
Her war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield:
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom,
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies:
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies;
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the woodland deer;
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial power averſe to love
Is virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune ſought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd.
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting, bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rights, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on a throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice;
For holy rights to Veſta firſt are paid,
And on her altar firſt-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
These are the powers above, and only theſe,
Whom Love and Cytherea's art diſpleaſe;
Of other beings, none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway.
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;
While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty firſt among th' aethereal race;
Whom, all tranſcending, in ſuperior worth,
Wiſe Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But Jove at length, with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift through her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love;
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, Jove ordain'd, ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed;
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs, ſoon as ſeen:
To Cyprus ſtraight the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd:
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.

Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold;
And, thus attir'd, her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.
On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat,
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat;
And ever as ſhe walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood;
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fixed delight.
For every glance ſhe gives ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Meantime the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains;
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For, had he ſeen the goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd:
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flames ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, and part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held:
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orſent pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt;
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.
Thus while Anchiſes gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain:
At length he ſpake—"All hail, celeſtial fair!
"Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
"Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
"Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love;
"All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid:
"Or art thou * Themis? or the blue-ey'd maid?
"Or art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
"Who with the gods ſhare immortality?
"Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
"Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods;
"Whoe'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
"I to thy honour will an altar build,
"Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
"O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
"Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
"A patriot worthy of my country's love;
"Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg I next may be
"Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
"Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
"And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He ſaid.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
"Delight of human kind, thy ſex's pride!
"Honour'd Anchiſes, you behold in me
"No goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
"But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
"Otreus my father (you have heard the name).
"Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
"And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.
"When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
"There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
"Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
"I, like my own, can ſpeak the Trojan tongue.
"In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
"Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
"As late our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
"I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
"Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
"And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,
"Lo! hovering o'er my head I ſaw the god
"Who Argus ſlew, and bears the golden rod:
"Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their ſight,
"Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
"O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
"O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deſarts waſte;
"O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
"And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
"Through all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſwift,
"We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
"Meantime he told me, while through air we flied,
"That Jove ordain'd I ſhould Anchiſes wed,
"And with illuſtrious offspring bleſs his bed.
"This ſaid, and pointing to me your abode,
"To heaven again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God.
"Thus of neceſſity, to you I come,
"Unknown, and loſt, far from my native home.
"But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
"By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
"By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
"Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good, and fair),
"That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
"But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
"Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
"Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
"Me to your father and your brothers ſhow,
"And our alliance firſt let them allow:
"Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
"And no unequal match I may be found.
"Equality to them my birth may claim,
"Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
"Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
"Next, let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
"To tell my father of my fortunes paſt,
"And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate
"Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
"They in return, ſhall preſents bring from thence
"Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
"You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
"In price and beauty far above the reſt.
"This done, perform the rights of nuptial love,
"Grateful to men below, and gods above."
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtile fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
Th' panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſs'd.
"Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
"And Otreus you report your father's name:
"And ſince th' immortal Hermes from above,
"To execute the dread commands of Jove,
"Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
"A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead;

* The Goddeſs of Equity and Right. † Pallas.

" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
" One minute to defer the happy hour;
" This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:
" Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
" Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
" Tho' death, tho' hell, in conſequence attend,
" Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace firſt he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
And now, his buſy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waiſt;
Her radiant robe, at laſt, aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy hue with dazzling luſtre ſhone.
The Queen of Love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo Jove and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extreme of ecſtaſy attain'd;
And mortal he, was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary goddeſs her Anchiſes bound:
Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now her fair crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her face refulgent, and majeſtic mien,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs, love's and beauty's queen.
Then thus aloud ſhe calls. " Anchiſes, wake;
" Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
" Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame."
At her firſt call the chains of ſleep were broke,
And, ſtarting from his bed, Anchiſes woke:
But when he Venus view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Aw'd and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words he thus the queen addreſs'd.
" When firſt, O goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
" Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
" To thy celeſtial pow'r my vows I paid,
" And with humility implor'd thy aid:
" But thou, for ſecret cauſe to me unknown,
" Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
" Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow;
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
" Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate;
" Since never man with length of life was bleſt,
" Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd;
" Be bold, Anchiſes; in my love confide:
" Nor me, nor other god, thou needſt to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy ſhall reign;
" From whom a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
" And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
" To him thou ſhalt the name Æneas give;
" As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
" Oft as I think he to exiſt began
" From my conjunction with a mortal man."
But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
And next reſembling gods in form and mind.
From thence great Jove to azure ſkies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where by th' immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his ſire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne:
Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd Argicides to his relief;
And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtript, in ſpeed the rapid wind:
Charging withal ſwift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly ſtate;
Where all his hours are paſt in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſy the king receives,
No more for abſent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives.
" But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
" Tithonus partner of her roſy bed,
" (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
" Reſembling gods in face and form divine)
" For him ſhe ſtrait the Thunderer addreſs'd,
" That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
" Jove hear'd her pray'r, and granted her requeſt.
" But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
" The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
" That length of days might be with ſtrength ſupplied;
" And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
" An endleſs youth, incapable of age.
" But hear what fate befell this heav'nly fair,
" In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air.
" Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
" Is by Aurora with delight careſs'd;
" Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
" Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
" But when ſhe ſaw grey hairs begin to ſpread,
" Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,
" The goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
" His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
" Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
" And food ambroſial, and rich clothes beſtow'd:

" But when of age he felt the ſad extreme,
" And ev'ry nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
" Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
" Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereſt.
" On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
" Thou ſhouldſt to immortality aſpire.
" Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
" Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
" Couldſt thou for ever thus my huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
" Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
" When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
" Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
" All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
" Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
" And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear.
" For I, who heretofore in chains of love
" Could captivate the minds of gods above,
" And force them, by my all-ſubduing charms,
" To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms:
" Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
" Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;
" Since I myſelf this dear amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.
" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
" This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
" Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
" Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.
" Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn,
" In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born;
" They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
" Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on ambroſia feed,
" And long they live, and oft in chorus join
" With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.
" Theſe the Sileni court; theſe Hermes loves,
" And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
" Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
" From common parent earth's prolific juice;
" With lofty firs which grace the mountain brow,
" Or ample-ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
" All have their trees allotted to their care,
" Whoſe growth, duration, and decreaſe they ſhare.
" But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
" And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
" But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
" It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
" The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
" And laſt the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
" And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
" And live and die coeval with their trees.
" Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
" Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon;
" And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bloom glow,
" To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.
" More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
" I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
" Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
" Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
" Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
" And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
" There, if inquiry ſhall be made, to know
" To whom thou doſt ſo bright an offspring owe;
" Be ſure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
" But ready anſwer make as I direct.
" Say of a ſylvan nymph the fair youth came,
" And Calycopis call his mother's name,
" For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
" That thou in bliſs hadſt Cytherea known,
" Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
" And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
" Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n,
" Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting through liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

POEMS BY ELIJAH FENTON.

A WISH

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's paſt no vows can e'er reſtore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deſerve a ſmile or tear;
Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
With brighteſt aſpects thy fore-face,
While Time's new offspring haſten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the the circling ſeaſons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſs'd by friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me firſt to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in Time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected adds not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
ſy joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt with a leſs propitious look
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow!
Here let me lay my my burden down,
nd ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

"Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
"Phœbus acceptuſque novem Camœnis,
"Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
"Corporis artus;———
"Alterum in luſtrum meliuſque ſemper
"Proroget ævum." HOR.

I.

EGIN, celeſtial ſource of light,
To gild the new-revolving ſphere;
nd from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
ich with auſpicious luſtre riſe,
Thou faireſt regent of the ſkies,
onſpicuous with thy ſilver bow!
o thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
o rule the radiant orbs above,
o Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy deſtin'd race,
nd let the mighty months begin:
et no ill omen cloud thy face,
hrough all thy circle ſmile ſerene.
While the ſtern miniſters of fate
atchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
o grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
he Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
heir whiteſt wings ſhould ever wear,
nd gentle joys on Albion ſhed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
nd the long honours of her race began,
hus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
hey from thy ſtores in happy order ran.
eroes elected to the liſt of fame
it'd the ſure columns of her riſing ſtate;
ill the loud triumphs of the Julian name
ended the glories of her reign complete,
ch year advanc'd a rival to the reſt,
comely ſpoilt of war, and great atchievements dreſt.

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy ſearching eye
w Rome the darling child of fate,
hen nothing equal here could vie
ſtrength with her imperious ſtate;
, if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler ſtrain,
Than in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for ſucceſsful war,
To thoſe that riſe for Albion's Queen!

II.

When Albion firſt majeſtic ſhew'd
High o'er the circling ſeas her head,
Her the great Father ſmiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria ſaid:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This iſle to you ſhall ſacred be;
Her hand ſhall hold the rightful ſcale,
And crowns be vanquiſh'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana ſhall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increaſe!
With joy the Julian ſtem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confeſs;
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, ſovereign of the ſtreams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen,
Whoſe voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To ſave the Danube, and ſubdue the Seine;
And, boldly juſt to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy ſilver urn, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great God of day, look down:
Let Windſor entertain thy ſight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown:
And whilſt in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long proceſſion view:
Confeſs none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than ſhe confers on Churchill's brow.

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented ſpace,
Where late her warlike William ſhone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His ſword and ſceptre of command,
To deathleſs fame adopted, reſt;
Nor wants there to complete her woe,
Plac'd with reſpectful love below,
The ſtar that beam'd on Glouceſter's breaſt.

III.

O Phœbus! all thy ſaving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the diſtant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-aſcends the ſky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (ſo Heaven ordains!) her ſmiling ray
Diſtinguiſh'd o'er the balance ſhall preſide,
Whilſt future kings her ancient ſceptre ſway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever conſtant in her love,
Of ſovereigns here the beſt, the brighteſt ſtar above.

I.

For lawleſs power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And ſhield her ſafe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her boſom fill,
Let laurel riſe on every hill,

Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramilia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban swan
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
Through desarts of unclouded night,
When he harmonious took his flight,
The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres:
Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What Muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giants war.

I.

In sure records each shining deed,
When faithful Clio sets to view,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The Muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregister'd in verse.

II.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys;
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
In types of regal power was seen:
With fair pre-eminence consest,
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the Princess more than Queen.

III.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
T' exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of earth, and public care of heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill, should the Muse record
The conquests by thy sword atchiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd,
Imperious Leopold confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terror shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
How like thyself, when to destroy
The Greeks tnou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd!

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
Red with dishoneſt wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, as Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;
Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning star restores the day,
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her spear,
And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
On high her signal torch displays;
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
Obsequious she receives thy chain,
And smooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches to thy saving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
Ausonia's weeping states to free,
Swift on th' Imperial eagle flies;
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

III

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom bless'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods

Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing Muſes wove,
And each with emulation ſtrove
T' adorn the Churchill of the ſkies.

II.

For Albion's chief, ye ſacred nine!
Your harps with generous ardour ſtring,
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
And ſafe beneath his laurel ſing:
When clad in vines the Seine ſhall glide,
And duteous in a ſmoother tide,
To Britiſh ſeas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at Honour's ſhrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive ſhield.

III.

And, Woodſtock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be reſtor'd;
Thou that with pride doſt * Edward's cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilſt every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conqueſt wears,
And all thy walls are dreſs'd with mingled ſpoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag diſplay,
Due to thy Queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

* The Black Prince.

FLORELIO;

A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the Death of the late

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

ASK not the cauſe why all the tuneful ſwains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender ſtrains,
In deep deſpair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuſe to feed.
Aſk not why greens and flowers ſo late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the ſpringing year;
Why founds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And ſwoln with tears to floods the rivulets riſe:
The Fair Florelio now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow ſhepherds moan.
The little birds now ceaſe to ſing and love,
Silent they ſit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the ſullen ſpring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the ſhades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy ſong:
Or ſoftly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my ſorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

Say, all ye ſhades, where late he us'd to reſt,
If e'er your beds with lovelier ſwain were preſt;
Say, all ye ſilver ſtreams, if e'er ye bore
The image of ſo fair a face before.
But now, ye ſtreams, aſſiſt me whilſt I mourn,
For never muſt the lovely ſwain return;
And, as theſe flowing tears increaſe your tide,
O, murmur for the ſhepherd as ye glide:
Be ſure, ye rocks, while I my grief diſcloſe,
Let your ſad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whiſpering, tell the floods Florelio's gone;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain!

Ripe ſtrawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taſte, and tempting red to view.
For thee the roſe put ſweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haſte, the ſummer-ſun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold ſweats of ſickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees ſuck from the ſhrivel'd blooms
Æthereal ſweets, to ſtore their golden combs.
Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And ſweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when ſhe lies
In jaſmine ſhades, and for young Zephyr ſighs.
But now thoſe lips are cold; relentleſs death
Hath chill'd their charms, and ſtopt thy balmy breath.

Thoſe eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldeſt nymphs deſire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlaſting night
Are cloſ'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, haſt left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

As in his bower the dying ſhepherd lay,
The ſhepherd yet ſo young, and once ſo gay!
The nymphs that ſwim the ſtream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him ſtood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And as he graſp'd, they gave a ſad farewel.
Softly, they cry'd, as ſleeping flowers are cloſ'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compoſ'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden ſlumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearſe with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor leſs we love thou belov'd by every ſwain.
Come, ſhepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every ſmootheſt beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.
And as in memory of Adonis ſlain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freſhly bleeding purple ſtains the ſea:
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy ſtream in plaintive murmurs flow:
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears ſupply the frugal urn.

The ſwains their ſheep, the nymphs ſhall leave the lawn,
And yearly on their banks renew their moan:
His mother, while they there lament, ſhall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he:
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate!
For freſh in fragrant youth he left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preſide,
Dreſs their gay beauties by the cryſtal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor ſcorching ſun,
Now he, for whom they ſtrove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts ſigh'd,
And look'd and long'd, and for Florelio dy'd.
Of him they ſang, and with ſoft ditties ſtrove
To ſooth the pleaſing agonies of love.
But now they roam, diſtracted with deſpair,
And cypreſs, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And ſaffron-buds and fading lilies ſtrow,
With ſprigs of myrtle mix'd, and ſcattering cry,
So ſweet and ſoft the ſhepherd was! ſo ſoon decreed to die!

There, freſh in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemonies diſcloſe:
Nor ſtrange they ſhould a double grief avow,
Then Venus wept, and Paſtorella now.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! long let them paint the plain,
Unhurt, untouch'd by every paſſing ſwain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
With which ye crown the Miſtreſs of the May,
Ye ſhall theſe flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelio's ſake!
And when through Woodſtock's green retreats ye ſtray,
Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play;
O'er which young Paſtorella's beauties bring
Elyſium early, and improve the ſpring:
When evening gales attentive ſilence keep,
And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the ſoft fall of every warbling ſtream,
Sigh your ſad airs, and bleſs the ſhepherd's name:
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round you grow.
So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,
And Zephyr bruſh the mildew from the flowers!
Bid all the ſwans from Cam and Iſis haſte,
In the melodious choir to breathe their laſt.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philiſides was ſlain!
Thou ſweet frequenter of the Muſes' ſtream!
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They ſhall be ſacred to the ſhepherd's praiſe:
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilla now muſt live unſung:
Even ſhe, whoſe artleſs beauty bleſs'd me more
Than ever ſwain was bleſs'd by nymph before;
While every tender ſigh to ſeal our bliſs
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiſs:
Fair, chaſte, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is ſtronger than my love:
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

As when ſome cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's neſt, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove ſhe ſits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan;
So the bright ſhepherdeſs, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe ſuſtain,
But bends, like roſes cruſh'd with falling rain;
Nor from the ſilent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languiſh like a dying dove's.
Not ſuch her look (ſevere reverſe of fate!)
When little Loves in every dimple ſate;
And all the Smiles delighted to reſort
On the calm heaven of her ſoft cheeks to ſport:
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop freſh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repoſe:
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, ſhe roves.
And when ſhe ſpies, beneath ſome ſilent ſhade,
The daiſies preſs'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there cloſe ſhe joins her face,
And all with guſhing tears bedews the graſs.
There with loud plaints ſhe wounds the pitying ſkies,
And, oh! return, my lovely youth, ſhe cries;
Return, Florelio, with thy wonted charms
Fill the ſoft circle of my longing arms——
Ceaſe, fair affliction, ceaſe! the lovely boy
In Death's cold arms muſt pale and breathleſs lie.
The Fates can never change their firſt decree,
Or ſure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter loſt, and thou thy ſon.
Thy ſon for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

Adieu, ye moſſy caves, and ſhady groves,
Once happy ſcenes of our ſucceſsful loves:
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!
Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.
Two lambs alone ſhall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs ſhall bleed.
This pledge of laſting love, dear ſhade, receive;
'Tis all, alas, a ſhepherd's love can give!
But grief from its own power will ſet me free,
Will ſend me ſoon a willing ghoſt to thee:
Cropt in the flowery ſpring of youth, I'll go
With haſty joy to wait thy ſhade below:
In ever-fragrant meads, and jaſmine-bowers,
We'll dwell, and all Elyſium ſhall be ours.
Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
And ſtreams of flowing cryſtal purl beneath;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy ſiſter Graces are.

AN ODE.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whoſe ſtay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's ſport,
Why ſhould we wiſh t' inhabit here,
And think the race we find ſo rough too ſhort?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from non-entity;
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering destiny:
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.
Hence noisome humours * sweat through every pore,
And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wise, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The spark of pure æthereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a fickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through Error's misty grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
False images our sight beguile,
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science seek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chace:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man,
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence.
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, presiding o'er the sea,
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man perverse, and lawless still,
Boldly runs counter to thy will
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long misled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, Man,
Probationer of happiness.

VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not our own.

IX.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The Faithful, and the Just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That Knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless Religion guide its course,
And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is Ignorance at best, and often worse.

* The small-pox.

PART OF THE

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

PARAPHRASED.

NOW has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion; and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruis'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to re-visit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,

Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions blooming in the parent shade.
When vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass
Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,
Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt
With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior knights,
Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,
Observant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
Attempering to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chaunt; but, hush'd in death,
Like us thou ly'st unwept; a corse obscene
With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
Of ill-got pomp We hail thee our compeer!
How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
Aslope a summer-eve! Of all the stars
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elated as supreme when o'er the North
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings
Portending ruinous downfall; wondrous low,
Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
Disrob'd of all thy splendors: round thee stand
Th' swarming populace, and with fix'd regard
Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage
In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
Is this the Mighty, whose imperious yoke
We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
And haunts of savages transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!
In solemn state the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great sires, are safe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blasted and curs'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
Art doom'd a banquet; mingling some remains
With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race
Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
Sees his own subjects with constraint obey;
And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and wish another lord.
But, if the Muse not uninspir'd presage,
Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage:
His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.
So when to distant vales an eagle steers,
His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years;
From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the sky.
Unlike, great Queen, thy steps to deathless fame;
O best, O greatest of thy royal name!
Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to censure, or to crave:
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.
When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save:
And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.
But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Bestow'd the balmiest dews, and brightest beams:
So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
Britain's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wise councils, and resistless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,
Thy piety cements domestic peace;
Impatient of delay to fix the state,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.
Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame
As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
With us divide the danger, and the spoil:
When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In steel around our Albion standards crowd;
What wonders in the war shall now be shown
By her who single shook the Gallic throne!
The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her union-crosses over the Seine:
Rous'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
Empires and states derive their power from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,
And reign without a rival o'er the west:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand:
By strange extremes of destiny decreed
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.
So the young gourd, around the prophet's head
With swift increase her fragrant honours spread;
Beneath the growing shade secure he sate,
To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate:
But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to fade,
And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

'UPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow and quiver ſtor'd with darts;
ommiſſioning the matchleſs fair
o fill his ſhrine with bleeding hearts.

is empire thus ſecur'd, he flies
To ſport amid th' Idalian grove;
hoſe feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
And bleſs'd the pleaſing power of love.

he god their grateful ſongs engage,
To ſpread his nets which Venus wrought;
hilſt Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep ſecure the game they caught.

he warblers, briſk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle ſhades repair;
willing captive each became,
And ſweetlier carol'd in the ſnare.

hen Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew;
garlleſs, while they wing'd their way,
How ſullen all the ſongſters grew.

las! no ſprightly note is heard,
But each with ſilent grief conſumes;
hough to celeſtial food preferr'd,
They pining drop their painted plumes.

upid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
e heard the tale, nor thought it ſtrange,
But, ſmiling, thus advis'd her ſon:

leaſure grows languid with reſtraint,
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:
you'd not have your linnets faint,
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

OLIVIA.

I

)LIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,
And ſcripture-proofs ſhe throws about,
When firſt you try to win her:
all your fob of guineas out;
e Jenny firſt, and never doubt
To find the ſaint a ſinner.

II

ixter by day is her delight:
o chocolate muſt come in ſight
Before two morning chapters:
at, leſt the ſpleen ſhould ſpoil her quite,
ie takes a civil friend at night
To raiſe her holy raptures.

III.

hus oft' we ſee a glow-worm gay,
t large her fiery tale diſplay,
Encourag'd by the dark:
nd yet the ſullen thing all day
ug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native ſpark.

TO A LADY

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

SO ſmooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narciſſus ſpy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glaſs,
He for himſelf deſpair'd and dy'd:
Nor, Chloris, can you ſafer ſee
Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which ſome deceitful ſwain has ſet,
Pleas'd with herſelf ſhe fondly ſtays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may ſuch frauds for you prepare,
Yourſelf the captive, and the ſnare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilſt you there review
Thoſe graces opening in their bloom,
Think how diſeaſe and age purſue,
Your riper glories to conſume.
Then ſighing you would wiſh your glaſs
Could ſhew to Chloris what ſhe was.

IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature law)
But free the youth your power enſlaves;
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia ſaw,
Reflected on the cryſtal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleaſure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glaſs ſupply
Too juſt an emblem of your breaſt;
Where oft' to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd impreſt;
But play'd ſo lightly on your mind,
It left no laſting print behind.

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
Both how to poliſh and direct their darts,
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
And read theſe lines to gain ſucceſs in love:
But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
Has power t' increaſe the conqueſts of your face.
The Spring, before he paints the riſing flowers,
Receives mild beams, and ſoft deſcending ſhowers;
But love blooms ever freſh beneath your charms,
Though neither pity weeps, nor kindneſs warms.
The chiefs who doubt ſucceſs, aſſert their claim
By ſtratagems, and poorly ſteal a name:
The generous * Son of Jove, in open fight,
Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might:
Like him reſiſtleſs, when you take the field,
Love ſounds the ſignal, and the world muſt yield.

* Alexander.

THE FAIR NUN,
A TALE.

" ——*Ire per ignes,*
" *Et gladios aufim. Neque ad hoc tamen iguibus ullis,*
" *Aut gladiis opus eſt ; opus eſt m.hi cr.ne.*——"
OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

WE ſage Carteſians, who profeſs
Ourſelves ſworn foes to emptineſs,
Aſſert that ſouls a tip-toe ſtand
On what we call the Pineal Gland ;
As weather-cocks on ſpires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blaſt.
This granted, can you think it ſtrange,
We all ſhould be ſo prone to change ;
Ev'ry from the go-cart till we wear
A ſattin cap i' th' elbow chair ?
The follies that the child began,
Cuſtom makes current in the man ;
And firm by livery and ſeiſin
Holds the fee-ſimple of his reaſon.
But ſtill the guſts of love we find
Blow ſtrongeſt on a woman's mind ;
Nor need I learnedly purſue
The latent cauſe, th' effect is true,
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.
Upon a time (for ſo my nurſe,
Heaven reſt her bones ! began diſcourſe)
A lovely nymph, and juſt nineteen,
Began to languiſh with the ſpleen :
She who had ſhone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a ſudden grew preciſe,
Declaim'd againſt the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And moſt believ'd ſhe was ſincere :
Necklace of pearl no more ſhe wears,
That's ſanctified to count her prayers :
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformado nymph removes ;
And Magualen, with ſaints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their reſpective quarters.
Nor yet content, ſhe could not bear
The rankneſs of the public air,
'Twas ſo infected with the vice
Of luſcious ſongs, and lovers' ſighs :
So moſt devoutly would be gone,
And ſtraight profeſs herſelf a Nun.
A youth of breeding and addreſs,
And call him Thyrſis if you pleaſe,
Who had ſome wealth to recompenſe
His ſlender dividend of ſenſe ;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to pleaſe the fair ;
And then ſucceſſively did grow
From a half-wit, a finiſh'd beau !
(For ſops thus naturally riſe,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This ſpark, as ſtory tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he reſolving to purſue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To Laby Abbeſs, in diſguiſe,
And tells her he had brought th' advowſon
Of ſoul and body to diſpoſe on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a proſelyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geeſe.
Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love ;
And to deſcribe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be ſlain,
And riſe, and fight, and fall again :
Love ſhould a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun ſhould charge.—But I forbear.
All human joys, though ſweet in taſte,
Are ſeldom (more's the pity) laſting :
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal ;
But ſhe, poor ſhe, began to doubt,
(Beſt knowing what ſhe'd been about)
The marriage earneſt-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we ſay.
She now invokes, to eaſe her ſoul,
The dagger and the poiſon'd bowl ;
And ſelf-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To loſe her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a ſtrain, as
Your cras'd Monimias and Roxanas.
But as ſhe in her cell lay ſighing,
Diſtracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants addreſs
To ſuccour damſels in diſtreſs)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cauſe for which ſhe griev'd ;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She ſhould be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrſis lead a life
Devoid of all domeſtic ſtrife,
If ſhe would ſign a certain ſcrawl—
Aye, that ſhe would if that was all.
She ſign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er ſhe pleas'd to ſet him to.
The critics muſt excuſe me now,
They both were freed, no matter how
For when we epic writers uſe
Machines to diſengage the Muſe,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands ;
And if they cannot looſe the knot,
Should we be cenſur'd ? I think not.
The ſcene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleaſures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray ?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought every thing ſhe wanted ;
A ſlave devoted to her will :
But women will be wavering ſtill.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their ſqueamiſh appetites will cloy :
And having ſtolen from Lady Abbeſs
One of our merry modern Rabbies,
She found a trick ſhe thought would paſs,
And prove the devil but an aſs.
His next attendance happen'd right
Amidſt a moonleſs ſtormy night,

When madam and her ſpouſe together
Gueſs'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: To-night, ſays he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,
A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave;
But, madam, do you want your ſlave?
I need not preſently be gone,
Becauſe the doctors have not done.
A roſy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my laſt attack:
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties.
The dame produc'd a ſingle hair,
But whence it came I cannot ſwear;
Yet this I will affirm is true;
It curl'd like any bottle ſcrew.
Sir Nic, quoth ſhe, you know us all,
We ladies are fantaſtical:
You ſee this hair—Yes, madam—Pray
In preſence of my huſband ſtay,
And make it ſtraight: or elſe you grant
Our ſolemn league and covenant
Is void in law.—It is, I own it:
And ſo he ſets to work upon it.
He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,
But ſtill it kept th' elaſtic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch who will not drown.
If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flouriſh'd nigh the water:
'Tis criſp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it ſtraight again.
In haſte he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worſe than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He ſtamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The huſband and the lady laugh'd.
Howe'er he fancied ſure enough
He ſhould not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was; but all in vain:
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
This hair will take me up an age.
This take an age! the huſband ſwore,
Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more.
More! take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
'Tis loſs of time to ply for you.

AN EPISTLE
TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muſe to leave her humble cell,
And ſing to thee, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well:
Thee! who to Britain ſtill preſerv'ſt the crown,
And mak'ſt her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful ſtate
The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Iſabella's moving moan,
Diſtreſs'd and loſt for vices not her own;
If envy could permit, he'd ſure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, ſo fair, thy images are ſhown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.
There was an age (its memory will laſt!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taſte,
In which the ſable Muſe with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breaſt, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our paſſions rais'd,
And mov'd the ſprings of Nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practiſe on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the preſent times can boaſt
The race of Charles's reign not wholly loſt.
Thy ſcenes, immortal in their worth, ſhall ſtand
Among the choſen claſſics of our land:
And whilſt our ſons are by tradition taught
How Barry ſpoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praiſe to reliſh and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.
Shakeſpeare, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barbarous age:
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
But rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was fully'd, and obſcur'd, though ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' adventurous Muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May ſpring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.
Some ſcions ſhot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and leſs fair the fruit:
Johnſon the tribute of my verſe might claim,
Had he not ſtrove to blemiſh Shakeſpeare's name.
But, like the radiant twins that g'ld the ſphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The firſt a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by ſuperfluity deſtroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciouſly ſevere,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various ſounding harps the Muſes play'd;
And ſung, and quaff'd their nectar in the ſhade.
Few moderns in the liſts with theſe may ſtand,
For in thoſe days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakeſpeare's fame;
The ſecond honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his ſword.
An age moſt odious and accurs'd enſu'd,
Diſcolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whoſe fall when firſt the tragic virgin ſaw,
She fled and left her province to the law.
Her merry ſiſter ſtill purſu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the ſame.
She firſt reform'd the muſcles of her face,
And learnt the ſolemn ſcrew for ſigns of grace;

Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes ſhe diſciplin'd preciſely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus baniſh'd from the ſtage, ſhe gravely next
Aſſum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.
But when, by miracles of mercy ſhown,
Much-ſuffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She ſtraight pull'd off her ſatin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of ſenſe:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cauſe,
And all deſerv'd, and all receiv'd, applauſe.
Reſtor'd with leſs ſucceſs, the Tragic Muſe
Had quite forgot her ſtyle by long diſuſe;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Miſtaking rattling nonſenſe for ſublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taſte,
And ſneering ſham'd her into ſenſe at laſt.
But now relaps'd, ſhe dwindles to a ſong,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minſtrelſy may ſtill remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with ſuperior majeſty avow'd,
Shine like a goddeſs breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinſtate her on the ſtage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.
Arts have their empires, and, like other ſtates,
Their riſe and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's meaſur'd out by time,
Tranſplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian Muſe once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet ſilent, humbly ſhe eſſay'd
The Doric reed, and ſung beneath the ſhade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the ſwains
T' obſerve the ſeaſons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns ſhe paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds ſhe lay ſupine,
And gave her thoughts a looſe to love and wine;
Or, in her ſable ſtole and buſkins dreſs'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppreſs'd.
The nymph ſtill fair, however paſt her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilſt wars abroad, and civil diſcord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To ſtudy, and refine the language there.
She views with anguiſh on the Roman ſtage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But moſt thoſe ſcenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had reviſ'd, and Roſcius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown ſhe goes
(For Themis then could ſpeak in poliſh'd proſe):
Chaam'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She bleſs'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy ſucceſsful ſword
Was ſheath'd, and univerſal peace reſtor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court ſhe came,
And choſe a numerous choir to chant his fame.
Firſt from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil ſoar'd ſublime in epic ſtrains;
His theme ſo glorious, and his flight ſo true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Leſbian lyre,
And Sappho's ſweetneſs join'd with Pindar's fire.
By Cæſar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and ſung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praiſe,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her ſons ſhe caſt a kind regard,
Nor could they write ſo faſt as he reward.
The Muſe, induſtrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuſe of favours, laviſh'd all her ſtore,
And for one reign made many ages poor.
Now from the rugged North unnumber'd ſwarms
Invade the Latian coaſts with barbarous arms;
A race unpoliſh'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their ſoil.
Theſe locuſts every ſpringing art deſtroy'd,
And ſoft Humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful ſtrife
With Nature's ſcenes, nor gave the canvas life:
Nor ſculpture exercis'd her ſkill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with deſpair, they ſtood devoid of thought,
Leſs lively than the works themſelves had wrought.
On thoſe twin-ſiſters ſuch diſaſters came,
Though colours and proportions are the ſame
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate leſs freedom to the Muſe affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction muſt be found
Of eaſy grandeur, and harmonious ſound.
Thus when ſhe rais'd her voice divinely great
To ſing the founder of the Roman ſtate;
The language was adapted to the ſong,
Sweet and ſublime, with native beauty ſtrong:
But when the Goths inſulting troops appear'd,
Such diſſonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a ſwan, from Tyber's troubled ſtreams
She wing'd her flight, and ſought the ſilver Thames.
Long in the melancholy grove ſhe ſtaid,
And taught the penſive Druids in the ſhade;
In ſolemn and inſtructive notes they ſung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature ſprung,
Who poliſh'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the ſky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the ſtreams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and ſpread the lawns below;
Whence the gay ſpring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence ſummer ſuns imbrown the labouring ſwain,
And ſhivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of Chance.
But in this iſle ſhe found the nymphs ſo fair,
She chang'd her hand, and choſe a ſofter air,
And Love and Beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thouſand radiant nymphs ſhe here beheld,
Who match'd the goddeſs, and the queen excell'd.

T' immortalize their loves ſhe long eſſay'd,
But ſtill the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inſpire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm deſire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to moſt,
Becauſe the thoughts are in the language loſt.
Even Spenſer's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet ſoon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at laſt.
Waller, the Muſe with heavenly verſe ſupplies,
Smooth as the fair, and ſparkling as their eyes;
"All but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
"Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong."
But when this Orpheus ſunk, and hoary age
Suppreſs'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute ſhe gave,
Granville, whoſe faithful verſe is beauty's ſlave;
Accept this gift, my favourite youth! ſhe cry'd,
To ſound a brighter theme, and ſing of Hyde;
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praiſe proclaim,
And match Carliſle's and Sacchariſſa's fame.
O! would he now forſake the myrtle grove,
And ſing of arms, as late he ſung of love!
His colours and his hand alone ſhould paint
In Britain's queen the warrior and the ſaint;
In whom conſpire, to form her truly great,
Wiſdom with power, and piety with ſtate.
Whilſt from her throne the ſtreams of juſtice flow,
Strong and ſerene, to bleſs the land below;
O'er diſtant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redreſs,
The Maeſe, the Danube, and the Rhine confeſs;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To ſee freſh olive ſpring, and plenty ſpread;
And whilſt they found their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and ſickens at her name.
O Granville! all theſe glorious ſcenes diſplay,
Inſtruct ſucceeding monarchs how to ſway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.
Pardon me, friend! I own my muſe too free,
To write ſo long on ſuch a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
Inſtruct th' unerring ſun to guide the year,
And Harley by what ſchemes he ought to ſteer;
Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the ſeal,
Maxims of ſtate to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery ſhall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Iſla for the crown's ſupport,
And Jerſey how to ſerve and grace a court;
Dictate ſoft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her Loves around him ſtand;
In ſage debates to Rocheſter impart
A ſearching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finiſh'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where Nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to pleaſe and benefit mankind.
When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,
The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay;
But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.
Yet when you next to Medway ſhall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to ſteal the ſweets
Of eaſy life in Twyſden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania ſcorn'd the pomp of Rome);
Where Lambard, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,
By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;
In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,
In both the patriot and the friend diſplays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe.
With bright ideas there inſpir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier ſkill eſſay to ſing
Sublimer notes, and ſtrike a bolder ſtring.
Languid and dull, when abſent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her ſacred ſhrine ſhe ſtood,
Her fury ſoon confeſs'd the coming god;
Her breaſt began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous viſions fill'd her labouring ſoul.

A LETTER

TO THE

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

"——*Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.*"
MART. Lib. i.

SIR Knight, who know with equal ſkill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
To be tormented with a ſpright.
On either ſide his head the hair
Seem'd buſhing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a ſweet majeſtic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.
On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the ſtage renown'd)
A ſock of curious ſhape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flouriſh'd o'er;
A purple buſkin grac'd the right,
And ſtrong he ſtep'd, yet lovely light.
Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
To give me quiet in my grave:
Tryphun conſtrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a poſt,
I'm conjur'd up—"Alas, poor Ghoſt!"
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author ſtruts
In calves-ſkin gilt, adorn'd with cuts,
I, vouching, paſs 'em off as dear
As any ſtaple-claſſic ware.
Peers, parſons, cits, a motley tribe,
Flock there to purchaſe, and ſubſcribe.

While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to see them grow polite.
For ends thus infamously low,
It sure wou'd seem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to stand,
With a good broomstick in his hand.
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiss
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and side.
Or is there none of all his race,
Whose features would a sign-board grace?
Oft' in the wizard's cell I've seen
A sorrel man, of awkward mien,
Prying with busy leer about,
As if he were the devil's scout.
I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.
When first I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
O! take my wit, and spare my head,
Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.
But as a whelp starts up with fear
When a bee's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilst round the little teazer spins;
But when aloof in air it soars,
He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores:
So did his fellow-creature slight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd
I smelt they strong impressions made.
There is a Knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and sable shield;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
"But soft! I scent the morning air:
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the Knight.
Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the Bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of death or love?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.
But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine?

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

IN MILTON'S STYLE.

"————*To th' Orphean lyre,*
"*He sung of Chaos and eternal night;*
"*Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down*
"*The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,*
"*Though hard, and rare.*"

PARADISE LOST, B. I.

WHEN speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare
Prosperous: and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms
Unbless'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unvisited, and the sun's gladsome ray.
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn
Along the marish, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I meantime unsheath
My faulchion, and prepare t'intrench the ground
A cubit square, and their oblations pour
To reconcile the shades; infusing milk
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added flare
Of water; and with flower of wheat best row
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghosts
Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of stateliest growth: and to th' oraculous * seer
A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd
And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew:
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when lo! from the dun verge
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Cropt in their spring, who wandering pensive wail'd
The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar

* Tiresias.

With age, ſame ſlowly pace; others more fierce
Array'd in arms, enſanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I ſtood aſtounded, but with quick diſpatch
Bade burn the ſacrifice, a grateful ſteam
To Proſerpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: ſudden I wav'd
My glittering faulchion, from the ſanguine pool
Driving th' unbody'd hoſt that round me ſwarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them ſip, before I ſaw
Th' oraculous ſeer. Foremoſt of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whoſe unregarded corſe
We left behind in Circe's ſumptuous dome,
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to purſue
Our voyage: Straight to tender pity mov'd,
With words diſſolv'd in tears I cry'd, Relate,
Elpenor, how theſe rueful ſhades you reach'd
Sooner than I full-ſail'd. He thus reply'd
In accents of much dolour: Me, O King!
The miniſter of adverſe fate malign'd,
Unweeting of miſhap; and wrought my doom,
Drench'd with exceſs of wine: prone from the top
Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
Disjointed dy'd. But to your pious care
Suppliant, I beg by thoſe endearing names
Of parent, wife, and ſon (though diſtant, dear
To your remembrance), when you re-aſcend
To Circe's bliſsful iſle, to my remains
Discharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
Unwept, unbury'd there, left Heaven avenge
The dire neglect While the devouring flames
Conſume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
My armour caſt complete; then raiſe a tomb
For my memorial on the foaming ſtrand;
And on it place that oar which erſt I ply'd
With my aſſociates. Penſive I rejoin,
Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rights you crave.
While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
Such melancholy parley, with brandiſh'd ſteel
Guarding the goary pool, I through th' obſcure
My * Mother view'd: her lineage ſhe deriv'd
From Maia's wingy ſon, and ceas'd to breathe
This vital air, ſince I my legion led
To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
Abundant ſorrow ſtream'd; but though regret
Wither'd my reſolution, from the pool
I made the dear maternal form recede,
Till I ſhould learn from the grave Theban ſeer
The ſum of fate. The ſage at length advanc'd
Bearing a golden ſcepter, and began:
Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
Compel your progreſs from th' all-chearing ſun,
And heavenly azure, in this ſeat of woe
To roam among the dead? But from the pool
Withdraw, and ſheath your faulchion, while I taſte
That bloody beverage, then the Fates decreed
Inſtant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
Sheathing my faulchion whilſt he drank the gore;
Then thus the ſeer pronounc'd the Fates decree.
What means may beſt befit your wiſh'd return,
Illuſtrious Greek! you'd know. The ſovereign power
Whoſe ſtrong earth-ſhaking mace the floods revere,
Inſidious waits a time to wreak revenge
For Polypheme, his ſon; whoſe viſual orb
You late eclips'd with ever-during ſhade.
Howe'er you ſafe may voyage, and avoid
Diſaſters various, if your mates refrain
From ſacrilegious ſpoil, when ſafe they tread
Trinacria's herby ſoil: for there the flocks
And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
Browze fattening paſture (he the world's great eye
Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
Can ſhun his wakeful ear); with evil hand
If them they ſeize, unerring I foretell
An hideous wreck. Unequal to the ſtorm
Your ſhip, deep in the nether waves ingulft,
Shall periſh with her crew: you ſhall regain
The dry, without ſurviving friend to cheer
Your pilgrim-ſteps: however late and hard,
You ſhall reviſit your lov'd natal ſhore,
Tranſported in a veſſel not your own.
Much of domeſtic damage, and miſrule,
Will ſadden your return; for in your court
Suitors voluptuous ſwarm: with amorous wiles
Studious to win your conſort, and ſeduce
Her from chaſte fealty to joys impure,
In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they ſoon
By ſtratagem, or our puiſſant arm,
To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
Remote from ocean, who with ſavoury ſalt
Ne'er ſeaſon their repaſt, nor veſſel view'd
Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
And all her tackle trim, with ſpeed repair
Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
One journeying obvious will miſname that oar
A corn van; fix it there, and victims ſlay
To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
A ram ſelect; and from the beeves and ſwine,
The choiceſt male entire, of either herd.
Thence homeward haſte, and hecatombs prepare
For the bright order of the gods, who reign
Spher'd in empyreal ſplendors. White with years,
The balm of life evaporating flow,
At length, when Neptune points the dart of death*,
Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
With fair abundance bleſs'd. In theſe fix'd laws
Of fate repoſe affiance, and beware.
I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
Of fate, O Seer! I acquieſce; but lo!
Penſive and ſilent, by the goary pool,
Abides my mother's ſhade; nor me vouchſafes
Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how
She here may recognize me. He rejoin'd;
Whatever ghoſt by your permiſſion ſips
That ſacred purple, will to all your queſt
Without deceit reply; the reſt withdraw
At your ſtern interdict. This ſaid, the ſeer
To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
Meantime I firm abode, till the dear ſhade
Had ſip'd the ſacred purple; then her ſon
Inſtant ſhe knew, and wailing thus began:
My ſon! how reach'd you theſe Tartarean bounds,
Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
And gulphs unvoyageable, from acceſs
Debar each living wight; beſides th' expanſe
Of ocean wide to ſail. Are you from Troy
With your aſſociate peers but now return'd,
Erroneous from your wife and kingdom ſtill?

* Anticlea.

* He was killed with the bone of a ſea-turtle.

I thus: By ſtrong neceſſity conſtrain'd,
Down to theſe nether realms I have preſum'd
An earthly gueſt, to hear my doom diſclos'd
By ſage Tireſias; for ſince I led
Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
To war on Ilium, traverſing the main
Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
Eſtrang'd from Greece. But ſay by what diſeaſe,
By ſlow conſumption through the gates of death
Prone did you paſs; or by Diana's dart
Tranſfix'd, a ſudden fate? My hoary ſire!
Survives he? Is my blooming ſon poſſeſs'd
Of my domain, or groans it now beneath
Uſurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,
Thoughtleſs of my return? My conſort dear!
Abides ſhe with my ſon, of all his rights
A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
Hath ſhe been won to plight connubial vows?
The venerable ſhade thus anſwer'd mild:
Still in your regal dome your ſpouſe abides
Diſconſolate, with ever-flowing eyes
Wailing your abſence; and your ſon poſſeſs'd
Of principality, with his compeers,
Bounteous of ſoul, free intercourſe maintains
Of ſocial love. Beneath a ſylvan lodge,
Far from the cheerful ſteps of men, your ſire
Lives inconſolable; on gorgeous beds,
With rich embroidery ſpread, and purple palls,
No more indulging ſweet repoſe; but clad
In coarſe attire, couch'd with his village hinds
On the warm hearth he ſleeps, when winter reigns
Inclement, till the circling months return
New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
High interwove a green pavilion form,
Where pillow'd on the leaves he mourns for you
Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
Adding corroſive anguiſh and deſpair.
So periſh'd I with ſlow-conſuming pile!
Me nor the ſilver-ſhafted goddeſs ſlew,
Nor racking malady; but anxious love
Of my Ulyſſes on my vitals prey'd,
And ſunk my age with ſorrow to the grave.
She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondneſs ſtrove
T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
Deluſive as a dream. Anew with grief
Heart-chill'd, I ſpake: Why, mother, will you fly
Your ſon's incircling arms? O here permit
My duteous love, and let our ſorrows flow
Mingling in one full ſtream! Or has the queen
Whoſe frown the Shades revere, to work me woe,
A guiltful image form'd? She thus replies:
Of all mankind, O moſt to grief inur'd!
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
Is here intended, but the eſſence pure
Of ſeparate ſouls is of all living touch
Impaſſive: here no groſs material frame
We wear, with fleſh incumber'd, nerves and bones;
They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we ceaſe
To draw the breath of life, the ſoul on wing
Fleets like a dream, from elemental droſs
Diſparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
Illumin'd with the ſun's enlivening beam,
Hence journeying upward, to your conſort dear
Diſcloſe the ſecrets of our ſtate below.
Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
Of nobleſs near advance their ſteps, enlarg'd
By radiant Proſerpine, daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old: the weary pool
The fair aſſembly thick ſurround, to ſip
The taſteful liquid: I the fates of each
Deſirous to hear ſtoried, wave my ſword
In airy circles, while they ſingly ſate
Their appetites; then curious aſk of each
Her anceſtry, which all in order told.
Tyro firſt audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; ſhe with Cretheus ſhar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
Enipeus, ſwift from whoſe reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune aſſum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd
Wandering love-penſive near his amber ſtream:
Them plunging in the ſlopy flood receiv'd
Redounding; and to ſkreen his amorous theft,
On either ſide the parting waves up-rear'd
A cryſtal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And ſated, thus he ſpake: Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb ſhall teem with twins (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful), and thoſe pledges dear
Of our ſweet caſual bliſs nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward ſpeed,
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: ſo Neptune bids thee now farewell.
He ceas'd, and diving ſudden was ingulph'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair ſons
Th' appointed months diſcharg'd, by ſupreme Jove
Both ſcepter'd. Pelias firſt; his empire wide
Stretch'd o'er Iolcos, whoſe irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleec'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the ſandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Crethus then eſpous'd,
A fair increaſe, Æſon and Pheres, bore;
And great Amythaon, who with fiery ſteeds
Oft' diſarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.
The daughter of Aſopus next I view'd,
Antiope, boaſtful that ſhe, by Jove
Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
Stately with ſeven large gates, and bulwark'd ſtrong
Againſt invading powers. Alcmena fair
Amphitryon's conſort, then advanc'd to view;
To heaven's ſupreme who bore Alcides, bold
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely ſhade
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
By great Alcides ſpous'd. To her ſucceeds
The ſheeny form of Epicaſte, woo'd
By Oedipus her ſon, to whom ſhe deign'd
Spouſal embraces, thoughtleſs of miſdeed,
He having too (ill-ſtar'd!) deſtroy'd his ſire,
His lineage with inceſtuous mixture ſoil'd,
Blinded by deſtiny; but the juſt gods
Diſclos'd th' unnatural ſcene. In Thebes he ſway'd,
With various ills by Heaven's afflicting rod
Diſcomfited; but ſhe through fell deſpair,
Self-ſtrangled, from the ſtings of mortal life
Fled to the ſhades, and her ſurviving ſon
With delegated furies fierce purſued.
An amiable image next appear'd;
Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty ſtem
The youngeſt bud: in ſweet attractive pomp,
On her the Graces ever waiting ſmit
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love

prung Neſtor, Chromius, and the boaſtful power
f Periclymenus; beſides a nymph,
ere, of form divine: her virgin vows
y many a prince was ſought, but Neleus deign'd
o none her bed, but him whoſe proweſs'd arm
hould force from Phylace a furious herd
f wild Theſſalian beeves, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold empriſe
accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
n thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon cloſe immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by ſolving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who ſtraight diſmiſs'd
The captive; ſo was Jove's high will complete.
Then Leda, ſpous'd by Tyndarus, I ſaw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Caſtor expert
To tame the ſteed, and Pollux far renown'd
On lifted fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.
Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compreſs'd
By Neptune, bore (ſo ſhe the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
Cut ſhort in early prime: their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic ſtature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the courſe
Of nine ſwift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their ſhoulders meaſur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of ſoul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Oſſa, and on Oſſa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the baſe with all its woods; by ſcale
T' aſſault heaven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had ſure atchiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the ſilver dart
Of Phœbus ſheer transfix'd, ere ſpringing down
Shaded their roſy youth, they both expir'd.
Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both ſurpaſs'd
In goddeſs-like demeanour; from her ſire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theſeus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But ſtern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, diſſever'd ſoon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous ſeas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphyle, whoſe once radiant charms
A cloud of ſorrow dimm'd; for ſhe, devoid
Of dûteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.——
Here let me ceaſe narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I ſaw; for now the night
In clouded majeſty has journey'd far,
Admoniſhing to reſt, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Meantime affianc'd in the gods and you,
To ſpeed my voyage to my native realm.
He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience ſate
In ſilent rapture; his perſuaſive tongue,
Melliſluous, ſo with eloquence had charm'd
Their ſtill inſatiate ears; at length thus ſpake
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.
Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
The port, the wiſdom of this wanderer claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my gueſt
I ſtyle; but ſince the honour he vouchſafes,
Delighted ye partake, give not too ſoon
Him ſignal of departure, but prepare
With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,
Vyeing in bounteous deeds, ſince Heaven hath ſhower'd
Your peerage with abundant favours boon.
Up roſe Echeneus then, whoſe wavy locks
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with matureſt counſel, and began
Addreſſing his compeers: Rightful and wiſe
The queen's propoſal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will: Alcinous beſt
By fair enſample may preſcribe the rule.
Alcinous from his bed of ſtate reply'd,
With aſpect bland: While here I live enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian ſceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but our princely gueſt
Muſt, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord
Benevolent, and free to furniſh ſtores
Worthy acceptance; me you ſhall confeſs
The firſt in bounty, as the firſt in power.
He ended, and Ulyſſes anſwer'd blithe:
O thou, by kingly virtues juſtly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving ſun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquieſce obedient, till meet ſtores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largeſſes arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, ſtraight the wondering Greeks
Will dear reſpect and prompter homage yield.
To whom Alcinous: Your diſtinguiſh'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of thoſe vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with ſevereſt truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, inſtruct and pleaſe,
When (like ſome bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you ſweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian ſtory was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you ſpeak
Your own diſaſtrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low ſojourn'd
In groſs Tartarean gloom, the mighty ſhades
Of thoſe brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much ſpace to meaſure, and the hour
Of ſleep is far to come: I can attend
With raviſhment, to hear the pleaſing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roſeate morn
Purples the Eaſt. Ulyſſes thus reply'd:
Due time, O king, for converſe and repoſe
Is ſtill remaining; nor will I refuſe
With coy denial, what the ſacred ear
Of majeſty with audience deigns to grace,
Hear next how my aſſociate warriors fell,

O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions and oppreſs'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the proweſs'd foe.
When, by imperious Proſerpine recall'd,
The lady-train diſpers'd, the penſive form
Of Agamemnon came, with thoſe begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægyſthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
He recogniz'd me inſtant, and outſtretch'd
His unſubſtantial arms, exhauſted now
Of all their vital vigour; with ſhrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I ſpake:
O king of hoſts! O ever honour'd ſon
Of Atreus! ſay to what ſevere decree
Of deſtiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath,
Tempeſting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyſs? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on ſome hoſtile coaſt,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in aſſault
Of ſome imperial fortreſs, thence to win
Rich ſpoils and beauteous captives, were you ſlain
Defeated of your ſeizure? He replied:
I periſh'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From baſe Ægyſthus, and my baſer queen,
Irreparable doom, whilſt I partook
Refreſhment, and at ſupper jovial ſate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death moſt lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathleſs friends,
Like beaſts new ſlaughter'd for the bridal board
Of ſome luxurious noble, or devote
To ſolemn feſtival. On well-fought fields
You various ſcenes of ſlaughter have ſurvey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
Your beſt of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us ſpread,
And ponderous vaſes bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With ſhrilling cries
Caſſandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my ſide
Falſe Clytemneſtra ſlew: t' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying graſp my ſabre ſeiz'd,
But the curs'd aſſaſſin withdrew, nor cloſ'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of Nature's ſavage train have leſs remorſe
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beaſt was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domeſtic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
And court-retinue; but my traitreſs wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a ſtain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the ſex,
Shall wound ſoft innocence with touch of blame.
I anſwer'd, O ye powers! by women's wiles
Jove works ſure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus ſtill: for Helen's vagrant luſt
Greece mourns her ſtates diſpeopled; and you fell
By your adultreſs! Plaintive he reply'd.
By my diſaſters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unboſom nought momentous; though ſhe peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know),
Unlock not all your ſecrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty freſh; your ſon
Then hanging on her breaſt; who now to man
Full grown, with men aſſociates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his ſire
With filial duty dear; a bliſs to me
Not deign'd! my ſon I ſaw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife: then, timely warn'd,
Truſt not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But ſay ſincere,
Aught have you heard where my Oreſtes lies,
In rich Orchomenus, or ſandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more ſecure
In ſpacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoin'd:
Vain is your queſt, Atrides; whether fate
Permits your ſon to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in theſe ſhades
He roams a ghoſt, I know not; nor with ſpeech
Falſe or ambiguous will beguile your ear.
While mournful thus we talk'd, ſuffus'd with tears
Of tender ſympathy, young Peleus came,
With his aſſociates moſt in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious * ſon
Of Neſtor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converſe, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illuſtrious ſhade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And proweſs; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddeſs-born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus ſad began:
What cauſe, Ulyſſes, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what empriſe
Hath aught of ſuch importance, as to tempt
This dire deſcent, where we in dolorous night,
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?
O peerleſs chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremoſt name! I hither am conſtrain'd,
From the wiſe Theban oracle to hear
Beſt means reveal'd how to reviſit ſafe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,
I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer bleſſings than the eye of time
Yet ſaw conferr'd, or future ſhall behold:
On earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the ſtroke of fate
Sink with diminiſh'd luſtre, but ſupreme
Reign o'er the ſhades. He ſolemn ſad replied:
Reign here ſupreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught conſole my doom: rather on earth
A village ſlave I'd be, than titled here
Imperial and auguſt. But ſay me true,
Or did my ſon illuſtrate his deſcent
Firſt in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? do all our tribes
In Phthia ſtill revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power deſpoil'd,
A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his ſceptre firm? that arm! which oft

* Antilochus

Varring for Greece beſtrew'd the Phrygian plains
Vith many a proweſs'd knight! Would Heaven reſtore
'he ſame puiſſant form, I'd ſoon avenge
lis injur'd age, and re-aſſert his claim.
He ceaſing, I reply'd: Of Peleus' ſtate
'ame hath to me been ſilent; but attend
While I th' atchievements of thy glorious ſon
Blazon, as truth ſhall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean ſafe I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we ſate
In council, to mature ſome high deſign,
Firſt of the peerage with perſuaſive ſpeech
His ſentence he diſcloſ'd, by all confeſs'd
The third from Neſtor. But whene'er he mov'd
n battalous array, and the ſhrill clang
Of onſet ſounded, he, with haughty ſtrides
Advancing in the van, the foremoſt chief,
ierc'd through the adverſe legions, nor was deem'd
ot equal to the beſt. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cauſe the youth atchiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
urypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands
am'd after Memnon firſt; with many a peer
f Pergamenian race, around him ſtrown.
When in the wooden horſe by Epeus form'd
elected heroes lay, aghaſt and pale
he reſt, ſhuddering with fear, let round big drops
all from their drooping eyes, he ſole abode
Indaunted, undiſmay'd; no chilling doubt
roſted his damaſk cheek, nor ſilent tear
ours'd from its cryſtal ſluice, but graſping fierce
lis ſpear and faulchion, for the combat grew
mpatient, menacing deciſive rout
o Troy's opponent powers; and when the height
f Ilion had receiv'd the final ſtroke
rom Grecian valour, with barbaric ſpoil,
o his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
Jamark'd with hoſtile wound, though round him Mars
With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn.
I ended: joy ineffable poſſeſs'd
he great paternal ſhade; his ſteps he rais'd
With more majeſtic portance o'er the mead
erdant with aſphodel, elate to hear
lis ſon's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.
The reſt, a penſive circle, round await
eciting various dooms, to mortal ear
alamitous and ſad! From theſe apart
he Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
contest for Achilles' arms, abode
ullen with treaſur'd wrath; the fatal ſtrife
y Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
ſtinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
he prize of right. O! why was I conſtrain'd
y honour to prevail, and cauſe to die
jax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
nd proweſs; paragon'd for both, to none
ut the great ſon of Peleus! Him with ſpeech
enient of wrath I thus accoſted mild:
Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
he memory of thoſe arms, which Heaven decreed
ernicious to the Greeks, who loſt in thee
heir power of ſtrong defence: to mourn thy fall
he voice of Grief along the tented ſhore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to puniſh all our hoſt,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal ſhade!
Approach, and affable to me vouchſafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempeſtuous rage.
Vain was my ſuit! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of ſpectres, fleeting to th' interior ſhade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly ſpeech
Diſdain'd reply; yet to that dark receſs
Had I purſu'd his flight, he muſt have borne
Unwilling correſpondence, forc'd by fate,
Impaſſion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
For other viſions drew my curious eye.
Intent I ſaw with golden ſceptre grave
Minos, the ſon of Jove, to the pale ghoſts
Diſpenſing equity; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cauſe
At that tribunal, trembling whilſt he weigh'd
Their pleaded reaſon. Of portentous ſize
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce purſuit
Of thoſe huge mountain ſavages he ſlew,
While habitant of earth, whoſe griſly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.
Nor unobſerv'd lay ſtretch'd upon the marle
Tityus, earth-born, whoſe body long and large
Cover'd nine acres: there two vultures ſat,
Of appetite inſatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting gnaw'd
His liver, powerleſs he to put to flight
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,
The paramour of Jove, as ſhe ſojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
Delicious landſcape!—In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
Chin-deep he ſtands, yet with afflictive drought
Inceſſant pines, while ever as he bows
To ſip refreſhment, from his parching thirſt
The guileful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous ſpread
Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green,
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
The luſcious fig ſky-dy'd, the taſteful pear
Vermillion'd half, and apples mellowing ſweet
In burniſh'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambroſial:—when he tries to ſeize
The copious fruitage fair, a ſudden guſt
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.
Then Siſyphus, the neareſt mate in woe,
Drew my regard; he, with diſtended nerves,
A ponderous ſtone rolls up a rugged rock;
Urg'd up the ſteep cliff ſlow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the ſlopy ſide
The rapid orb devolving back renews
Eternal toil, which he, with duſt beſmear'd,
And dew'd with ſmoaking ſweat, inceſſant plies.
I laſt the viſionary ſemblance view'd
Of Hercules, a ſhadowy form; for he,
The real ſon of Jove, in heaven's high court
Abides, aſſociate with the gods, and ſhares
Celeſtial banquets; where, with ſoft diſport

Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image ſtands,
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.
Athwart his breaſt a military zone
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
Grim woodland ſavages, with various ſcenes
Of war, fierce-jouſtling knights, and havoc dire,
With matchleſs art pourtray'd: me ſtraight he knew,
And, piteous of my ſtate, addreſs'd me thus:
O exercis'd in grief, illuſtrious ſon
Of good Laertes, ſam'd for warlike wiles!
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
To groan oppreſs'd: ev'n I, the ſeed of Jove,
Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
To drag to light the triple-creſted dog
That guards hell's maſſy portal: I atchiev'd
The taſk injoin'd, through the propitious aid
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchſaf'd
Their friendly guidance: then without reply,
To Pluto's court majeſtic he retir'd.
Meantime for others of heroic note
I waited, in the lifts of ancient fame
Enroll'd illuſtrious; and had haply ſeen
Great Theſeus, and Pirithous his compeer,
The race of gods; but at the hideous ſcream
Of ſpectres iſſuing from the dark profound
I wax'd infirm of purpoſe, ſore diſmay'd
Leſt Proſerpine ſhould ſend Meduſa, curl'd
With ſnaky locks, to fix me in her realm
Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ſhip
Retreating ſpeedy thence, I bade my mates
To ſhove from ſhore: joyous they ſtraight began
To ſtem the tide, and bruſh'd the whitening ſeas,
Till the freſh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE

WIDOW'S WILE:

A TALE.

HAVE you not ſeen (to ſtate the caſe)
Two waſps lie ſtruggling in a glaſs
With the rich flavour of Tokay
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and ſo at length ſlip in;
Embracing, cloſe the couple lies,
Together dip, together riſe;
You'd ſwear they love, and yet they ſtrive
Which ſhall be ſunk, and which ſurvive.
Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial ſtate;
When ſacred vows are bought and ſold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.
A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
By fame) was born without a beard;
A certain ſign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that æra we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed;
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore juſt turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old ſot ſhe call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, poſſeſs'd of wealth and eaſe,
Had no more appetites to pleaſe;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie!—It ne'er enter'd in her head.
Yet ſome prolific planet ſmil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child;
Intitled by the law to claim
Her huſband's chattels, and his name:
But was ſo like his mother! She
The Queen of Love, her Cupid he.
This matron fair for ſpouſe deceas'd
Had ſorrow'd ſore, a week at leaſt;
And ſeem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls ſhe now refrain'd,
To a dark room by cuſtom chain'd;
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.
The maids, ſo long in priſon pent,
Aſk leave to air; ſhe gives conſent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom muſt ſtay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock ſhe'd employ
Her ſolitude, and tend the boy.
When madam ſees the coaſt is clear,
Her ſpirits mantle and career,
Diffuſing ardour through her mien;
Pity they ſhould condeaſe to ſpleen!
But now by honour ſhe's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a maſquerading morn
By ſix ſecurely could return;
Having to feaſt him ſafe till nine,
With opium drug'd her ſpouſe's wine.
This the gay world no worſe would hold,
Than had ſhe only chang'd his gold:
The ſpecies anſwer'd all demands,
And only paſs'd through other hands.
But honour now preſcribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.
What! a large ſtomach, and no meat!
In pity, Love, provide a treat;
Can widows feed on dreams and wiſhes,
Like hags on viſionary diſhes?
Impoſſible! Through walls of ſtone
Hunger will break, to ſuck a bone.
Want, oft' in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed;
And now conſtrain'd this matron mild
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child ſhe pinch'd; he ſquall'd;
In haſte the favourite footman's call'd,
To pacify the peeviſh chit;
For who but he could do the feat?

He ſmarting ſore, refus'd to play;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, ſoon avow'd her flame
By various ſigns that want a name.
The lacquey ſaw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye;
And ſtraight with equal fury fir'd
Began th' attack; the dame retir'd;
And haply falling as ſhe fled,
He beat her till ſhe lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the ſtrife)
Soon with a ſigh return'd to life.
Think ye ſhe'd e'er forgive her ſon,
For what the naughty man had done?
She did; yet, ſpited with his pain,
He ſounds th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'ſquire, conſult your potent ally,
Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally——
Yes; blood is hot on either ſide;
Another combat muſt be try'd.
She knew the foe could do no more,
Than at the firſt attack ſhe bore;
So at his little malice ſmil'd,
And cry'd, Come on!—To pleaſe the child.

A-LA-MODE.

MY better ſelf, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Tranſported in thy circling arms
With freſh variety of charms;
From fate I ſcarce can think to crave
A bliſs, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have paſt, ſince thou
Didſt plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture ſpent, for they
Seem ſhorter than St. Lucy's day:
A bright example we ſhall prove
Of laſting matrimonial love.
Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not ſurvive, to ſee
My happineſs expire with thee.
O! ſhould I loſe my deareſt dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I ſwear,
I'd give myſelf the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below.
When Wheedle thus to ſpouſe in bed
Spoke the beſt things he e'er had read;
Madam ſurpris'd (you muſt ſuppoſe it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the cloſet;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at picquet, and ſo forth——
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain ſtole,
And peeping in, with ſolemn tone
Cry'd out, O man! thy days are done:
The gods are fearful of the worſt,
And ſend me, Death, to fetch thee firſt;
To ſave their favourite from ſelf-murder,
Lo! thus I execute their order.
Hold, Sir! for ſecond thoughts are beſt,
The huſband cry'd; 'tis my requeſt
With pleaſure to prolong my life.——
Your meaning?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

SAPPHO to PHAON,

A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?
And could you gueſs from whom this letter came
Before you ſaw it ſign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, ſince I'm form'd for lyricks, why
The ſtrain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;
I mourn my ſlighted love; alas! my lute,
And ſprightly odes, would ill with ſorrow ſuit.
I'm ſcorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conſpire.
To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verſe beſt befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once careſt,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breaſt.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enſlav'd to thoſe enchanting looks, that wear
The bluſh of Bacchus and Apollo's air;
Aſſume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may ſee;
Yet they confeſs'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid ſoul to love.
To me the Muſe vouchſafes celeſtial fire,
And my ſoft numbers glow with warm deſire;
Alcæus and myſelf alike ſhe crown'd,
For ſoftneſs I, and he for ſtrength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well ſupplies:
My ſhape, I own, is ſhort, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.
If I'm not fair, young Perſeus did adore
The ſwarthy graces of the royal * Moor:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites
Till one as charming as yourſelf invites,
None of our ſex can ever bleſs your bed;
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.
Yet, when you read my verſe, you lik'd each line,
And ſwore no numbers were ſo ſweet as mine;
I ſang (that pleaſing image ſtill is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kiſſes ſtifled what you prais'd.
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecſtaſy were drown'd;

* Andromeda.

When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.
O, aid thy poetess, great Queen of Love,
Auspicious to my growing passion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:
My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace
Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
And doom'd to traffick on the main is tost,
Winning with danger what with shame he lost;
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
And then (as if the woes I bore beside
Were yet too light) my little daughter dyd.
But after all these pangs of sorrow past,
A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!
No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear;
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:
Why should I put such gay allurements on,
Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone?
Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
And he who gave the wound deserves my heart:
My fate is fix'd, for sure the fates decreed
That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,
In vain I call my reason to my aid;
The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.
Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
Flames so resistless to a woman's heart?
Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;
Venus would bear him to her bower above,
But there she dreads a rival in his love.
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,
Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:
While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)
See how my falling tears the letter stain.
At least, why would you not vouchsafe to shew
A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"
Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear,
My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:
My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.
But, gods! when first the killing news I heard,
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.
But when my sense was waken'd to despair,
I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair;
As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,
With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:
Poor soul! he cries, I doubt she grows sincere;
Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.
Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal
The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By Sleep his image to my bed is brought:
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms incircle thine:
Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest:
And then! ah then!—I blush to write the rest.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,
And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:
With life alone my lingering love must end,
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.
But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit:
In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;
The caves and groves afford me no relief.
Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
I find the Shades, which to our joys were kind,
But my false Phaon there no more I find:
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
But now his absence withers all the scene:
There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
Where side by side we once together lay:
I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing:
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan;
Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,
While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.
To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring:
The trees that on the shady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below:
Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say:
Fly, Sappho, fly; to cure this deep despair,
To the Leucadian rock in haste repair;
High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire:
Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,
And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.
Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,
Precipitate thyself into the seas.
This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran:
I fly, ye nymphs, I fly; though fear assail
The woman, yet the lover must prevail.
In death what terrors can deserve my care?
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.

'e winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
'our downy pinions ſpread! my weight is ſmall.
'hus reſcued, to the god of verſe I'll bow,
Iang up my lute, and thus inſcribe my vow:
'o Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
'he gift did both the god and giver ſuit.
But, Phaon, why ſhould I this toil endure,
Vhen thy return would ſoon complete the cure?
'hy beauty, and its balmy power, would be
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.
) harder than the rock to which I go,
And deafer than the waves that war below!
Think yet, oh think! ſhall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's ſcorn a victim fell?
)r hadſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Bruis'd on the cliſt, than cloſe to Phaon's preſt?
This breaſt, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
'ou made me once believe you did admire?
) could it now ſupply me with addreſs
'o plead my cauſe, and court thee with ſucceſs!
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the riſing vigour of my ſoul:
No more, ye Leſbian nymphs, deſire a ſong,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unſtrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy ſhine,
(Ah! yet I ſcarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
Inſpiring ardors will revive my vein.
But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:
My vows the winds diſperſe, and make their ſport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Leſbian port.
Yet if you purpoſe to return, 'tis wrong
To let your miſtreſs languiſh here ſo long:
Venus for your fair voyage will compoſe
The ſea, for from the ſea the goddeſs roſe:
Cupid, aſſiſted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the ſails.
But, if relentleſs to my prayer you prove,
f ſtill, unkind without a cauſe, you'll rove,
nd ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes reſtore
'hat object, which her hourly vows implore;
'will be compaſſion now t' avow your hate;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
'hen, ſteel'd with reſolution by deſpair,
ur cure I'll to the kinder ſeas repair:
hat laſt relief for love-ſick minds I'll try;
hœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom ous transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom pho, and ſeveral other Leſbian ladies, fell paſſionately in love with; and therefore I thought it ght be pardonable to vary the circumſtances of ſtory, and to add what I thought proper in the lowing epiſtle.

PHAON to SAPPHO.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
Before I ſaw it ſign'd with Sappho's name:
Such tender thoughts in ſuch a flowing verſe,
Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearſe;
Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms.
With ſuch concern your paſſion I ſurvey,
As when I view a veſſel toſs'd at ſea;
I beg each friendly power the ſtorm may ceaſe,
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
What can I more than wiſh? for who can free
The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
With generous pity I'll repay your flame;
Pity! 'tis what deſerves a ſofter name:
Which yet, I fear, of equal uſe would prove
To ſooth a tempeſt, as abate your love.
How can my art your fierce diſeaſe ſubdue?
I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
Benumb'd in death the cold phyſician lies,
While for his help the feveriſh patient cries:
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, liſtening while my woes I here relate,
Let your ſoft boſom heave with tender ſighs,
Let melting ſorrow languiſh in your eyes;
Piteous deplore a wretch conſtrain'd to rove
Whoſe crime and puniſhment is ſlighted love;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.
At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which ſeek their fiſhy food along the ſhore.
One ſummer-eve in port I left my ſail,
And with my partners ſought a neighbouring vale;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the Queen of May.
At firſt their various charms my choice confuſe,
For what is choice where each is fit to chooſe?
But love or fate at length my boſom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;
A ſhepherdeſs ſhe was, and on the lawn
Sate to the ſetting-ſun from dewy dawn;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the ſtreams
In pearly caves, and ſhun the burning beams.
I whiſper love; ſhe flies; I ſtill purſue,
To preſs her to the joy ſhe never knew:
And while I ſpeak, the virgin bluſhes ſpread
Her damaſk beauty with a warmer red.
I vow'd unſhaken faith, invoking loud
Venus, t' atteſt the ſolemn faith I vow'd;
Invoking all the radiant lights above,
(But moſt the lamp that lights the realm of love)
No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
But leave my ſhip to periſh on the ſeas,
If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
My heart diſloyal, or my look unkind.
A maid will liſten when her lover ſwears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful ſhepherdeſs ſecur'd her flocks
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
Yet fell herſelf an undefended prey
To one more cruel and more falſe than they.

To Kent mote; for ſhe wele did knowe
'Twas vaine ayenſt the ſtreme to rowe.
Sa wend they on one ſteed yfere,
Ech cleping toder life and dere;
Heven ſhilde hem fro myne Bromley hoſt,
Or many a groat theyr meel woll coſt.
Deem next ye maiſtreſs Wever ſene
Yclad in ſable bombaſine;
The frankeleins wyves accoſt her blythe,
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
And yeve honour parochiall
In pew, and eke at feſtivall.
Worſchip and wealth her huſbond hath;
Ne poor in aught, ſive werks and faith:
Kepes bull, bore, ſtallion, to diſpence
Large pennorths of benevolence.
His berne ycrammed was, and ſtore
Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
And was aſtonied at the cocke;
That, in his portaunce debonair,
On everich henn beſtow'd a ſhare
Of pleſaunce, yet no genitours
She ſaw, to thrill his paramours:
Ottſithes ſhe mokel mus'd thereon,
Yet niſt ſhe howgates it was don.
One night, ere they to ſleepen went,
Her Iſaac in her arms ſhe hent,
As was her uſage; and did ſaie,
Of charite I mote thee praie,
To techen myne unconnyng wit]
One thing it comprehendeth niet:
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne queſt thou falſen me.
Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
Ne fewer kepes our yerd then ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and ſmall,
Ne ken I what he ſwinks wythall.
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperſent, and full ſtarke I wys;
Doth he with hem at Pertelote play?
In ſooth theres werk inough for tway.
Qd. Iſaac, certes by Sainct Poule,
Myne lief thou art a ſimple ſoule;
Foules fro the egle to the wren,
Bin harneſs'd othergiſe than men:
For the males engins of delite
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
Els, par miſchaunce, theyr merriment
Emong the breers mought ſore be ſhent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouiſaunce:
And in one month, the trouth to ſayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.
O Benedicite! qd. ſhe,
If kepyng hote ſo kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truſs thyne gere,
And eke the ſkrippe that daungleth here.
Ne dame, he anſwer'd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falſtaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for theſe,
Ne for a wheat-ſtraw, and tway peaſe.
Pardie, qd. ſhe, ſyth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chaſe hem in myne woom.

TO

MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM TO HOMER.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious Maids
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades,
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal lay,
Befits theſe harps to ſound, and thee to bear?
Reply'd the god, Your loftieſt notes employ
To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.
The wondrous ſong with rapture they rehearſe,
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe.
He anſwer'd with a frown; I now reveal
A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobſerv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
From me the god of wit uſurp'd the bays.
But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
And the White Iſle with female power is bleſt,
Fame, I foreſee, will make reprizals there,
And the tranſlator's palm to me transfer;
With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this Engliſh Iliad mine.

THE

PLATONIC SPELL.*

WHENE'ER I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide,
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt nigh celeſtial Cupid ſtood;
And, tapping him, ſaid, Youth be wiſe,
And let a child for once adviſe.
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliſs, and ne'er will cloy.

* This Poem, with ſome variations, may be found in Stepney, Vol. XVII. under the title of "The Spell."

But truſt me, youth, for I'm ſincere,
nd know the ladies to a hair;
owe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
madrigal, in ſong, and ſonnet,
heir beauty's but a ſpell, to bring
lover to the enchanted ring.
re the ſack-poſſet is digeſted,
r half of Hymen's taper waſted,
he winning air, the wanton trip,
he radiant eye, the velvet lip,
rom which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
nd ſeem'd to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul;
Theſe, and the reſt you doated on,
re nauſeous or inſipid grown;
he ſpell diſſolves, the cloud is gone,
nd Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

MARULLUS to NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chace,
Her mind as ſpotleſs, and as fair her face,
Young Sylvia ſtray'd beneath the dewy dawn
To courſe th' imperial ſtag o'er Windſor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her ſpreading o'er the plain,
The firſt and faireſt of the rural train;
And, by a ſmall miſtake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddeſs of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her ſight
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
Though pleas'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and, with a glowing ſmile,
Purſu'd the god, and ſeiz'd the golden ſpoil.
The nymph, reſiſtleſs in her native charms,
Now reigns, poſſeſs'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
Unerring in its ſpeed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cytherea's ſhrine;
Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of love.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the ſweet Idalian ſhade,
A violet couch for young Aſcanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roſes bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damaſk cloud;
While the bright goddeſs, with a gentle ſhower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the bliſsful bower.
Of ſight inſatiate, ſhe devours his charms,
Till her ſoft breaſt rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her boſom roll,
And all Adonis ruſheth on her ſoul:
Tranſported with each dear reſembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!—ſure I ſee thy face!
Then ſtoops to claſp the beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too ſoon, and with a ſigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in ſilent rapture, ſtands to gaze,
Kiſſing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated roſe
Expands, and ſtraight with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kiſſes bloom, a balmy ſtore!
Redoubling all the bliſs ſhe felt before.
Sudden her ſwans career along the ſkies,
And o'er the globe the fair celeſtial flies;
Then, as where Ceres paſt, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kiſſes fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harveſt! which ſhe deign'd t' impart,
To ſooth an agonizing love-ſick heart.
All hail, ye roſeate kiſſes! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bleſs your kind power, enamour'd of your praiſe;
Lays! form'd to laſt, till barbarous time invades
The Muſes' hill, and withers all their ſhades.
Sprung from the * guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, ſecure of fame.

BASIUM II.

AS the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the claſping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So cloſe, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Cloſer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.
The jovial friend ſhall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and briſk champaigne;
In vain ſhall Nature call for ſleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Diſſolving in exceſs of joy,
Till fate ſhall with a ſingle dart
Tranſfix the pair it cannot part.
Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And ſeek the bleſt Elyſian groves;
Where Spring in roſy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguiſh'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In ſhining pomp to form the dance,

* Venus.

Or ſing of love and gay deſire,
Reſponſive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining ſoft in bliſsful bowers,
Purpled ſweet with ſpringing flowers;
And cover'd with a ſilken ſhade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The muſk-roſe ſcents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whiſpering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's ſigh.
When we approach thoſe bleſt retreats,
Th' aſſembly ſtraight will leave their ſeats,
Admiring much the matchleſs pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph ſo fair!
Daughters and miſtreſſes to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the Britiſh Grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herſelf will ſoon agree
To riſe, and yield her rank to thee.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

"*Omnia me tua delectant; ſed maximè, maxema cùm*
"*fides in amicitiâ, conſilium, gravitas, conſtantia;*
"*tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.*"
CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the ſleeping lyre,
Yet ſhould the Muſe ſome happy ſong inſpire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verſe to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muſe inſpire, and it prove
A pledge and monument of laſting love!
Meantime intent the faireſt plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens pleaſe,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in eaſe;
Whom all the rival Muſes ſtrive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my ſerious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then, from the ſhades of Tuſculum I rove,
And ſtudious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the ſoul engage
To ſound the depths of Plato's ſacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Tranſported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whoſe wings the Muſe in better ages prun'd,
And their ſweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithleſs maid;
As weary'd hinds accuſe the lingering ſun,
And heirs impatient wiſh for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace * did the moments glide,
Till his free Muſe her ſprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expoſe,
In eaſy numbers near ally'd to proſe:
Guilt bluſh'd and trembled when ſhe heard his ſing,
He ſmil'd reproof, and tickled with his ſting.
With ſuch a graceful negligence expreſt,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever ſtand the teſt:
But he, who blindly led by whimſy ſtrays,
And from groſs images would merit praiſe,
When Nature ſets the nobleſt ſtores in view,
Affects to poliſh copper in Peru:
So while the ſeas on barren ſands are caſt,
The ſaltneſs of their waves offends the taſte;
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the ſwain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and ſwell the mingled grain.
Be this their care, who, ſtudious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian ſteep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having ſpent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To ſteadier rule my thoughts I now compoſe,
And prize ideas clad in honeſt proſe.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæſar's praiſe,
Cover'd his baldneſs with immortal bays;
And Death perhaps, to ſpoil poetic ſport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine ſhort:
His ear had a more laſting itch than mine,
For the ſmooth cadence of a golden line:
Should luſt of verſe prevail, and urge the man
To ruin the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with ſixty winters, you might ſee
My circle end in ſecond infancy.
I might ere long an aukward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a courſe,
Now mount my hobby, then the Muſes' horſe:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With ſage decorum in my eaſy chair;
Grave as Libanius, ſlumbering o'er the laws,
Whilſt gold and party zeal decide the cauſe.
A nobler taſk our riper age affords
Than ſcanning ſyllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even meaſures flow,
Nor think ſome fleet too faſt, and ſome too ſlow;
Still equal in himſelf, and free to taſte
The Now, without repining at the Paſt;
Nor the vain preſcience of the ſpleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate ſerene;
With virtue ſteel'd, and ſteady to ſurvey
Age, death, diſeaſe, or want, without diſmay:
Theſe arts, my Lambard! uſeful in their ſtead,
Make man to others and himſelf a friend.
Happieſt of mortals he, who, timely wiſe,
In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;

* Epiſt. i. Lib. i.

With books and patrimonial plenty bleſt,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breaſt!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay ſervitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to maſk concerted guile
With a falſe cringe, or undermining ſmile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence ſhines through clear ſimplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Perſian loom,
Nor the nice ſculptor's art adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will ſoftly ſeal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down ſupplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himſelf unſeen he ſees the labouring crowd,
Where all induſtrious to their ruin run,
Swift to purſue what moſt they ought to ſhun.
Some by the ſordid thirſt of gain controll'd,
Starve in their ſtores, and cheat themſelves for gold,
Preſerve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant luſts to feed a laviſh heir:
Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
To ſweat in purple, and repine in ſtate;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the ſhort pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promiſ'd in the ſpring,
But in a public ſphere thoſe virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flouriſh'd in the ſhade:
So while the Night her ebon ſceptre ſways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * diſplays;
But the full day the ſhort-liv'd beauties ſhun,
Elude our hopes, and ſicken at the ſun.

Fantaſtic joys in diſtant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the raſh career.
Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager ſoul;
For theſe are eaſe and innocence reſign'd,
For theſe he ſtrips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headſtrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves ſlacken, and the ſpirits cool;
When joy and bluſhy youth forſake his face,
Sicklied with age, and ſour with ſelf-diſgrace;
To flavour then the ſparkling cups retain,
Muſic is harſh, the Syren ſings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diſeas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that laſt ſcene, by Fate in fables dreſt,
Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confeſt;
Thy veſtal flames diffuſe celeſtial light
Through Death's dark vale, and vanquiſh total night;
Penient of anguiſh, o'er the breaſt prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
Such, happy Twiſden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the Muſe, and fair in deathleſs fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory ſhone,
Were thy laſt hours, and ſuch I wiſh my own:
So caſſia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incenſe in a fragrant cloud preſumes.

Moſt ſpoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varniſh, or by want of art;

By ſolid ſcience all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new poliſh'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd 'ſquire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, addreſs, and force of genius, join
To make a Hanmer in the ſenate ſhine.
Yet one preſiding power in every breaſt
Receives a ſtronger ſanction than the reſt;
And they who ſtudy and diſcern it well,
Act unreſtrain'd, without deſign excel,
But court contempt, and err without redreſs,
Miſſing the maſter-talent they poſſeſs.
Whilſton perhaps in Euclid may ſucceed,
But ſhall I truſt him to reform my creed?
In ſweet aſſemblage every blooming grace
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultleſs ſhape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, ſhe ſtrives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchleſs form to wrong,
Leſt Envy ſhould be dumb, ſhe lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Enſnare a gudgeon, or ſometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial ſpite!)
He fiſh'd—becauſe the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But thoſe the Muſes bathe in Helicon:
In what far diſtant age would Belgia raiſe
One happy wit to net the Britiſh ſeas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor ſmiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers ſpontaneous crown the ſmiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raiſe the jaſmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the ſavage ſloes,
Or in bleak Sythia ſeeks the bluſhing roſe?
Her golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the Britiſh oak aſcends,
Proud to ſurvey the ſeas her power defends;
Her ſovereign title to the flag ſhe proves,
Scornful of ſofter India's ſpicy groves.

Theſe inſtances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This ſoil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The ſeeds of gentle ſcience beſt will bear;
That with more particles of flame inſpir'd,
With glitterling arms and thirſt of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatneſs in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If theſe from Nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the ſage dreſs, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unſheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the ſoft fop forſake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffenſive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for ſome new Cervantes to record.

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry diſcourſe?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horſe.
I look'd for ſparkling lines, and ſomething gay
To friſk my fancy with; but, ſooth to ſay!
From her Apollo how the Muſe elopes,
And trades in ſyllogiſms more than tropes.
Faith, Sir, I ſee you nod, but can't forbear;

* The nux-tree.

When a friend reads, in honour you muſt hear:
For all enthuſiaſts, when the fit is ſtrong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgeſs on his Tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the ſaints began to ſnore.
To lead us ſafe through Error's thorny maze,
Reaſon exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious ſway.
Though no lerhargic fumes the brain inveſt,
And opiate all her active powers to reſt;
Though on that magazine no fevers ſeize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet baniſh'd from the realms by right her own,
Paſſion, a blind uſurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring ſpecious ill,
Reaſon becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perverſely fond to roam aſtray,
Hoodwinks the guide aſſign'd to ſhew the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compaſs, and contemns the ſtars,
To ſteer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempeſt in the ſky.
Vain of his ſkill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path purſues;
And ſeldom is one wretch ſo humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldeſt they, who leaſt partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor ſhame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, ſaid Zeno to his pilfering ſlave,
What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treaſure I depos'd in truſt,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjuſt?
Sir, blame the ſtars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We'll by the ſtatute of the ſtars be try'd.
If their ſtrong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to ſteal—and ſome to ſcourge:
The beadle muſt obey the Fates' decree,
As powerful Deſtiny prevail'd with thee.
This heathen logic ſeems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmleſs modern bard:
The critics hence may think themſelves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from whence they trace their clan,
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's diſgrac'd)
We grant ſuperior elegance of taſte:
But in their own defence the wits obſerve
That, by impulſe from heaven, they write and ſtarve;
Their patron-planet, with reſiſtleſs power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a ſolar heat,
For which the college has no ſure receipt,
Elſe from their garrets would they ſoon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the ſtraw.
Nothing ſo much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's ſmooth inſinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain ſelf-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And Reaſon oft ſubmits when both invade,
Without aſſaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic miſts ſuffuſe the ſight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror ſhews perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confuſion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave and wiſe:
Nor fail her fulſome arts to ſooth our pride,
Though praiſe to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus ſhe whiſpers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd hoſt in fair review!
"Then every Muſe invoke thy voice to raiſe,
"Arms and the man to ſing in lofty lays:
"Whoſe active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the ſon of Thetis * ſung at Troy;
"When his high-ſounding lyre his valour rais'd,
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him, the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confeſt,
"For which our patron ſaint adorns his breaſt."—
Is this my friend, who ſits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with the men of Kent,
And never any ſcene of ſlaughter ſaw,
But thoſe who fell by phyſic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a ſtar, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found ſincere!
Too honeſt is thy heart, thy ſenſe too clear,
On theſe encomiums to vouchſafe a ſmile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.
But moſt among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantreſs all her charms diſplays,
In the ſly commerce of alternate praiſe.
If, for his father's ſins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchſtone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode:
Though every ſtanza glitters thick with ſtars,
And goddeſſes deſcend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
May raiſe him to be premier bard of ſtate;
I therefore bribe his ſuffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in ſeeming tranſport, while I ſpeak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
He, conſcious of deſert, accepts the praiſe,
And courteous, with increaſe the debt repays:
Boileau's a muſhroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I diſpute the palm with thee:
Both raviſh'd, ſing Te Phœbum for ſucceſs;
Riſe ſwift, ye laurels! boy! beſpeak the preſs.—
Thus on imaginary praiſe we feed;
Each writes till all refuſe to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to paſs
To † Briſquet's calendar, a rubrick aſs.
Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain diſeaſe, or blemiſh in the mind:
Few can, though wiſdom ſhould their health inſure,
Diſpaſſionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth diſus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a ſavage liberty to gain,
We ſate the kind deſire of every ſenſe,
And laſt our age in thoughtleſs indolence:

* Iliad ix.

† Briſquet, Jeſter to Francis I. of France, and calendar of fools.

Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to ſupply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The ſiſter-twins of Sloth, poſſeſs the ſoul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I ſcarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, ſenſe, or arts,
Pumilio boaſts ſufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the ſtate, or give the ſtamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.
When Philomel of old eſſay'd to ſing,
And in his roſy progreſs hail'd the ſpring,
Th' aerial ſongſters liſtening to the lays,
By ſilent ecſtaſy conſeſt her praiſe.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock ſtrains the diſcord of his throat,
In hope his hideous ſhrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conſcious of wanted worth, and juſt diſdain,
Lowering his creſt, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectreſs there reveals the caſe;
And for a ſweeter voice devoutly prays.
Then thus reply'd the radiant goddeſs, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each ſpecies had peculiar gifts aſſign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their ſtrong pounces claim a regal right;
The ſwan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the ſiſhy river rows in ſtate:
Gay ſtarry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
Theſe various bounties were diſpos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
Diſcern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert deſign'd, nor aim at more.

TO THE

QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auſpicious day three kingdoms date
The faireſt favours of indulgent Fate:
From this the months in radiant circles run,
As ſtars receive their luſtre from the ſun.
To you the ſceptres of all Europe bend,
The victor thoſe revere, and theſe the friend;
Your ſilken reins the willing nations crave,
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to ſave.
Mild amidſt triumphs, victory beſtows
On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
Obſervant of your will, the goddeſs brings
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.
But, as the brighteſt beams and gentleſt ſhowers
Were once reſerv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
So, though remoter realms your influence ſhare,
Britannia boaſts to be your darling care.
By your great wiſdom and reſiſtleſs might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
Make their affections and their councils one;
You ſpeak—the jarring principles remove,
And, cloſe combin'd, the ſiſter-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.
What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-croſs banners o'er the Seine?
Others for titles urge the ſoldier's toil,
Or meanly ſeek the foe, to ſeize the ſpoil:
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to reſtore, and not deſtroy;
Vouchſafing audience to your ſuppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repoſe;
Concurring juſtice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the ſcales, to ſheath the ſword.
From this propitious omen we preſage
Unnumber'd bleſſings to the coming age;
Eſtabliſh'd Faith, the daughter of the ſkies,
Shall ſee new temples by your bounty riſe;
Commerce beneath the ſouthern ſtars ſhall thrive,
Inteſtine feuds expire, and arts revive;
Safe in their ſhades the Muſes ſhall remain,
And ſing the milder glories of your reign.
So, whilſt offended Heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But, when our incenſe reconciles the ſkies,
Again the radiant beams begin to riſe;
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day;
The groves around rejoice with echoing ſtrains,
And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD GOWER,

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement ſway,
At length the luſty Spring prevails;
And, ſwift to meet the ſmiling May,
Is wafted by the weſtern gales.
Around him dance the roſy hours,
And damaſking the ground with flowers,
With ambient ſweets perfume the morn:
With ſhadowy verdure flouriſh'd high,
A ſudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to reſume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muſes! deign,
For me, the meaneſt of your train,
Unblam'd to approach your bleſt retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your ſpring,
And Pindar ſweeps a bolder ſtring,
Whoſe notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in ſilver volumes play;

Now your own Phœbus o'er the month preſides,
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To ſwell the notes I feebly raiſe:
So with inſpiring ardors warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To liſten to my lays.

I.

Beneath the Pole on hills of ſnow,
Like Thracian Mars, the undaunted Swede
To dint of ſword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede;
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the ſofter ſouthern ſky:
The Soldan grills th' Illyrian coaſt;
But ſoon he miſcreant moony hoſt
Before the victor-croſs ſhall fly.

II.

But here no clarion's ſhrilling note
The Muſe's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noiſy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verſe:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the ſoft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay deſires;
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the ſoul,
With ſparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and ſocial mirth inſpires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celeſtial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Laſh'd his ſwift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There ſecret in her ſapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feaſts of Jove:
And where her rozy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from Nature's ſanction ſtray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful ſway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal ſpeed the torrent flows,
To ſweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
The paſt is all by Death poſſeſs'd;
And frugal Fate that guards the reſt,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

II.

O Gower! through all that deſtin'd ſpace
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall ſing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient Engliſh faith,
Purſue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father ſhone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A luſtre equal to its own.
Honour's bright dome, on laſting columns rear'd,
Nor envy ruſts, nor rolling years conſume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incenſe all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland ſeated near his ſide,
Fix'd by the Muſe the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter ſpace.

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

TO green retreats, that ſhade the Muſes' ſtream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I ſtrung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia ſung:
Faſt by that ſpring, where Spenſer ſat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
Phœbus in his Caſtalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel caſt her ſilken ſhade,
Spy'd me, and haſtily when firſt he ſpy'd,
Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd:
What ſtrange ambition has miſplac'd thee here?
Forbear to ſing of arms, alas forbear!
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the ſofter ſcenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair:
When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they'll paſs the hours away:
And, when they'd make their melting wiſhes known,
Repeat thy paſſion to reveal their own.
Then haſte, the ſafer ſhallows to regain,
Nor dare the ſtormy dangers of the main.
Ceaſing with this reproof, the friendly god
A moſſy path, but lightly beaten, ſhow'd:
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were ring'd,
And earthen gods on either ſide were plac'd.
Silenus, and the Muſes' virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plains:
Elſewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
Were ſeen to ſip the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream.
Nine lovely nymphs a ſeveral taſk purſu'd,
For ivy one was ſent to ſent to ſearch the wood;
This to ſoft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant roſy wreaths a third prepares.
Me thus the bright Calliope addreſs'd
(Her name the brightneſs of her form confeſs'd):
The ſilver ſwans of Venus wait to bear
Thee ſafe in pomp along the liquid air.
Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, ſtraight reſign
Thy raſh deſign to ſing the wounded Gaul.
Harſh ſounds the trumpet in the Muſes' grove,
But ſweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
No more rehearſe the Danube's purple ſtream,
Let love for ever be the tender theme.
And in thy verſe reveal the moving art,
To melt an haughty nymph's relentleſs heart.
The goddeſs ceaſing, to confirm me more,
My face with hallow'd drops ſhe ſprinkled o'er,

fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side
Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF Mr. WALLER.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with cœlestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possest,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.
In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.
So you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
When Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
To pureſt minds may stain the virgin-white;
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
The sainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king.
Solemnous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
So Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.
Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd;
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills murmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
When, you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian-tints the painter-nymph resumes;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms:
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muse's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing hills rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening Loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest of the starry train.
What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains;
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
Adorn, ye fates! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
Nor fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state.
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

PROLOGUE

TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;

Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Diſdain to ruſt with batter'd invalids;
But active in the foremoſt ranks appear,
And leave your ſmock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the ſtage,
Our veteran bard reſumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Engliſhmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to reſcue Nature from diſgrace,
Meſſieurs! lay down your minſtrels and grimace:
The brawnieſt youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Entellus in the liſts appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant ſize,
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of ſenſe, and honeſt bowlers)
Diſdain'd the mummery of foreign ſtrollers:
By their examples would you form your taſte,
The preſent age might emulate the paſt.
We hop'd that art and genius had ſecur'd you;
But ſoon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
The Muſes bluſh'd, to ſee their friends exalting
Thoſe elegant delights of jig and vaulting:
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a-while to dote
On nonſenſe, gargled in an ewnuch's throat:
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monſters ſpeak,
As old wives wonder at the parſon's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and muſhrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholeſome food:
But the bold Briton ne'er in earneſt dines
Without ſubſtantial haunches and ſurloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
Creſſy was loſt by kickſhaws and ſoup-meagre.
Inſtead of light deſſerts and luſcious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth;
To which, as well as all his former feaſts,
The ladies are the chief-invited gueſts.
Crown'd with a kind of Glaſtonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline
To conſecrate his wreath at beauty's ſhrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age:
Each boſom heav'd, all eyes were ſeen to flow,
And ſympathize with Iſabella's woe:
But Fate reſerv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brighteſt audience for the Spartan Dame.

ON THE

FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.*

WELCOME, thou friendly earneſt of four-
ſcore,
Promiſe of wealth, that haſt alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that doſt Æſculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
Thou that doſt oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowſy ſleep the eyes of ſtate;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'ſt the judges how they tread awry;
Thou that doſt oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou art ever half the city's grace,
And add'ſt to ſolemn noddles ſolemn pace;
Thou that art us'd to ſit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet ſlipper free;
Whence comes this unſought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condeſcenſion flow?
To viſit my poor tabernacle, O——!
As Jove vouchſaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis ſaid,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the poor but hoſpitable feaſt,
Jove bid him aſk, and granted his requeſt;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
My humble ſuit!—And either give me ſtore
To entertain thee, or ne'er ſee me more.

* *The compilers having omitted ſome pretty verſes, I have put them in here.* DR. JOHNSON.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES.*

SINCE the hills all around us do penance in ſnow,
And winter's cold blaſts have benumb'd us below;
Since the rivers chain'd up flow with the ſame ſpeed
As criminals move tow'rds the Pſalm they can't read;

* *Which were thus dedicated, by Mr. Fenton, to Lionel Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex:*

"My Lord, I hope, on your return from having been admired in foreign Courts to adorn our own, you will not be ſurpriſed with a privilege the Poets aſſume, of being troubleſome to perſons of your rank. But they have more particularly applied themſelves to your Lordſhip's family, in which a continued race of Genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged its profeſſors. We owe the riſe of our Engliſh Tragedy to one of your Lordſhip's anceſtors, who ſtood a ſecond to the Greek ſtage before Shakeſpeare were. And, my Lord, your father came the neareſt of all the moderns to Horace, in the ſweetneſs and gaiety of his Lyricks, and equalled him in Satire. Thus the ſtream flows pure in its deſcent, to receive a farther increaſe from your Lordſhip. We read of a Scipio and a Mæcenas, who uſed to ſoften the troubleſome hours of ſtate by converſing with the Muſes; and cheriſhed thoſe arts of which they themſelves were maſters: yet as ſingle inſtances of this kind are not frequent, ſo the vein is very ſeldom found to have continued a long generation. But, in your Lordſhip's line, Nature ſeems induſtrious to preſerve the genius of Poetry, by ſucceſſively uniting delicacy of taſte, and brightneſs of wit, with the greateſt abilities for council and action. Thus ſhe reconciles the Seaſons in her moſt generous productions, by allowing them to bear fruit and bloſſom together, and both in perfection. Theſe ſhining qualities made your Father the delight and wonder of his age; and had he not ſurvived himſelf in your Lordſhip, he had been the envy of ours. The praiſes which he received from the moſt refined wits of our nation have proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleaſure we foreſee that poſterity, to deſerve the higheſt characters, will form themſelves on the model of your family, and copy from my Lords of Dorſet as the ſtandard originals. But, my Lord, I am afraid I ſhall forfeit all

hrow whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on the fire,
o keep out the cold, and new vigour inſpire;
e'er waſte the dull time in impertinent thinking,
ut urge and purſue the grand buſineſs of drinking.
ome, pierce your old hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in ſherry,
or this is the ſeaſon to drink and be merry;
hat, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
Ve may brave the loud ſtorms, and defy the cold weather.
Ve'll have no more of buſineſs; but, friend, as you love us,
eave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Vhilſt your appetite's ſtrong, and good-humour remains,
n active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
mprove the ſweet minutes in ſcenes of delight,
et your friend have the day, and your miſtreſs the night:
n the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever deſign'd;
Though ſhe runs from your arms, and retires to a ſhade,
Some friendly kind ſign will betray the coy maid:
All trembling you'll find then the poor baſhful ſinner,
Such a treſpaſs is venial in any beginner;
But remember this counſel, when once you have met her,
Get a ring from the fair-one, or ſomething that's better!

CATULLUS, EPIG: V.

TRANSLATED.

LET's live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor heed what old men ſay or do.
The falling ſun will ſurely riſe,
And dart new glories through the ſkies.
But when we fall, alas! our light
Will ſet in everlaſting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the buſineſs of the day.
Give me this kiſs—and this—and this!
A hundred thouſand more.—Let's kiſs
Till we ourſelves cannot expreſs,
Nor any lurking ſpy confeſs,
The boundleſs meaſure of our happineſs.

hopes of your patronage, by violating your modeſty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily ſupplied, to render her Majeſty's reign, at leaſt, a rival to her virgin predeceſſor's; ſo, to complete the parallel, it was neceſſary that you, my Lord, like another Sidney, ſhould arise, to receive the ſofter arts into your protection; to excite the young writers of this age to attempt thoſe actions in verſe, which will ſhine ſo fairly diſtinguiſhed in our Britiſh ſtory.—My Lord, I am your Lordſhip's moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant,

E. FENTON."

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who all his days does paſs
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where firſt his trembling infant ſteps he try'd,
Which now ſupports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It ſaw his birth, ſhall ſee his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to ſtrange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native ſhore.
Free from all anxious intereſts of trade,
No ſtorms at ſea have e'er diſturb'd his head:
He never battle's wild confuſions ſaw,
Nor heard the worſe confuſions of the law.
A ſtranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded ſtreets, their ſtink and noiſe;
He a more calm and brighter ſky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of conſuls know,
The year his fruit's returning ſeaſons ſhow;
Quarters and months in Nature's face he ſees,
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
The whole day's ſhadows, in his homeſtead drawn,
Point out the hourly courſes of the ſun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whoſe tender ſetts his infancy beheld.
Of diſtant India, Erythræan ſhores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
(Alike unſeen) from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and ſtrong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny ſire.
The ſpacious globe let thoſe that will ſurvey,
This good old man, content at home to ſtay,
More happy years ſhall know, more leagues and countries they.

MARTIAL.

LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

WOULD you, my friend, in little room expreſs
The juſt deſcription of true happineſs;
Firſt ſet me down a competent eſtate,
But rais'd and left me by a parent's ſweat;
('Tis pleaſure to improve, but toil to get:)
Not large, but always large enough to yield
A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
Averſe to law-ſuits, let me peace enjoy,
And rarely peſter'd with a town-employ.
Smooth be my thoughts, my mind ſerene and clear,
A healthful body with ſuch limbs I'd bear
As ſhould be graceful, well-proportion'd, juſt,
And neither weak nor boorishly robuſt.
Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wiſe;
Some friends indulge me, let a few ſuffice:
But ſuited to my humour and degree,
Not nice, but eaſily pleas'd, and fit for me;
So let my board and entertainments be.
With wholeſome homely food, not ſerv'd in ſtate,
What taſtes as well in pewter as in plate.

Mirth and a glaſs my cheerful evenings ſhare,
At equal diſtance from debauch and care.
To bed retiring, let me find it bleſt
With a kind modeſt ſpouſe and downy reſt:
Pleas'd always with the lot my fates aſſign,
Let me no change deſire, no change decline;
With every turn of Providence comply,
Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE III.

AN honeſt mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawleſs crew:
Firm as a rock he to his purpoſe ſtands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
Him loudeſt ſtorms can't from his centre move,
He braves the almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should daſh in pieces, and ſhould cruſh the world;
Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,
Nor in his breaſt admit a thought of fear.
Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
Were by ſuch acts among the Gods enroll'd.
Auguſtus thus the ſhining powers poſſeſs'd,
By all th' immortal deities careſs'd;
He ſhares with them in their ethereal feaſts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly gueſts.
This was the path the friſking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore their jolly God,
Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars thro' this bleſt path was ſhown,
And 'ſcap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
And gain'd the manſions of eternal day;
For him ev'n Juno's ſelf pronounc'd a word,
Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.
O Ilion! Ilion! I with tranſport view
The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew;
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that curſt ſhepherd, that inceſtuous judge;
Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
And baſely broke the ſolemn oath he made.
But now the painted ſtrumpet and her gueſt
No more are in their pomp and jewels dreſt;
No more is Hector licens'd to deſtroy,
To ſlay the Greeks, and ſave his perjur'd Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghoſt,
Doom'd with his houſe to tread the burning coaſt.
The God of Battle now has ceas'd to roar,
And I, the Queen of Heaven, purſue my hate no more.
I now the Trojan prieſteſs' ſon will give
Back to his warlike ſire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to uſe
Ambroſia and the nectar's heavenly juice;
To be enroll'd in theſe ſerene abodes,
And wear the eaſy order of the Gods.
In this bleſt ſtate I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
While ſavage beaſts inſult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the Capitol triumphant ſtand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let awful Rome, with ſeven refulgent heads,
Still keep her conqueſt o'er the vanquiſh'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to ſhores without an end;
Where mid-land ſeas divide the fruitful ſoil
From Europe to the ſwelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by deſpiſing gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould,
To be the wicked inſtrument of ill.
Let ſword and ruin every country fill,
That ſtrives to ſtop the progreſs of her arms;
Not only thoſe that ſultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endleſs winter lie,
Whoſe froſts and ſnows the ſun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy deſtiny;
That, when they univerſal rule enjoy,
They not preſume to raiſe their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens ſhall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myſelf a ſecond war will move,
Ev'n I the ſiſter and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp ſhould thrice erect a wall,
And all of braſs, yet thrice the work ſhould fall,
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives ſhould drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their huſbands ſlain.
But whither would'ſt thou, ſoaring Muſe, aſpire!
To tell the counſels of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canſt not ſtrain thy weakly ſtrings,
To ſing in humble notes ſuch mighty things:
No more the ſecrets of the Gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a taſk ſo great.

THE ROSE.

SEE, Sylvia, ſee, this new-blown roſe,
The image of thy bluſh,
Mark how it ſmiles upon the buſh,
And triumphs as it grows.
"Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,"
Thou ſay'ſt. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's ſpread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And ſoon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, ſeems it not to ſay,
Come on, and crop me whilſt you may?

EPIGRAM,

OUT OF MARTIAL.

MILO's from home; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a ſon:
Why ſhe ſo fruitful, and ſo bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

TO A

UNG LADY,

WITH

NTON'S MISCELLANIES.

BY

ALTER HARTE*, M.A.

ESE various ſtrains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleaſes, or where paſſion warms;
ns, where the tender and ſublime conſpire,
phio's ſweetneſs, and a Homer's fire)

*Son of the Rev. Walter Harte, who died at ury in Bucks, Feb. 10, 1736, aged 85, and had been fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, nd of Wells, and canon of Briſtol, but reſigned e Revolution. The ſon firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf volume of "Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, 1727," inſcribed to the Earl of Peterborough, and writ- efore he was nineteen. Theſe were followed by his ſſay on Reaſon, 1727," folio, a very fine poem, ch was much laboured, and went through Mr. 's hands. In a letter to Mr. Pattiſon (printed in Memoirs of that writer, prefixed to his Poems, 8) Mr. Harte very frankly gives his ſentiments on a cted new verſion of Ovid's Epiſtles, and ſays, have ſtudied his manner much, and have often en- leavoured to make a ſort of mixed writing from im and Statius." He took the degree of M. A. uary 20, 1730; and publiſhed that year "An Eſſay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad," 8vo. publiſhed alſo two Sermons, one called, "The ion and Harmony of Reaſon, Morality, and Re- led Religion," preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, 27, 1736-7, which went through at leaſt five tions; the other, a Faſt Sermon, preached at the e place, Jan. 9, 1739-40. He was afterwards e-principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, a tutor of eat reputation there, and was much patroniſed by r. Pope and Mr. Lyttelton, who recommended him Lord Cheſterfield as a fit preceptor to his natural ſon r. Stanhope, with whom he travelled from 1746 1750. Mr. Harte is deſcribed by the noble Lord "a man of conſummate erudition;" but was ill alified to poliſh the manners of his pupil. He was kward in his perſon and addreſs, had an unhappy im- diment in his ſpeech, and a total want of ear; yet ſo well performed his office, that Lord Cheſterfield warded him with a canonry of Windſor, "procured with great difficulty;" a difficulty which certainly roſe from his college connections; as St. Mary Hall, which Dr. King was principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitiſm. The materials of his Hiſtory of Guſtavus Adolphus, 1759," two volumes 4to. are excellent; but he has marred his book by a ſtrange affected ſtyle, "full of Latiniſms, Galliciſms, Germaniciſms, and all iſms but Angliciſms." He dedicated it to his patron, who ſays, "I was forced to "prune the luxuriant praiſes beſtowed upon me, "and yet have left enough to ſatisfy a reaſonable "man." The ſucceſs of the Hiſtory being unequal to his hopes, his health was ſenſibly affected by it. He publiſhed however an improved edition of it in 8vo. in 1763; but continued at Bath dejected and diſpirited, between real and imaginary diſtempers, till in November, 1766, he had a ſtroke of the palſy, which deprived him of the uſe of his right leg, affected his ſpeech, and in ſome degree his head. In October, 1768, he had entirely loſt the uſe of his left ſide; and in this melancholy condition lived till 1773. He publiſhed a Treatiſe on Agriculture in 1764, "in good and elegant Engliſh, and ſcattered ſuch grace upon his ſubject, that in proſe he came very near Virgil's Georgics in verſe." His "Eſſay on Painting," his "Eſſay on Reaſon," and his "Viſion of Death," appeared in "The Amaranth, 1767," the "great poetical work" alluded to by Lord Cheſterfield in his "Letters to his Son," Lett. 341, 377. N.

Attend their doom, and wait, with glad ſurpriſe,
Th' impartial juſtice of Cleora's eyes.
'Tis hard to ſay, what myſteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party ſlave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bleſs'd in each ſtrain, in every art renown'd;
Miſled by pride, and taught to ſin by power,
Still ſearch around for thoſe they may devour;
Like ſavage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who cruſh all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the ſoul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear, their ſoft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound and praiſe but to deſtroy.
Theſe are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the beſt of poets hope for praiſe?
How ſmall a part of human bleſſings ſhare
The wiſe, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boaſt,
A blaze of glory in a moment loſt.
Fortune, ſtill envious of the great man's praiſe,
Curſes the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the ſilver lyre.
Attend, ye Britons, in ſo juſt a cauſe.
'Tis ſure a ſcandal to withhold applauſe;
Nor let poſterity reviling ſay,
Thus unregarded Fenton paſs'd away!
Yet if the Muſe may faith and merit claim
(A Muſe too juſt to bribe with venal fame),
Soon ſhalt thou ſhine "in majeſty avow'd,
"As thy own goddeſs breaking through a cloud*."
Fame like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty intereſt muſt at laſt be paid.

* *Fenton's Epiſtle to Southerne.* N.

Like Vinci's * ſtrokes, thy verſes we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender ſigh,
And the ſoft ſorrow ſteals from every eye.
Here Spenſer's thoughts in ſolemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton ſeems to lift the ſoul.
There ſprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With ſtories quaint, and gentle roundelay.
Muſe! at that name each thought of pride recal,
Ah, think how ſoon the wiſe and glorious fall.
What though the ſiſters every grace impart,
To ſmooth thy verſe, and captivate the heart:

What though your charms, my fair Clem
Bright as your eyes, and as your ſex divi
Yet ſhall the verſes and the charms decay,
The boaſt of youth, the bleſſing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could ſurvive the ra
Of waſting Envy, and devouring Age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we ſee;
† Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus ſhall be!

* *Leonardi da Vinci. M.*

† *Evidently borrowed from Pope's* "*Eſſay
ciſm,*" 485.

"And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME

CONTENTS.

GARTH'S POEMS.

/S addreſſed to Dr. Garth Page 1 2 28
e Diſpenſary - - - 3
t - - - - 20
Louiſa Lenox with Ovid's Epiſtles - 23
arl of Burlington with the ſame - Ibid
ajeſty's ſtatue in St. Paul's Church-
- - - 25
ew conſpiracy, 1716 - - Ibid
King of Spain - - Ibid
ritten for the poating glaſſes of the Kil-
lub - - - Ibid
s - - - - 26 27
to the tragedy of Cato - - 27
tion of a French author - 28
tic Epiſtle to Mr. Gay - - Ibid
derry Poetaſter at the Sadler's Hall,
ſide - - - Ibid
Metamorphoſes - - 29

ROWE'S POEMS.

den verſes of Pythagoras - - 37
ate ſucceſſes, inſcribed to Lord Godolphin 38
- - - - 43
- - - - - - - 44
nade to a ſimile of Pope's - - Ibid
loni and Valentine's firſt coming to the
e in the Hay-Market - - - 44
es and Epilogues - - - 45 46
s odes imitated - - 47 48
oncilement between Jacob Tonſon and
Congreve - - 47
nion - - 49
tentment - - - - Ibid
Laſt judgment - - 49
- - 49 51 53 54
ſit - - - - - 52
Warwick on his birth day - 54
y Jane Wharton - - - Ibid
P ultney on her going abroad - Ibid
- - - - 55 56 57

Story of Glaucus and Scylla - Page 58
Lucan's Pharſalia - - - - 59

ADDISON'S POEMS.

A Poem to his Majeſty - - 178
To Mr. Dryden - - Ibid
Tranſlation of Virgil's fourth Georgic - Ibid
Song - - - 184
An account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets - 185
A letter from Italy to Lord Hallifax - Ibid
The Campaign - - - 189
Cowley's Epitaph on himſelf - - 193
Poemata - - - 194
On the return of King William from Ireland Ibid
Pax Gulielmi Auſpiciis Europæ Reddita 1697 - 195
Barometri Deſcriptio - - Ibid
Reſurrectio Delineata - - 199
Sphæriſterium - - 200
Ad D. D. Hannes - - 101
Machinæ Geſticulantes - - Ibid
Ad inſigniſſimum virum D Thos. Burnettum - 202
Horace, book 3d, ode 3d - - Ibid
The Veſtal - - 203
Ovid's Metamorphoſes, book 2d and 3d 204
To Sir Godfrey Kneller - 222
Prologues and Epilogues - - 223
Odes - - - 224
An hymn - - - 226
Paraphraſe on Pſalm 23d - - Ibid
The Play-Houſe - - Ibid
On the Lady Mancheſter - 227

HUGHES'S POEMS.

Recommendatory Poems, - 228
The Triumph of Peace - - 231
The Court of Neptune - - 233
The Houſe of Naſſau, a Pindaric ode - 237
Ode on the Death of a Friend - 241
Anacreon ode the 3d - - 242
The Triumph of Love - - 243
The Picture - - 244

Barn Elms - - Page 244
On the friendſhip of Phœbe and Aſteria - 245
Song - - Ibid
Octavia indiſpoſed - - 246
Beauty and Muſic - - Ibid
Cupid's Review, - - Ibid
Beautiful lady playing on the organ - 247
Sonnet - - - Ibid
To a Painter - - Ibid
To the Author of Fatal Friendſhip - 247
On Divine Poetry - - 248
Song - - Ibid
On a peacock finely cut in vellum - Ibid
On Lucinda's tea table - - 249
The March - - Ibid
Written in a lady's prayer-book - Ibid
Ode on the Spring - - Ibid
Horace's odes - - 250 276 279
Greenwich-Park - - 251
To Molinda - - 252
Letter to a friend in the country - Ibid
To a lady with a drawing of Cupid - Ibid
The Birth of the Roſe - 254
Six Cantatas after the manner of the Italians 255
The praiſes of heroic virtue from the fragments of Tyrtæus - - 257
Songs - - - 258 262
Claudianus - - 260
A thought in a garden - 263 264
A wiſh to the new year 1705 - - 263
To Mr. Addiſon on his Tragedy of Cato 272
Advice to Pope on his intended tranſlation of the Iliad - - - Ibid
Serenetta on the marriage of Lord Cobham Ibid
A monumental ode to Mr. Hughes 275
Apollo and Daphne a maſque, - 276
From Boileau - - 280
An Image of Pleaſure - - Ibid
An ode in the park of Aſted - 281
To Mr. Conſtantine on his paintings - 282
To Urania on her arrival in Jamaica - Ibid
Supplement to Milton's *Il penſeroſo* - ibid
The Hue and Cry - - 283
The ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of Oreſtes 283
The 14th Olympick of Pindar - 285
The morning apparition - - 286
Supplement to the character of Mrs. Elizabeth Bridges - - ibid
The Ecſtacy - - 287

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S POEMS.

The Temple of Death - - 290
Ode on Love - - 292
Elegy on the Dutcheſs of R. —— - 293
A letter from the ſea - ibid
Love's ſlavery - - - ibid
The Dream - - 294
To one who accuſed him on being too ſenſual in his love - - ibid
The Warning - - ibid
To Amoretta - - ibid
The Venture - - 294
Songs - - - 295 296
To a coquet beauty - - ibid
The Relapſe - - ibid
The Recovery - - Ibid
The Convert - - -
The Picture - - -
On Don Alonzo's being killed in Portugal 1683 - - -
The Surprize - -
On one who died diſcovering her kindneſs
To a lady retiring into a monaſtery
The Viſion - -
Helen to Paris - -
The ſtory of Orpheus -
An Eſſay on Poetry - -
Ode to Brutus - - -
Miſcellanies - -
The Election - -
On the times - -
On the Duke of York -
On the Deity - -
Prologues and choruſſes -

PRIOR'S POEMS.

An ode - -
Conſiderations on part of the 88th pſalm
To the Biſhop of Ely -
A paſtoral - -
To the Counteſs of Exeter -
To the Counteſs of Dorſet -
To the lady Durſley -
To my Lord Buckhurſt -
The deſpairing ſhepherd -
To the hon. Charles Montague
On the Taking of Namur -
Ode in Imitation of Horace -
Hymn to the ſun - -
The Lady's looking-glaſs -
Love and Friendſhip - -
Ode to a lady - -
Celia to Damon - -
Ode preſented to the King -
Ode on the taking of Namur -
Preſented to the King on his arrival in Holland after the diſcovery of the conſpiracy -
The Secretary - -
To Chloe weeping - -
To Mr. Howard - -
Love Diſarmed - -
Chloe Hunting - -
Cupid and Ganymede - -
Cupid and Venus miſtaken -
The Dove - -
A Lover's Anger - -
Mercury and Cupid - -
On Beauty - -
The Queſtion - -
The Garland - -
Chloe jealous, and anſwer - -
Pallas and Venus - -
To a young gentleman in love -
An Engliſh Padlock -
Hans Carvel - -
A Dutch proverb - -
Paulo Phi -
The Ladle the Begi -
Written in ning of Robe's Geography

Written in the beginning of Mezerays hiſtory of France .. . . Page 349
Miſcellanies . . . 350
To Dr. Sherlock . . ibid
Carmen ſeculare . , 351
An ode inſcribed to the memory of the hon. Colonel George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county of Friuli, 1703; in imitation of Horace, 1 Od. xxviii. . 356
Prologue ſpoken at court before the Queen on her Majeſty's birth day, 1704 . 357
A letter to Monſieur Boileau Deſpreaux, occaſioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704 ibid
On a paſſage in the Scaligeriana . ibid
To a child of quality, five years old . 359
Partial Fame . . . 360
For the plan of a fountain, &c. . ibid
The Cameleon . . ibid
Merry Andrew . . ibid
A Simile . . . 361
The Flies . . . ibid
A Paraphraſe from the French . ibid
From the Greek . . ibid
Epigram . . . 362
Three epigrams . . . ibid
To a perſon who wrote ill, and ſpake worſe againſt me . . . ibid
On the ſame perſon . . ibid
Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere . ibid
The Nut-browne Mayde . . ibid
Henry and Emma . . 365
An Ode humbly inſcribed to the Queen, on the glorious ſucceſs of her Majeſty's arms, 1706. Written in imitation of Spenſer's ſtyle . . . 372
Her right name . . 376
Cantata: ſet by Monſieur Galliard . ibid
Lines written in an Ovid : ibid
A True Maid . . ibid
Another . . . ibid
A Reaſonable Affliction . 377
Another . . . ibid
On the ſame ſubject . . ibid
On the ſame . . ibid
Phyllis's age . . ibid
Forma Bonum fragile . . ibid
An Epigram written to the Duke de Noailles ibid
Epilogue to Smith's Phædra and Hippolytus. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Iſmena ibid
A Critical Moment . . 378
Epilogue to Mrs. Manley's Lucius. Spoken by Mrs. Horton . . ibid
The Thief and the Cordelier: A Ballad to the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury . . . 378
To Chloe . . . 379
An Epitaph . . . ibid
Written in Montaigne's Eſſays, given to the Duke of Shrewſbury in France, after the Peace, 1713 . . 380
An Epiſtle, deliring the Queen's Picture. Written at Paris, 1714: but left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden news of her Majeſty's death . ibid
To the right honourable the Counteſs Dowager of Devonſhire, on a piece of Wieſſen's, whereon were all her grandſons painted . ibid
A Fable from Phædrus, to the Author of the Medley 1710 . . Page 381
To the right honourable Mr. Harley . ibid
To Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiſcard, 1711 ibid
Extempore Invitation to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treaſurer, 1712 . . 382
Erle Robert's Mice, in Chaucer's ſtyle . ibid
Two Poems in the ſame ſtyle . ibid
A Flower painted by Simon Varelſt . ibid
To the Lady Elizabeth Harley, afterwards Marchioneſs of Caamarthen, on a column of her drawing . . . 383
Protogenes and Apelles . . ibid
Democritus and Heraclitus . ibid
On my Birth-day, July 21 . . . ibid
Epitaph extempore . . . 384
For my own Tombſtone . . 384
For my own Monument . . ibid
Gualterus Danſtonus ad Amicos . . ibid
Imitated . . . ibid
The Firſt Hymn of Callimachus To Jupiter 385
The Second Hymn of Callimachus To Apollo 386
Charity. A Paraphraſe on the thirteenth Chapter of the firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians . 387
Cupid in Ambuſh . . 388
Engraved on a column in the Church of Halſtead in Eſſex; the Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was built at the Expence of Mr. Samuel Fiſke, 1717 . . ibid
Alma: or the Progreſs of the Mind, in three Cantos.
Canto I. . . ibid
II. . . 392
III. . . . 396
Solomon. A Poem in three Books . . ibid
Book I. Knowledge . 401
II. Pleaſure . . 408
III. Power . . . 417
Engraven on three Sides of an antique Lamp given to Lord Harley . . 424
THE Turtle and Sparrow, an Elegiac Tale, occaſioned by the Death of Prince George, 1708 - - - - 425
Application; written long after the Tale 428
Down-hall; a Ballad - - - - ib.
Verſes ſpoken to Lady Henrietta-Cavendiſh-Holles Harley, Nov. 9, 1719 430
Prologue to the Orphan, repreſented by ſome of the Weſtminſter Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing-room, Feb. 2, 1720 - - 431
Huſband and Wife - - - ib.
Truth and Falſehood; a Tale - - ib.
The Converſation; a Tale - - - 432
The Female Phaeton - - - ib.
The Judgment of Venus - - 433
Daphne and Apollo. Imitated from the Firſt Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes - ibid.
The Mice. To Mr. Adrian Drift, 1708 434
Two Riddles, firſt printed in the Examiner, 1710 - - - 435
Epigram extempore, to the Maſter of St. John's College, 1712 - - ibid.
Nell and John - - - ibid.
Bibo and Charon - - ibid.
Wives by the Dozen - - 436
Fatal Love - - - ibid.
A Sailor's Wife - - ibid.

On a Fart, let in the House of Commons Page 436
The Modern Saint - - ibid.
The Parallel - — ibid.
To a young Lady, who was fond of Fortune telling - - ibid.
A Greek Epigram imitated ib.
To a Friend on his Nuptials - - 437
The Wandering Pilgrim, humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. Post-master, and Pay-master General to Queen Anne ibid.
Venus's Advice to the Muses - ib.
Cupid turned Ploughman. From Moschus ib.
Pontius and Pontia - - - ib.
Cupid turned Stroller. From Anacreon 438
To a Poet of Quality, praising the Lady Hinchinbroke - - - ibid.
The Pedant - - - ib.
Cautious Alice - - - 438
The Incurable - - - ibid.
To Fortune - - - 439
Chaste Flirimel - - - ib.
Doctors differ - - - ib.
Epigram - - - ib.
On Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham, 1720 - - ib.
Upon Honour. A Fragment - - ib.
Two Enigmas - - - ib.
The Old Gentry - - - 440
The insatiable Priest - - ib.
A French Song imitated - - - ib.
A Case stated - - - ib.
Upon playing at Ombre with Two Ladies ib.
Cupid's Promise, a French Song, paraphrased ib.
To the Earl of Oxford. Written extempore in Lady Oxford's Study, 1717 - 441
Letter to the Honourable Lady Margaret-Cavendish Harley, when a Child - ib.
Lines written under the Print of Tom Britton, the Small-coal Man, painted by Mr. Woolaston - - - ib.
Truth told at last - - - - ib.
Written in Lady Howe's Ovid's Epistles - ib.
Two Epistles - - - ibid.
True's Epitaph - - - ib.
Epigram - - - - ib.
The Viceroy, a Ballad - - 444
Apology to a Lady who told me I could not love her heartily, because I had loved others 444
Against Modesty in Love - - ibid.
On a young Lady's going to Town in the Spring ib.
When the Cat is away, the Mice may play. A Fable - - - ib.
The Widow and her Cat. A Fable 445
Songs written for Music - - 446
Miscellanea - - - 449

CONGREVE'S POEMS.

TO Mr. Congreve, on his Plays and Poems
Epistle to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax. - - - 453
The Mourning Muse of Alexis. A Pastoral, lamenting the Death of Queen Mary 455
To the King, on the taking of Namur - ibid.
The Birth of the Muse. To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax 456
On Mrs. Arabella Hunt singing - Page 459
Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector ibid.
The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the dead Body of Hector 460
Paraphrase upon Horace, Ode 19. Lib. 1. 462
Stanzas in Imitation of Horace, Lib. 2. Ode 14. ib.
In Imitation of Horace, Ode 9. Lib. 1. 463
Song - - - 464
The Reconciliation - - ibid.
Absence - - - ib.
Song - - - - ib.
Song in Dialogue for two Women - - ib.
Song - - - - 465
The Petition - - - ib.
Song - - - - ib.
Song - - - - ib.
Occasioned by a Lady's having writ Verses in Commendation of a Poem which was written in Praise of another Lady ib.
Epigram Written after the Decease of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute - - ib.
Song - - - ib.
Hymn to Harmony, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1701 - - ib.
Verses to the Memory of Grace Lady Gethin, occasioned by reading her Book intituled, Reliquiæ Gethinianæ 467
Epitaph upon Robert Huntingdon, of Stanton Harcourt, Esq. and Robert his Son ib.
To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Persius ib.
The eleventh Satire of Juvenal 468
Prologue to Queen Mary, upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Bachelor, after having seen the Double Dealer 471
Epilogue at the Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market, with an Italian Pastoral - - - - ib.
Prologue to Pyrrhus King of Epirus - ib.
Epilogue to Oroonoko - - ib.
Prologue to the Husband his own Cuckold 472
Prologue to A very good Wife ib.
Prologue to the Court, on the Queen's Birthday, 1704 - - - 473
The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas, a Pastoral; lamenting the Death of the late Lord Marquis of Blandford - - ib.
To Cynthia, weeping, and not speaking. Elegy. - - - 475
Amoret - - - ib.
Lesbia - - - - ib.
Doris - - - - ib.
To Sleep. Elegy - - - 476
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, occasioned by L—— Y——'s Picture - - - ib.
To a Candle. Elegy - - 477
Ovid's Third Book of the Art of Love ib.
Of Pleasing; an Epistle to Sir Richard Temple 484
A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cobham, 1729 485
On Miss Temple, afterwards Lady of Sir Tho. Lyttleton 486
Epigram on the Sickness of Madam Mohun, and Mr. Congreve ibid.

A Pindaric Ode, humbly offered to the Queen, on the victorious Progreſs of her Majeſty's Arms under the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough. To which is prefixed, a Diſcourſe on the Pindaric Ode Page 487
To the Right Honourable the Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treaſurer of Great Britain. Pindaric Ode - - 488
An Impoſſible Thing. A Tale - - 489
The Peaſant in Search of his Heifer. A Tale, after Mr. De la Fontaine - 491
Homer's Hymn to Venus: tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe - - - - ibid.

FENTON's POEMS.

A WISH to the New Year - 494
An Ode to the Sun, for the New Year, 1707 495
Florelio; a Paſtoral, lamenting the Death of the late Marquis of Blandford - 497
An Ode - - - 498
Part of the Fourteenth Chapter of Iſaiah paraphraſed - - - - 499
Verſes on the Union - - 500
Cupid and Hymen - - - 501
Olivia - - - - ibid
To a Lady ſitting before her Glaſs - ib.
To the ſame, reading the Art of Love - ib.
The Fair Nun. A Tale - - 502
An Epiſtle to Mr. Southerne, From Kent, January 1728, 1710-11 - 503
A Letter to the Knight of the Sable Shield 505
The Eleventh Book of Homer's Odyſſey, tranſlated from the Greek. In Milton's Style Page 506
The Widow's Wile. A Tale. - - 512
A-la-mode - - - 513
Sappho to Phaon. A Love Epiſtle. Tranſlated from Ovid - - ibid.
Phaon to Sappho - - - ib.
A Tale, deviſed in the pleſaunt Manere of gentil Maiſter Jeoffrey Chaucer - 517
To Mr. Pope. An Imitation of a Greek Epigram in Homer - - - ib.
The Platonic Spell - - - 518
Marullus to Næra, imitated - 519
Kiſſes, tranſlated from Secundus. Baſium I. ibid.
——— Baſium II. - - - ib.
An Epiſtle to Thomas Lambard, Eſq. 520
To the Queen, on her Majeſty's Birth-day 523
An Ode to the Right Honourable John Lord Gower - - ibid.
The Dream. Imitated from Propertius, Book III. Elegy III. - - 524
To the Right Honourable the Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, with Waller's Poems 525
Prologue to Southerne's Spartan Dame ibid.
On the firſt Fit of the Gout - - 526
Horace, Book I. Ode IX. imitated. ibid.
Catullus, Epig. V. tranſlated - - 527
Claudian's Old Man of Verona - - ibid.
Martial, Lib. X. Epig. XLVII. - ib.
Horace, Book III. Ode III. - - 528
The Roſe - - - ibid.
Epigram - - - ibid.
To a young Lady - - 529

MAY 13 1953